NONNOS

DIONYSIACA

II

NONNOS

DIONYSIACA

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY

W. H. D. ROUSE, Litt.D.

MYTHOLOGICAL INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY

H. J. ROSE, M.A.

PROFESSOR OF GREEK, UNIVERSITY OF ST. ANDREWS

AND NOTES ON TEXT CRITICISM BY

L. R. LIND, D.Litt.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND.

IN THREE VOLUMES

II

BOOKS XVI—XXXV

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS
HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS
LONDON
WILLIAM HEINEMANN LTD
MCMXL

Printed in Great Britain

CONTENTS OF VOLUME II

CONTENTS

ΠΕΡΙΟΧΗ
ΤΩΝ ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΠΟΙΗΜΑΤΩΝ

ΕΠΙΓΡΑΦΑΙ
ΤΩΝ ΕΠΟΜΕΝΩΝ Κ ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΠΟΙΗΜΑΤΩΝ

Ἕκτῳ καὶ δεκάτῳ γαμίην Νίκαιαν ἀείδω,
εὐνέτιν ὑπνώουσαν ἀκοιμήτου Διονύσου.
Ἑβδομάτῳ δεκάτῳ πρωτάγριον Ἄρεα μέλπω
καὶ ῥόον οἰνωθέντα μελισταγέος ποταμοῖο.
Ὀκτωκαιδεκάτῳ Στάφυλος καὶ Βότρυς ἱκάνει,
εἰς θαλίην καλέοντες ὀρίδρομον υἷα Θυώνης.
Ἐννεακαιδεκάτῳ Σταφύλου περὶ τύμβον ἐγείρει
Βάκχος ἐπὶ κρητῆρι θυώδεϊ τερπνὸν ἀγῶνα.
Εἰκοστὸν μεθέπει φονίου βουπλῆγα Λυκούργου
εἰς βυθὸν ἰχθυόεντα διωκομένου Διονύσου.
Εἰκοστὸν πρώτιστον ἔχει χόλον ἐννοσιγαίου
καὶ μόθον Ἀμβροσίης ῥηξήνορα καὶ λόχον Ἰνδῶν.
Δεύτερον εἰκοστὸν Βρομίου μόθον ἔργά τε μέλπει,
Αἰακὸς ὅσσα τέλεσσε καὶ ἐν πεδίῳ καὶ Ὑδάσπῃ.
Εἰκοστῷ τριτάτῳ πεπερημένον Ἰνδὸν Ὑδάσπην
καὶ κλόνον ὑδατόεντα καὶ αἰθαλόεντα λιγαίνω.

SUMMARY OF THE BOOKS OF THE POEM

Headings of the next twenty Books of the *Dionysiaca*

(16) In the sixteenth, I sing Nicaia the bride, in her sleep the bedfellow of unresting Dionysos.

(17) In the seventeenth, I celebrate war's firstfruits, and the waters of a honey-trickling river turned to wine.

(18) In the eighteenth come Staphylos and Botrys, inviting the mountainranging son of Thyone to a feast.

(19) In the nineteenth, Bacchos sets up a delightful contest over the fragrant bowl about the tomb of Staphylos.

(20) The twentieth deals with the pole-axe of bloodthirsty Lycurgos, when Dionysos is chased into the fishy deep.

(21) The twenty-first contains Earthshaker's wrath, and the man-breaking battle of Ambrosia, and the Indian ambush.

(22) The twenty-second celebrates the battle and feats of Bromios, all the deeds of Aiacos both on the plain and in the Hydaspes.

(23) In the twenty-third I sing Indian Hydaspes crossed, and the affray of water and fire.

Εἰκοστὸν δὲ τέταρτον ἔχει γόον ἄσπετον Ἰνδῶν
κερκίδα θ' ἱστοπόνοιο καὶ ἠλακάτην Ἀφροδίτης.

Εἰκοστὸν κατὰ πέμπτον ἔχεις Περσῆος ἀγῶνα
καὶ κρίσιν Ἡρακλῆος ἐς ἠνορέην Διονύσου.

Εἰκοστὸν λάχεν ἕκτον ἐπίκλοπον εἶδος Ἀθήνης
καὶ πολὺν ἐγρεκύδοιμον ἀγειρομένων στόλον Ἰνδῶν.

Ἕβδομον εἰκοστὸν μεθέπει στίχας, ᾗσι Κρονίων
εἰς μόθον ὁπλίζει Βρομίῳ ναετῆρας Ὀλύμπου.

Εἰκοστὸν σκοπίαζε καὶ ὄγδοον, ὁππόθι πολλὴν
Κυκλώπων πυρόεσσαν ἐσαθρήσειας Ἐνυώ.

Εἰκοστῷ δ' ἐνάτῳ πολέμων ἀποχάζεται Ἄρης,
οἷά περ εἰς γάμον ἄλλον ἐπειγόμενος Κυθερείης.

Ἐν δὲ τριηκοστῷ μετὰ νέρτερον οἶκον ἀνάγκης
Τέκταφον Εὐρυμέδων δεδαϊγμένον Ἄιδι πέμπει.

Ἐν δὲ τριηκοστῷ πρώτῳ μειλίσσεται Ἥρη
Ὕπνον ἐπὶ Κρονίδῃ καὶ Περσεφόνην ἐπὶ Βάκχῳ.

Ἐν δὲ τριηκοστῷ τῷ δευτέρῳ εἰσὶ κυδοιμοὶ
καὶ Διὸς ὑπναλέοιο λέχος καὶ λύσσα Λυαίου.

Ἐν δὲ τριηκοστῷ τριτάτῳ Μορρῆα δαμάζει
φλέξας θοῦρος Ἔρως ἐπὶ κάλλεϊ Χαλκομεδείης.

Κτεινομέναις ἑκάτερθε τριηκοστοῖο τετάρτου
Δηριάδης Βάκχῃσι κορύσσεται ἔνδοθι πύργων.

Μορρέος ἐχθρὸν Ἔρωτα τριηκοστῷ ἐνὶ πέμπτῳ
δίζεο Βασσαρίδων τε φόνον καὶ Ἄρηα γυναικῶν.

(24) The twenty-fourth has the infinite mourning of the Indians, and the shuttle and distaff of Aphrodite working at the loom.

(25) In the twenty-fifth you have the struggle of Perseus, and the comparison of Heracles with the valour of Dionysos.

(26) The twenty-sixth has the counterfeit shape of Athena, and the great assembly of the Indian host to stir up battle.

(27) The twenty-seventh deals with the array in which Cronion musters the dwellers in Olympos for battle to help Dionysos.

(28) Look at the twenty-eighth also, where you will see a great fiery fight of Cyclopians.

(29) In the twenty-ninth, Ares retreats from the battle, being urged to another wedding of Cythereia.

(30) In the thirtieth, Eurymedon sends Tectaphos slain to Hades, into the lowest house of constraint.

(31) In the thirty-first, Hera propitiates Sleep for Cronides, and Persephone for Bacchos.

(32) In the thirty-second are battles, and the bed of sleeping Zeus, and the madness of Bacchos.

(33) In the thirty-third, furious Love masters Morrheus, and sets him aflame for the beauty of Chalcomedeia.

(34) In the thirty-fourth, Deriades attacks and massacres the Bacchant women within the walls.

(35) In the thirty-fifth, seek the love of Morrheus for the enemy, and the battle and bloodshed of Bassarid women.

NONNOS
DIONYSIACA

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΕΞΚΑΙΔΕΚΑΤΟΝ

Ἕκτῳ καὶ δεκάτῳ γαμίην Νίκαιαν ἀείδω,
εὐνέτιν ὑπνώουσαν ἀκοιμήτου Διονύσου.

Οὐδὲ φόνος νήποινος ἔην κυνυροῖο νομῆος,
ἀλλὰ λαβὼν ἑὰ τόξα καὶ ἱμερόεν βέλος ἕλκων
θοῦρος Ἔρως ἀίδηλος ἐθωρήχθη Διονύσῳ
ἑζομένῳ παρὰ χεῖλος ἐυκροκάλου ποταμοῖο.
Καὶ ταχινὴ Νίκαια, μετὰ δρόμον ἠθάδος ἄγρης
ἄσχετον ἱδρώουσα φιλοσκοπέλων ἀπὸ μόχθων,
γυμνὸν ὀρεσσιχύτοισι δέμας φαίδρυνε λοετροῖς.
οὐ μὲν Ἔρως δήθυνεν ἑκηβόλος· ἀμφὶ δὲ νευρῇ
ἀκροφανῆ πώγωνα βαλὼν πτερόεντος ὀιστοῦ
τόξον ἑὸν κύκλωσεν, ἐρωμανέος δὲ Λυαίου
ἐν κραδίῃ κατέπηξεν ὅλον βέλος. ἐν δὲ ῥεέθροις
νηχομένην Διόνυσος ἰδὼν γυμνόχροα κούρην
ἡδυμανῆ πυρόεντι νόον δεδόνητο βελέμνῳ.
ἤιε δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα, λαγωβόλος ὁππόθι κούρη,
πῇ μὲν ὀπιπεύων ἑλικώδεα βόστρυχα χαίτης
εἰς δρόμον ἱεμένης δεδονημένα κυκλάσιν αὔραις,
πῇ δὲ παρελκομένων πλοκάμων στίλβοντα δοκεύων
αὐχένα γυμνωθέντα, σέλας πέμποντα Σελήνης·

NONNOS XVI

In the sixteenth, I sing Nicaia the bride, in her sleep the bedfellow of unresting Dionysos.

The death of the plaintive shepherd was not unavenged; but valiant Eros caught up his bow and drew a shaft of desire, arming unseen himself against Dionysos as he sat by the bank of the pebbly stream. Fleet Nicaia had finished her wonted hunt for game; sweating and tired by hard work in her beloved highlands, she was bathing her bare body in a mountain cascade. Now longshot Eros made no delay. He set the endshining beard of a winged arrow to the string, and rounded his bow, and buried the whole shot in the heart of love-maddened Lyaios. Then Dionysos saw the girl swimming in the water bareskin, and his mind was shaken with sweet madness by the fiery shaft. This way and that he went, wherever the maiden harehuntress went: now eyeing the clustering curls of her hair, shaken by the circling breezes as she hurried on her course; spying her bright neck, when the tresses moved aside and bared it till it gleamed like the moon. He cared not for

καὶ Σατύρων ἀμέλησε καὶ οὐκέτι τέρπετο Βάκχαις·
παπταίνων δ' ἐς Ὄλυμπον ἐρωτοτόκῳ φάτο φωνῇ·
"Ἴξομαι, ἧχι πέλει δροσερὸς δρόμος,
ἧχι φαρέτρη,
ἧχι βέλος καὶ τόξον ἐπήρατον, ἧχι καὶ αὐταὶ
παρθενικῆς ἀγάμοιο μύρου πνείουσι χαμεῦναι·
ψαύσω καὶ σταλίκων καὶ δίκτυα χερσὶ πετάσσω·
ἀγρώσσω καὶ ἔγωγε καὶ ἠθάδα νεβρὸν ὀλέσσω.
εἰ δέ μοι ὡς βαρύθυμος ὀνειδίσσειεν Ἀμαζὼν
θῆλυν ἐρευγομένη μελιηδέος ὄγκον ἀπειλῆς,
κούρης χωομένης ἐπὶ γούνασι χεῖρα πελάσσω,
ψαύων ὡς ἱκέτης ἐρατοῦ χροός, οὐ μὲν ἐλαίης
θαλλὸν ἀερτάζων, ὅτι δένδρεόν ἐστιν Ἀθήνης
παρθενικῆς ἀγάμου καὶ ἀθελγέος, ἀντὶ δὲ πικροῦ
ἀκρεμόνος λιπόωντος ἐμῇ μελιηδέι νύμφῃ
οἴνοπα καρπὸν ἔχοντα μελιρραθάμιγγος ὀπώρης
βότρυν ἀερτάζων ἱκετήσιον. ἢν δὲ χαλέψῃ
παρθένος ἀγκυλότοξος, ἐμῷ χροῒ μὴ δόρυ πήξῃ,
μὴ βέλος αὖ ἐρύσειε μιαιφόνον, αἰδομένη δὲ
ἀκροτάτῳ πλήξειεν ἐμὸν δέμας ἠδέι τόξῳ·
πληγῆς οὐκ ἀλέγω φρενοθελγέος. ἢν δ' ἐθελήσῃ,
ἱμερταῖς παλάμῃσιν ἐμῶν δράξαιτο κομάων,
σφιγγομένης ἐρύουσα θελήμονα βόστρυχα χαίτης.
οὐ μὲν ἐρητύσω ποτὲ παρθένον, ὡς κοτέων δὲ
δεξιτερὴν σφίγγουσαν ἀφειδέι χειρὶ πιέζω
δάκτυλα φοινίσσοντα λαβὼν γαμψώνυχι δεσμῷ,
Κυπριδίου καμάτοιο παρήγορα· παρθενικὴ γὰρ
κάλλος ὅλον σύλησεν Ὀλύμπιον. ἵλαθι, Κέρνη·

Satyrs now, he had no pleasure in Bacchants; but gazing at Olympos,[a] he cried in a love-compelling voice:

21 "I will be there, where the dewy chase goes on, where the quiver is, where the bolt and the precious bow, where the very groundpallet is perfumed from the unwedded maiden; I will handle her stakes, and stretch her nets with my own hands: I also will go a-hunting, and kill a fawn like her. And if she scolds me, like some heavytempered Amazon, disgorging womanlike her load of honeysweet threatenings, I will lay my hand on the knees of the angry girl, and touch of her lovely skin like a suppliant; but I will carry aloft no spray of olive, because that is the tree of Athena, the maiden unwedded and unsoftened; instead of that bitter oily branch, I will lift to my honeysweet nymph a suppliant cluster of grapes, which contains the purple fruit of honeydropping vintage.

34 "If the crookbow virgin is vexed, let her not pierce my flesh with a lance, nor draw her murderous shot, let her be merciful and tap my body with the tip of her sweet bow: I do not mind a blow that soothes the heart! If it please her, let her hold the shag fast and pull my hair with her precious hands, she may tear out some of the braids and welcome! I will never fend off the maiden; but I will pretend to be cross, and squeeze with unsparing hand the right hand which holds me fast. I will hold the pink fingers imprisoned in my hooked talons, to soothe my love-longing. For the maiden has made prey of all the Olympian beauty.[b]

[a] The Bithynian mountain.
[b] *Cf.* Apoll. Rhod. iv. 984.

'Αστακὶς ἐβλάστησε νέη ῥοδοδάκτυλος 'Ηώς,
ἄλλη ἀνηέξητο φαεσφόρος· ὁπλοτέρη γὰρ
ἔμπεδον εἶδος ἔχουσα πέλει Νίκαια Σελήνη.
ἤθελον ἱμείρων πολυδαίδαλον εἶδος ἀμεῖψαι·
εἰ μὴ ἐρητύει με σέβας πατρώιον αἰδοῦς,
καί κεν ἐγὼ Τυρίοιο δι' ὕδατος ὑγροπόρος βοῦς
ἄβροχον ἐν πελάγεσσιν ἐμὴν Νίκαιαν ἀείρων
ἔπλεον, Εὐρώπης ἅτε νυμφίος, ὡς ἀέκων δὲ
νῶτον ἐμὸν δονέεσκον, ὀρινομένης ἵνα κούρης
δεξιτερὴ πάνλευκος ἐμῆς δράξαιτο κεραίης.
ἤθελον, εἰ γενόμην πτερόεις πόσις, ὄφρα χορεύσω
κουφίζων ἀτίνακτον ὑπὲρ νώτοιο γυναῖκα,
ὡς Κρονίδης Αἴγιναν, ὅπως μετὰ λέκτρα τελέσσω
Αἰετὸν ὄρνεον ἄλλο γαμοστόλον ἄστρον 'Ερώτων.
οὐ μὲν ἐμῆς ἀλόχοιο βαλὼν γενετῆρα κεραυνῷ
νύμφῃ πατρὸς ὄλεθρον ἀτάσθαλον ἴδιον ὀπάσσω,
μὴ γλυκερὴν Νίκαιαν ἀποφθιμένοιο χαλέψω.
αἴθε πέλον νόθος ὄρνις ἐύπτερος, ὄττι καὶ αὐτὴ
παρθένος ἡμετέρη φιλέει πτερόεντας ὀιστούς.
μᾶλλον ἐγὼ Δανάης ποθέων τύπον ὑγρὸν ἐρώτων
ἤθελον, εἰ χρύσειος ἐγὼ πέλον ὄμβρος ἀκοίτης,
αὐτὸς δῶρα γάμων, αὐτὸς πόσις, ὄφρα χορεύσω
ἀφνειῆς προχέων φιλοτήσιον ὄμβρον ἐέρσης·
ἔπρεπε γὰρ Νίκαιαν ἐμὴν εὐώπιδα κούρην
χρύσεον εἶδος ἔχουσαν ἔχειν χρύσειον ἀκοίτην."
Τοῖον ἐρωμανέων ἔπος ἴαχε θυιάδι φωνῇ.
καί ποτε κηώεντος ἔσω λειμῶνος ὁδεύων

---

[a] An island in the Persian Gulf, not certainly identified, home of the Dawn-goddess (Lycophron 18 ; Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* vi. 198-199). Elsewhere, it is an island w. of Africa.

45 "Forgive me, Cerne[a]: the Astacid[b] has budded as a new rosyfinger Dawn, a new lightbringer has risen: Nicaia is a younger Selene, who keeps her aspect unchanged. In my desire, I should be glad to take on a world of strange aspects, if respect and veneration for my father did not hold me back. I would go through the waters of Tyre a seafaring bull, and swim along carrying my Nicaia unsprinkled by the deep, like Europa's bridegroom; and I would shake my back as if by accident, that the girl might take fright, and her allwhite right hand might pull at my horn. I would be a winged husband, to dance carrying lightly a wife on my back unshaken, as Cronides did with Aigina; that mated with her I might beget a new eagle,[c] another birdstar to attend on weddings for the Loves. However, I will not strike with a thunderbolt my bedfellow's begetter, and present a father's death as an impious brideprice, that I may not vex sweet Nicaia for his taking off. Would I were a bastard bird well fledged,[d] because my virgin herself loves winged arrows! I would rather be the flowing form of Danaë's loves, a golden shower to lie by her side,[e] myself the marriage gift, myself husband, that I might circle round her and pour forth love's shower of generous dew; for it would suit well my girl Nicaia with her beautiful eyes, and her golden beauty, to have a golden bedmate."

71 Such were the words he rang out in love's madness with passionate voice. And one day, making his way into a fragrant meadow, he observed all the

[b] See xiv. 327.

[c] Alluding to the constellation Aquila. See vii. 117 ff.

[d] An arrow.

[e] Zeus visited Danaë as a shower of gold.

ἄνθεα πάντα δόκευε τεθηλότα σύγχροα κούρης,
καί τινα μῦθον ἔειπεν ἐς ἠερόεντας ἀήτας·
"Ἄρτι μόγις, Νίκαια, τεὴν ἴδον ἐνθάδε μορφήν·
μὴ σέο κάλλος ἄμειψας ἐς ἄνθεα; καλλιφυῆ γὰρ
παπταίνων ῥοδεῶνα τεὰς ἐνόησα παρειάς·
ἀλλὰ τεὸν θαλέει ῥόδον ἔμπεδον· ἀμφιέπεις γὰρ
ἔμφυτον οὐ λήγουσαν ἐρευθομένην ἀνεμώνην·
εἰς κρίνον ὄμμα φέρων χιονώδεας εἶδον ἀγοστούς,
ἀθρήσας δ' ὑάκινθον ἴδον κυανόχροα χαίτην.
δέξό με θηρεύοντα συνέμπορον· ἢν δ' ἐθελήσῃς,
αὐτὸς ἐγὼ σταλίκων γλυκερὸν βάρος, αὐτὸς ἀείρω
ἐνδρομίδας καὶ τόξα καὶ ἱμερόεντας ὀιστούς,
αὐτὸς ἐγώ· Σατύρων οὐ δεύομαι· οὐ παρὰ λόχμῃ
δίκτυα Κυρήνης ἀνεκούφισεν αὐτὸς Ἀπόλλων;
τίς φθόνος, εἰ μεθέπω καὶ ἐγὼ λίνον; οὐ μογέω δὲ
αὐτὸς ἐμοῖς ὤμοισιν ἐμὴν Νίκαιαν ἀείρων.
οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ γενετῆρος ὑπέρτερος· ἐν ῥοθίοις γὰρ
Εὐρώπην ἀδίαντον ἐκούφισε ποντοπόρος βοῦς.
παρθενικὴ ῥοδόεσσα, τί σοι τόσον εὔαδεν ὕλη;
σῶν ἐρατῶν μελέων περιφείδεο, μηδ' ἐπὶ πέτραις
ἀστορέες σέο νῶτα κατατρίψωσι χαμεῦναι.
ἔσσομαι, ἢν ἐθέλῃς, θαλαμηπόλος· ἐν δὲ μελάθρῳ
αὐτὸς ἐγὼ στορέσω σέο δέμνια, τοῖσι πετάσσω
δέρματα πορδαλίων πολυδαίδαλα, τοῖς ἅμα βάλλω
φρικτὰ λεοντείης πυκινότριχα νῶτα καλύπτρης
γυμνώσας ἐμὰ γυῖα· σὺ δὲ γλυκὺν ὕπνον ἰαύεις
νεβρίσι δαιδαλέῃσι καλυπτομένη Διονύσου·
Μυγδονίης δ' ἐλάφου σκέπας ἄρμενον ὑψόθι βάλλω
γυμνώσας Σατύρους. σκυλάκων δέ σοι εἰ χρέος εἴη,

• Black with a purple under-tinge, like the blue roan of a horse.

flowers blooming with the colours of the girl, and cried out thus to the airy breezes :

75 " Here at last, Nicaia, I have caught a glimpse of your form ! Have you lent your beauty to the flowers ? For as I gaze on the fairgrowing rosebed, I recognize your cheeks : but your rose blooms always, for you hold implanted in you the blushing anemone also, that ceases not. When I turn my eye to the lily, I see your snowy arms, when I behold the iris, I see the rich dark colour of your hair.[a] Receive me as comrade in your hunting : and if you wish, I will shoulder myself the sweet burden of your stakes, myself your ankleboots and bow and arrows of Desire, myself I will do it—I need no Satyrs ; did not Apollo himself in the woods lift Cyrene's [b] nets ? What harm, if I also manage the meshes ? I do not think it hard to lift my Nicaia on my own shoulders. I do not set up to be better than my father ; for he bore up Europa in the floods unwetted, a seafaring bull.

91 " Rosy maiden, why do you like the forest so much ? Spare your lovely limbs, nor let the rough unstrown pallet upon the rocks chafe your back. If you wish, I will be the attendant of your chamber in the house ; I will lay your bed, I will spread on it the many-speckled skins of pards, over which I throw the bristly thick-haired fell of a lion to cover it, stripping it from my own limbs : you shall enjoy sweet sleep covered with the dappled fawnskins of Dionysos. Above you I will throw a tent of the same sort, made of the skins of Mygdonian deer, stript from the Satyrs.

101 " If you should want dogs, I will straight offer

[b] A huntress-nymph loved by Apollo, see Pindar, *Pyth.* ix. 5 ff.

σοὶ κύνας εἰν ἑνὶ πάντας ἐμοῦ τάχα Πανὸς ὀπάσσω,
ἄξομαι ἐκ Σπάρτης ἑτέρους κύνας, οὓς ἀτιτάλλει
ἠιθέων ἐς ἔρωτας ἐμὸς Κάρνειος Ἀπόλλων,
καὶ κύνας ἀγρευτῆρας Ἀρισταίοιο καλέσσω·
καὶ λίνα σὺν σταλίκεσσι καὶ ἅρμενα δῶρα κομίσσω
ἐνδρομίδας Νομίοιο καὶ Ἀγρέος, ὃς πάρος ἔγνω
καὶ νομὸν εὐλείμωνα καὶ εὐκαμάτου δρόμον ἄγρης.
εἰ δὲ θερειγενέος τρομέεις φλόγα διψάδος ὥρης,
ἡμερίδων ὅρπηκας ὑπὲρ λέκτροιο φυτεύσω,
καί σε περιπνεύσωσι μέθης εὐώδεες αὖραι
κεκλιμένην κατὰ μέσσα πολυσταφύλοιο καλύπτρης.
παρθενικὴ περίφοιτε, ποθοβλήτοιο προσώπου
βαλλομένας Φαέθοντι τεὰς ἐλέαιρε παρειάς,
μὴ σέλας Ἠελίου μελέων ἀκτῖνα μαραίνῃ,
μὴ πλοκάμους μυρόεντας ἀμαλδύνωσιν ἀῆται·
εὗδε ῥόδων ἀνὰ μέσσα καὶ ἐν πετάλοις ὑακίνθου,
γείτονι σεῖο κάρηνον ἐρεισαμένη Διονύσῳ,
ἀθανάτοις πισύρεσσιν ὅπως ἕνα κῶμον ἀνάψῃς,
Φοίβῳ καὶ Ζεφύρῳ καὶ Κύπριδι καὶ Διονύσῳ.
ληιδίην δ' ὀπάσαιμι γονὴν μελανόχροον Ἰνδῶν
παστάδος ὑμετέρης θαλαμηπόλον· ἀλλὰ τί φύτλην
κυανέην ὀνόμηνα τεῆς νυμφοστόλον εὐνῆς;
νυκτὶ μελαγχλαίνῳ πότε μίσγεται ἀργέτις Ἠώς;
Ἀστακὶς ὁπλοτέρη πέλες Ἄρτεμις· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς[1]
δμωίδας ἑξήκοντα χορίτιδας εἰς σὲ κομίσσω,
ὄφρα χορὸν νήριθμον ὀπάονα σεῖο τελέσσω,
ἀμφιπόλοις ἰσόμετρον ὀρειάδος ἰοχεαίρης,

[1] αὐτὸς MSS., αὐτὰς Ludwich.

[a] Carnos was a Dorian god identified with Apollo.
[b] Probably Hyacinthos.

you the whole pack of my friend Pan together; I will bring you other hounds from Sparta, which my friend Carnean[a] Apollo keeps for the love of his gallant lads,[b] and I will summon the hunting-dogs of Aristaios; string and stakes I will fetch you, and those most suitable gifts, the ankleboots of the Grazer and Hunter,[c] who long ago knew both grazing on fine meadows and the happy work of the coursing hunt.

109 "And if you fear the blaze of the thirsty season of harvest, I will plant over your bed shoots of the gardenvine, and the sweet breath of the intoxicating scent shall be wafted over you, lying under the grape-clustered covering. Gadabout maiden, pity the cheeks of your own loveshot countenance beaten by the sun, lest the glare of Helios dim the radiance of your limbs, lest the breeze tumble your anointed curls; sleep among the roses and on iris-petals, rest your head on Dionysos your neighbour, to kindle one revel for immortals four, Phoibos and Zephyros and Cypris and Dionysos.[d]

121 "Let me offer my spoil, the blackskin brood of India, to attend upon your bower. But why did I name the swarthy tribe to array your bridal bed? Does white Eos ever mingle with black-stoled night? You the Astacid are surely a younger Artemis; but more, I will fetch you myself sixty dancing handmaids,[e] to complete the unnumbered dance that attends you, as many as the servants of the mountain

[c] Epithets of Aristaios, son of Cyrene: Pindar, *Pyth.* ix. 65.

[d] For the rose, the iris, and the vine, because in warm sunny (Phoibos-Helios) spring (Zephyros) weather she is being loved (Cypris) by him.

[e] The sixty dancers come from Callimachos, *Hymn to Artemis* 13. Virgil gives her a thousand, *Aen.* i. 499.

εἴκελον Ὠκεανοῖο θυγατράσι, μή σοι ἐρίζῃ
Ἄρτεμις ἀγρώσσουσα, καὶ εἰ πέλε δεσπότις ἄγρης.
σοὶ Χάριτας ζαθέοιο χαρίζομαι Ὀρχομενοῖο
ἀμφιπόλους, ἐμὰ τέκνα μεταστήσας Ἀφροδίτης.
ἀλλὰ πόθῳ φρένα θέλξον ἀθελγέα, καί σε δεχέσθω
θηροσύνης μετὰ μόχθον ἐμὸν λέχος, ὄφρα φανείης
Ἄρτεμις ἐν σκοπέλοισι καὶ ἐν θαλάμοις Ἀφροδίτη.
τίς φθόνος, ἀγρώσσειν σε σὺν ἀγρώσσοντι Λυαίῳ;
εἰ δὲ μόθου λάχες οἶστρον, ἅτε κλυτότοξος Ἀμαζὼν
ἵξεαι Ἰνδῴην ἐπὶ φύλοπιν, ὄφρά κεν εἴης
Πειθὼ[a] νόσφι μόθοιο καί, ὁππότε δῆρις, Ἀθήνη.[b]
δέξο καί, ἢν ἐθέλῃς, ἐλαφηβόλα θύρσα Λυαίου,
νεβροφόνος δὲ γένοιο· καὶ ὑμετέρων ἀπὸ χειρῶν
ὑμετέροις τε πόνοισιν ἐμὴν κόσμησον ἀπήνην
πόρδαλιν ἠὲ λέοντας ὑποζεύξασα χαλινῷ."
Ὣς εἰπὼν ἐδίωκεν ὀρειάδα γείτονα κούρην,
τοῖον ἔπος βοόων· "μένε, παρθένε, Βάκχον ἀκοίτην."
ἡ δὲ χολωομένη βριαρὴν ἀνενείκατο φωνὴν
παρθενικήν, στόμα λάβρον ἐπαιθύσσουσα Λυαίῳ·
"Ταῦτα μολὼν ἀγόρευε φιλοστόργῳ τινὶ νύμφῃ.
εἰ δύνασαι γλαυκῶπιν ἢ Ἄρτεμιν εἰς γάμον ἕλκειν,
καὶ βριαρὴν Νίκαιαν ἔχεις πειθήμονα νύμφην·
εἰμὶ γὰρ ἀμφοτέρῃσιν ὁμόστολος. εἰ δέ σε φεύγει
ἀπροΐδης ὑμέναιος ἀπειρώδινος Ἀθήνης,
καὶ νόον οὐ θέλξειας ἀπειθέος ἰοχεαίρης,
δέμνια Νικαίης μὴ δίζεο· μηδέ σε λεύσσω
ἁπτόμενον τόξοιο καὶ ἀμφαφόωντα φαρέτρην,
μὴ μετὰ βουκόλον Ὕμνον ὀλωλότα καὶ σὲ δαμάσσω.
οὐτήσω Διόνυσον ἀνούτατον· εἰ δὲ σιδήρῳ

[a] Persuasion personified. [b] Athena.

Archeress, as many as the daughters of Oceanos; then Artemis hunting will not rival you, even if she be the mistress of the hunt. I will present you with the Graces of divine Orchomenos for servants, my daughters, whom I will take from Aphrodite.

133 "Nay, charm your uncharmed heart with desire, and let my bed receive you after the labours of hunting the beasts, that you may appear Artemis among the rocks and Aphrodite in the bed-chamber. What harm that you should hunt along with hunting Lyaios? But if you have the itch for struggle, like the bowfamed Amazon, you shall come to the Indian warfare, to be Athena in the battle, and Peitho [a] when fighting is done. Receive also, if it please you, the thyrsus of Lyaios to bring down your game, and become a slayer of fawns; and with your own hands, by your own efforts, adorn my car, by yoking pards or lions under the bridle."

144 So speaking, he pursued the mountain girl his neighbour, crying aloud as he came near: "Wait, maiden, for Bacchos your bedfellow!" But the maiden was angry and lifted up a strong voice, speeding wild words at Lyaios:

148 "Be off! make that speech to some girl who likes lovemaking! If you can draw into marriage the gray-eyed goddess,[b] or Artemis, you shall have hard Nicaia a willing bride; for I am a comrade of both. But if you miss wedlock with Athena,—none ever heard of such a thing, no birth-pangs for her—if you could not charm the wits of the inflexible Archeress, seek not Nicaia's bed. Let me not see you touching my bow, and handling my quiver, or I may bring you also down to follow Hymnos the shepherd. I will wound Dionysos the unwounded!

γυῖα φέρεις ἀχάρακτα καὶ οὐκ εἴκοντα βελέμνῳ,
υἱέας ὑψιλόφους μιμήσομαι Ἰφιμεδείης,
καί σε σιδηρείῃσιν ἀλυκτοπέδῃσι πεδήσω
σεῖο κασιγνήτῳ πανομοίιον, ἐνδόμυχον δὲ
χαλκείοις κεράμοισι μετ' Ἄρεα καὶ σὲ φυλάξω,
ἄχρις ἀναπλήσας δυοκαίδεκα κύκλα Σελήνης
ἠερίοις ἐμὸν οἶστρον ἀπορρίψειας ἀήταις.
χερσὶ γυναιμανέεσσιν ἐμῆς μὴ ψαῦε φαρέτρης·
τόξον ἔχω, σὺ δὲ θύρσον· ἐν Ἀστακίῃ μὲν ἐρίπνῃ
εἰς σύας ἠὲ λέοντας ἐμὸν βέλος ἐνθάδε πέμπω
Ἀρτέμιδος συνάεθλος, ὑπὲρ Λιβάνοιο δὲ πέτρης
νεβροὺς καὶ σὺ δίωκε συναγρώσσων Ἀφροδίτῃ.
οὐ δέχομαι σέο λέκτρα, καὶ εἰ Διὸς αἷμα κομίζεις·
εἰ δὲ θεὸν μενέαινον ἔχειν πόσιν, οὐκ ἂν ἀκοίτην
ἁβροκόμην ἀσίδηρον ἀνάλκιδα θήλεϊ μορφῇ
εἶχον ἐγὼ Διόνυσον, ἐμῷ δ' ἐφυλάσσετο παστῷ
νυμφίος ἢ κλυτότοξος ἄναξ ἢ χάλκεος Ἄρης,
ὃς μὲν τόξον ἔχων, ὁ δὲ φάσγανον ἔδνον Ἐρώτων·
ἀλλ' ἐπεὶ οὐ μακάρων τινὰ δέξομαι, οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτὸν
πενθερὸν οἶστρος ἔχει με τεὸν Κρονίωνα καλέσσαι,
ἄλλην δίζεο, Βάκχε, νέην πειθήμονα νύμφην.
τί σπεύδεις; ἀκίχητον ἔχεις δρόμον, ὥς ποτε Δάφνην
Λητοΐδης ἐδίωκε καὶ ὡς Ἥφαιστος Ἀθήνην·
τί σπεύδεις; δρόμος οὗτος ἐτώσιος·
ἐν σκοπέλοις γὰρ
ἐνδρομίδες πολὺ μᾶλλον ἀρειονές εἰσι κοθόρνων."
Ὣς φαμένη λίπε Βάκχον.
ἀεὶ δ' ὑπὸ φορβάδα λόχμην

[a] Otos and Ephialtes, who shut up Ares in a brazen jar. Hom. *Il.* v. 385.

If steel will not cut your limbs, if the lance will not pierce them, I will do as the highcrested sons of Iphimedeia [a]; I will bind you with galling iron chains, wholly like your brother, and I will keep you too like Ares hidden in a brazen pot, until you fulfil twelve [b] circuits of Selene, and throw away your passion for me to the winds of the air. Touch not my quiver with womanlickerish hands: I keep the bow, you the thyrsus. On the Astacian crags I send my shot here against boars or lions, and share the toils of Artemis; over the rocks of Libanos go yourself and pursue the fawns, on the hunt with Aphrodite. I refuse your bed, even if you have the blood of Zeus in you. If I had a mind to a god for my lord, I would not have Dionysos for bedfellow, softhaired, weaponless, spiritless, shaped like a woman; the bridegroom kept for my bower would be my Lord Strongbow or brazen Ares, the one with his bow, the other with sword as a love-gift. But since I will not accept one of the Blessed, since I have no itch to call even your Cronion [c] goodfather, seek another, Bacchos, some new bride not unwilling. Why all this haste? This race is not for you to win; so Latoïdes [d] once pursued Daphne, so Hephaistos Athena.[e] Why this haste? this race is vain; for among the rocks, buskins are far better than slippers."

183 She finished, and left Bacchos behind. But he ever searched for the mountainranging maid through

[b] Thirteen lunar months in Homer, a rough way of measuring the year.

[c] Zeus.

[d] Apollo: "so" means unsuccessfully. He loved the nymph Daphne (Laurel), who fled from him and was turned into the tree called after her.

[e] Hephaistos got Zeus's leave to wed Athena, but she proved too strong for him, see *e.g.* Hyginus, *Fab.* 166.

παρθενικὴν μάστευεν ὀρίπλανον· ἰσσυμένῳ δὲ
σύνδρομος ὡμάρτησε κύων πινυτόφρονι θυμῷ,
τόν ποτε θηρεύοντι φιλοσκοπέλῳ Διονύσῳ
ὤπασε δῶρον ἔχειν σκυλακοτρόφος ὑψίκερως Πάν.
καί μιν ἅτε φρονέοντα καὶ αὐδήεντα δοκεύων
σύννομον ἰσοκέλευθον ἑῶν ξυνήονα μόχθων,
Βάκχος ἐρωμανέων φιλίῳ προσπτύξατο μύθῳ·
"Τίπτε, κύων περίφοιτος, ὁμόδρομός ἐσσι Λυαίῳ
Πανὸς ἀεὶ ποθέοντος ἐπάξιε; τίπτε σὺ μοῦνος
παρθένον ἰχνεύοντι συνιχνεύεις Διονύσῳ;
ἦ ῥά σε σὸς ταμίης οἰκτίρμονα θῆκεν ἐρώτων;
παρθένον ἡμετέρην ἔτι δίζεο, μηδ' ἐνὶ πέτραις
Βάκχον ἀλητεύοντα κατ' οὔρεα μοῦνον ἐάσῃς.
μοῦνος ἐποικτείρεις με, καὶ ὡς βροτὸς εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης
πλαζομένης λοφόεντα μετέρχεαι ἔνδια κούρης.
κάμνε τεῷ βασιλῆι· χάριν δέ σοι εἵνεκα μόχθων
δώσω ἀμοιβαίην· μετὰ Σείριον ἀστέρα Μαίρης
αἰθέρος ἔνδον ἄγω σε καὶ ἀστερόεντα τελέσσω
ἄγχι Κυνὸς προτέρου,
σταφυλὴν ἵνα καὶ σὺ πεπαίνῃς
βότρυος Εἰλείθυιαν ἀκοντίζων σέθεν αἴγλην.
τίς φθόνος ἀντέλλειν τρίτατον Κύνα;
καὶ σὺ φαείνεις
σύνδρομος ἀστερόεντος ἐπειγομένοιο Λαγωοῦ.
εἰ θέμις, οἰκτείρων μὲ σαόφρονι μέμφεο κούρῃ,
δόχμιον ὄμμα φέρων Κυβεληΐδος εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης,
ὅττί με μαστεύοντα γυνὴ θεὸν εἰσέτι φεύγει·

[a] Procyon, in Latin Antecanem, is a second hound of Orion, which rises before Seirios. Vitruvius calls him Canicula. See Cic. *de Nat. Deorum* ii. 64, 114, with quotation from his own version of Aratus: et hic Geminis est ille sub ipsis Antecanem, προκύων Graiis qui nomine fertur. Icarios was an Athenian, to whom Dionysos taught

the nourishing woods; and coursing beside him in that rapid chase went the dog with sagacious mind, the dog which highhorned Pan, breeder of hounds, offered as a gift to Dionysos, once on a time when he was hunting in the highlands which he loved. To him, the comrade of his ways and his labours, Bacchos lovemaddened spoke gently with kind words, as if he thought the creature had sense and voice:

191 "Why do you run with Lyaios, wandering hound, when Pan always misses you, and you are worthy of Pan? Why do you alone track the maiden along with tracking Dionysos? Did your trainer teach you to pity love? Still seek our maiden, and let not Bacchos go wandering alone over the mountains, among the rocks. You alone pity me, and like one human, you follow in the hilly spaces on the ridge where the girl wanders. Work hard for your king! I will repay you well for your labours: I will take you into the upper air, and make you a star like Seirios, the star of Maira, near the earlier Dog,[a] that you also may ripen the clusters, shooting your light to be the grape's Eileithyia.[b] What harm that a third Dog should arise? You also show your light, running a course with the starry Hare as he scampers on. If it is lawful, cast your eyes aside to the ridge of Cybele's forest, and in pity for me reproach the modesthearted girl, that she still flies from my

the cultivation of the vine. Some peasants killed him, thinking he had given them poison. His dog Maira found the body, and his daughter Erigone then hanged herself. Icarios was then placed among the stars as Boötes, his daughter as the Virgin, and the dog as Procyon. But here Seirios is called Maira's dog.

[b] The goddess of childbirth: that is, to bring out the round grapes.

μέμφεο δ' ἀμφοτέροισιν, Ἀδώνιδι καὶ Κυθερείῃ,
φοιταλέην δὲ δίωκε[1] δι' οὔρεος ἄστατον Ἠχώ,
μὴ τελέσῃ φυγόδεμνον ἐμὴν πλέον εἰσέτι νύμφην·
μηδὲ λίπῃς σέο Πᾶνα δυσίμερον ἐγγύθι κούρης,
μή μιν ἑλὼν ζεύξειεν ἀναγκαίοις ὑμεναίοις.
παρθένον αἴ κεν ἴδῃς, ταχὺς ἔρχεο, μάρτυρι σιγῇ
ἢ νοεραῖς ὑλακῇσιν ἀπαγγέλλων Διονύσῳ·
ἄγγελος ἔσσο πόθοιο· κύων δέ τις ἄλλος ἐλάσθω
ἢ σύας ἠὲ λέοντας ἀπὸ σκοπέλοιο διώκων.
Πὰν φίλε, κικλήσκω σε μακάρτατον, ὅττι καὶ αὐτοὶ
σεῖο κύνες γεγάασιν ἐρευνητῆρες Ἐρώτων.
ἀνδρομέην, πολύμορφε Τύχη, παίζουσα γενέθλην
ἵλαθι, πανδαμάτειρα· μετὰ βροτέην τάχα φύτλην
καὶ σκυλάκων κρατέεις, ὅτι δύσμορος οὗτος ἀλήτης
θητεύει μετὰ Πᾶνα καὶ ἱμείροντι Λυαίῳ·
παρθενικῇ μέμψασθε, φίλαι δρύες· εἴπατε, πέτραι·
'καὶ κύνες οἰκτείρουσι, καὶ οὐκ ἐλέαιρεν Ἀμαζών.'
εἰσὶ καὶ ἐν σκυλάκεσσιν ἐχέφρονες, οἷσι Κρονίων
ἀνδρομέην φρένα δῶκε καὶ οὐ βροτέην πόρε φωνήν."
Ἔννεπεν ἄγχι φυτοῖο· δι' εὐπετάλου δὲ κορύμβου
φθογγῆς εἰσαΐουσα γυναιμανέος Διονύσου
ἀρχαίη Μελίη φιλοκέρτομον ἴαχε φωνήν·
"Ἄλλοι μέν, Διόνυσε, κυνοσσόοι ἰοχεαίρῃ
ἐνθάδε θηρεύουσι, σὺ δ' ἀγρώσσεις Ἀφροδίτῃ·
ἡδὺς ὁ δειμαίνων ἀπαλόχροον ἄζυγα κούρην·
Βάκχος ὁ τολμήεις ἱκέτης πέλε λάτρις Ἐρώτων·
Ἰνδοφόνοις παλάμῃσιν ἀνάλκιδα λίσσετο κούρην.

[1] MSS. read δὲ δίωκε: δ' ἐδίωκε Ludwich.

[a] Melia, daughter of Oceanos, and wife of Inachos, mother by Seilenos of Pholos the centaur, and associated with Apollo at Thebes. The Meliai as a group were sprung from

pursuit, a woman from a god! Reproach both Adonis and Cythereia, and pursue Echo, flitting inconstant over the mountains, that she may not make my nymph yet more a hater of wedlock; do not leave your rough wooer Pan near the girl, or he may catch her and yoke her under an enforced bridal. If you should see the maiden, quickly come, and with knowing silence or meaning barks give the news to Dionysos; you be love's messenger, and let another dog travel in pursuit of boars or lions from the rocks. Friend Pan, I call you most blessed, because even your dogs have become trackers of the loves. And you, Luck, how many shapes you take, how you make playthings of the children of men! Be gracious, all-subduer! First the human race, and now perhaps you possess the canine race also, when this ill-fated wanderer is a servant for Dionysos in love next after Pan. Reproach the maiden, dear trees, and say, ye rocks, 'Even the dogs have compassion, and there is no pity in the Amazon!' So there are dogs too with sense, to whom Cronion has given the thoughts of a man, and yet not a human voice."

228 A tree was near him while he spoke; and through her clustering leaves an ancient Ashtree[a] heard the cry of womanmad Dionysos, and she uttered a mocking voice:

231 "Other masters of hounds, Dionysos, hunt here for the Archeress; but you are huntsman for Aphrodite! Here's a nice fellow to be in fear of a soft-skinned maiden girl! Bacchos the bold, bowing and scraping like a lackey to the loves! lifts in prayer to a weakling girl the hands that butchered the

drops of the blood of Uranos; they are the nymphs of ash trees.

σὸς γενέτης οὐκ οἶδε πόθου θελξίφρονι μύθῳ
εἰς γάμον, εἰς ὑμέναιον ἄγειν πειθήμονα κούρην·
οὐ Σεμέλην ἱκέτευεν, ἕως ἐτύχησεν ἐρώτων,
οὐ Δανάην παρέπεισεν, ἕως σύλησε κορείην·
Ζηνὶ συναπτομένην Ἰξίονος οἶσθα γυναῖκα
καὶ γάμιον χρεμέτισμα καὶ ἱππείους ὑμεναίους·
Ἀντιόπης ἐδάης φιλοπαίγμονα θεσμὸν Ἐρώτων
καὶ Σάτυρον γελόωντα νόθον μιμηλὸν ἀκοίτην."
Ὣς φάτο κερτομέουσα νόον δειδήμονα Βάκχου,
καὶ δρυὸς ἐντὸς ἵκανεν ὁμήλικος. ἐν δὲ κολώναις
ἀσχαλόων Διόνυσος ὁμάρτεε θυιάδι κούρῃ
ποσσὶν ἐρωμανέεσσι, καὶ ὠκυπέδιλος Ἀμαζὼν
ἄστατος ἄκρα κάρηνα μετήιε δύσβατα πέτρης,
ἴχνος ἐρευνητῆρος ὑποκλέπτουσα Λυαίου.
Καὶ φλογερῷ Φαέθοντος ἱμασσομένης χρόα πυρσῷ
ἄβροχα διψαλέης τερσαίνετο χείλεα κούρης·
καὶ δόλον ἀγνώσσουσα γυναιμανέος Διονύσου
ξανθὸν ὕδωρ ἐνόησε φιλακρήτου ποταμοῖο,
καὶ πίεν ἡδὺ ῥέεθρον, ὅθεν πίον αἴθοπες Ἰνδοί·
καὶ φρένα δινηθεῖσα μέθῃ βακχεύετο κούρη.
καὶ κεφαλὴν ἐλέλιζε μετήλυδα δίζυγι παλμῷ,
καὶ διδύμην ἐδόκησεν ἰδεῖν πολυχανδέα λίμνην
ὄμματα δινεύουσα· βαρυνομένου δὲ καρήνου
δέρκετο θηροβότου διπλούμενα νῶτα κολώνης·
καὶ τρομεροῖσι πόδεσσιν ὀλισθήσασα κονίῃ
εἰς πτερὸν αὐτοκύλιστος ἐσύρετο γείτονος Ὕπνου·
καὶ γαμίῳ βαρύγουνος ἐθέλγετο κώματι νύμφη.
Τὴν μὲν ἰδὼν εὕδουσαν Ἔρως ἐπεδείκνυε Βάκχῳ,
Ὕμνον ἐποικτείρων· Νέμεσις δ' ἐγέλασσεν ἰδοῦσα.

[a] See vii. 120.

[b] Dia, by whom Zeus was father of Peirithoös. He wooed her in the form of a horse.

Indians! Your father does not know how to go awooing with heartbewitching words of love to bring the girl willing to her bridal; he made no prayer to Semele until he won her love; he did not cajole Danaë until he stole her maidenhood.[a] You know how he caught Ixion's wife,[b] the bridegroom's whinney and the equine mating. You have heard of love's game of trickery for Antiope,[c] the laughing Satyr, the sham deceitful mate."

244 So she mocked the timid mind of Bacchos, and vanished into her coeval tree. But on the hills, Dionysos impatient followed the wild girl with lovemad feet; and the swift-shod Amazon, ever on the move, scoured the topmost heads of difficult mountain-paths, hiding her track from the searcher Lyaios.

250 But the dry lips of the thirsty girl were parched as Phaëthon scourged her skin with his blazing fire, and knowing not the trick of womanmad Dionysos, she noticed the brown water of the tipplers' river, and drank the sweet liquid, whence the skin-scorched Indians had drunk. With her brain on fire, the girl revelled in her intoxication, and tossed her head to match her double motions; when she turned her eyes to the wide yawning lake, she thought to see two lakes; then as her head grew heavy, she beheld the ridges of the beastfeeding hill double themselves; and with trembling feet, slipping in the dust, she was drawn unconsciously under the wing of Sleep who was not far away. So the bride heavy at knee, was spellbound by her wedding slumber.

263 Eros espied her sleeping, and pointed her out to Bacchos, pitying Hymnos; Nemesis laughed at

[c] Mother of Amphion and Zethos by Zeus. For the Satyr-disguise *cf.* Ovid, *Met.* vi. 110.

καὶ δολόεις Διόνυσος ἀδουπήτοισι κοθόρνοις
εἰς γάμον ἄψοφος εἷρπε ποδῶν τεχνήμονι παλμῷ.
κούρης δ' ἐγγὺς ἵκανε· καὶ ἀτρέμας ἄκρον ἐρύσσας
δεσμὸν ἀσυλήτοιο φυλάκτορα λύσατο μίτρης
φειδομένῃ παλάμῃ, μὴ παρθένον ὕπνος ἐάσῃ.
  Γαῖα δὲ κηώεσσαν ἀναπτύξασα λοχείην
φυταλιὴν ὤδινε, χαριζομένη Διονύσῳ,
πολλὴν δ' ἀμπελόεσσαν ἐλαφρίζουσα καλύπτρην
πλεκτὴ βοτρυόεντι κάμαξ ἐβαρύνετο καρπῷ·
καὶ λέχος ἦν πετάλοισι κατάσκιον· ἡμερίδων γὰρ
αὐτοφυὴς μίτρωσεν ἕλιξ εὐάμπελον εὐνήν·
καὶ πολὺς ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα μετάρσιος οἴνοπι καρπῷ
Κυπριδίοις ἀνέμοισιν ἐσείετο βότρυς ἀλήτης,
ἀμφοτέρους δ' ἐπύκαζε· σελινοφόρῳ δὲ κορύμβῳ
ἱμερόεις ἐμέθυσσεν ὁμόζυγος οἰνάδος ὄρπηξ
πλεκτὸν ἀεξομένης ἐπιβήτορα κισσὸν ὀπώρης.
  Καὶ δολόεις γάμος ἦεν ὀνειρείης τύπον εὐνῆς
Ὕπνον ἔχων συνάεθλον· ἐνοσφίσθη δὲ κορείης
παρθενικὴ κνώσσουσα, καὶ ἔδρακε πομπὸν Ἐρώτων
Ὕπνον ὑποδρηστῆρα μεθυσφαλέων ὑμεναίων.
πνοιῇ δ' ὑψιπόρῳ σκιρτήματι θυιάδος ὕλης
ἄστατος αὐτοβόητος ἀνέπλεκεν ὕμνον Ἐρώτων,
καὶ μέλος ἠνεμόφοιτον ὀρεσσαύλων ὑμεναίων
αἰδομένοις στομάτεσσιν ἀμείβετο παρθένος Ἠχώ,
Πανιὰς ὑστερόφωνος· ὑπὲρ δαπέδου δὲ χορείων
αὐλὸς ἐπεσμαράγησεν "Ὑμὴν Ὑμέναιε" λιγαίνων·
"ἱμερόεις γάμος οὗτος" ὀρεστιὰς ἴαχε πεύκη.
  Ψυχὴ δ' ἠνεμόφοιτος ἀναΐξασα νομῆος
παρθένον ὑπναλέην νυχίοις ἐρέθιζεν ὀνείροις·
  "Εἰσὶ καὶ ἱμείροντος Ἐρινύες, εὔγαμε κούρη·
νυμφίον εἰ φύγες Ὕμνον, ἐνυμφεύθης Διονύσῳ·

the sight. And sly Dionysos with shoes that made no noise crept soundless to his bridal, placing his footsteps with care. He came near the girl: and softly with gentle hand undid the end of the knot which guarded the girdle of innocence, that sleep might not let the maiden go.

270 Earth unfolded her teeming fragrance, and brought forth a plot of plants, to do pleasure to Dionysos. Tangled poles of spreading vine lifted a wide covering laden with clusters of grapes, and shaded the bed with its leaves; a selfgrown arbour of vinery embowered the couch with its rich growth, and many a bunch of purple fruit swayed to and fro above it, under the Cyprian's breezes. It screened them both, while in crinkling clumps a lovely sapling of the wine-plant entangled intoxicated the wreaths of ivy which climbed over the growing fruit.

281 It was a stolen bridal, like bed in a dream with Sleep for helper. The maiden lost her maidenhood, slumbering still; she saw Sleep as marshal of the loves, and as servant of winedeceived nuptials. The breeze, unresting, self-sounding, interwove the hymn of love with caperings, high among the branches of the jubilant forest: and the melody of the mountain bridal, passing on the winds, was answered in modest tones by maiden Echo, Pan's following voice; dancing over the ground the pipes tootled out loudly "Hymen Hymenaios"; the forest fir resounded, "A blessing on this bridal!"

292 Then the soul of the herdsman, passing on the winds, started up and taunted the sleeping maiden in dreams of the night:

294 "A lover also has his avenging spirits, happy bride! If you refused Hymnos as a bridegroom,

λοξὰ θεμιστεύεις, θαλαμηπόλε παρθένε νύμφη·
κτείνεις γὰρ ποθέοντα, καὶ οὐ γαμέοντα διώκεις.
παρθένε, χάλκεον ὕπνον ἐρασσαμένῳ πόρες Ὕμνῳ·
παρθένε, νήδυμος ὕπνος ἀπώλεσε σεῖο κορείην.
οἰκτρὸν ἴδες γελόωσα δεδουπότος αἷμα νομῆος·
οἰκτρότερον στενάχουσα τεῆς ἴδες αἷμα κορείης."
Ὣς φαμένη σκιόεντι πανείκελος ἔσσυτο καπνῷ
ψυχὴ δακρυόεσσα ποθοβλήτοιο νομῆος,
Ταρταρίην δ' ἀκίχητος ἐδύσατο πανδόκον αὐλήν,
Βάκχου ζῆλον ἔχουσα μεθυσφαλέων ὑμεναίων.
Καὶ λιγυροῖς δονάκεσσι γαμήλιον ἦχον ἀράσσων,
ζῆλον ὑποκλέπτων ὑποκάρδιον, ὑμνοπόλος Πὰν
μεμφόμενον μέλος εἶπεν ἐς ἀλλοτρίους ὑμεναίους.
καί τις ἐρωμανέων Σατύρων παρὰ γείτονι λόχμῃ
θηητὴρ ἀκόρητος ἀθηήτων ὑμεναίων
Βακχείην ἀγόρευεν, ἰδὼν εὐπάρθενον εὐνήν·
" Πὰν κερόεις, ἔτι μοῦνος ἔχεις δρόμον εἰς Ἀφροδίτην;
καὶ σὺ διωκομένης πότε νυμφίος ἔσσεαι Ἠχοῦς;
καὶ σὺ δόλον πότε τοῖον ἀοσσητῆρα τελέσσεις
ὑμετέρων ἐπίκουρον ἀνυμφεύτων ὑμεναίων;
Πὰν φίλε, καὶ σὺ γένοιο φυτοσκάφος ἀντὶ νομῆος,
ποιμενίην δ' ἀπόειπε καλαύροπα καὶ παρὰ πέτρῃ
λεῖπε βόας καὶ μῆλα· τί σοι ῥέξουσι νομῆες;
ἔγρεο, καὶ σὺ φύτευε γαμοστόλον οἶνον Ἐρώτων."
Οὔ πω μῦθος ἔληγε, καὶ ἴαχεν αἰγίβοτος Πάν·
" Αἴθε πατήρ με δίδαξε τελεσσιγάμου δόλον οἴνου·

---

[a] From Hom. *Il.* xi. 241: it seems to imply imprisoned in brazen chains, something unbreakable.

Dionysos has made you a bride! You are a crooked judge, you matchmaking maiden bride! you kill the lover, you pursue him that weds not! Maiden, a brazen sleep[a] you gave to your impassioned Hymnos: maiden, a honeyed sleep lost you your maidenhood! The dead herdsman's piteous blood you saw with a laugh; there was worse piteous groaning when you saw the blood of your maidenhood."

302 So speaking, away like misty smoke went the soul of the lovesmitten herdsman weeping, and passed beyond pursuit into the courtyard of Tartaros, allcomers' hostel, full of envy for Bacchos and his drinkdeceiving espousals.

306 Pan also piped a bridal tune on the shrill reeds, hiding secret envy deep in his heart, Pan the master of music; and made a defaming lay for the unnatural union. And one of the lovemad Satyrs in a thicket hard by, staring insatiate upon the wedding, a forbidden sight, declaimed thus, when he saw the bed of Bacchos with his fair maiden:

312 "Horned Pan, still running alone after Aphrodite? When will you too be a bridegroom, for Echo whom you chase? Will you ever bring off a trick like this, to aid and abet you in your nuptials never consummated? Become a gardener too instead of herdsman, my dear Pan; forswear your shepherd's cudgel, leave oxen and sheep among the rocks—what will herdsmen do for you? Wake up! and plant another vine, which provides love's wedding."

320 Not yet had his words ended, when goatherd Pan cried out:

321 "I wish my father had taught me the trick of that matchmaking wine! I wish I could be lord of

αἴθε νοοσφαλέος σταφυλῆς, ἅτε Βάκχος, ἀνάσσω·
καί κεν ἐμῶν ἐτέλεσσα
πολύπλανον οἶστρον Ἐρώτων
ὑπναλέην μεθύουσαν ἰδὼν δυσπάρθενον Ἠχώ.
ἱλήκοι νομὸς οὗτος, ἐπεὶ παρὰ γείτονι πηγῇ
ἀρδεύω τάδε μῆλα, φυλακρήτῳ δὲ ῥεέθρῳ
παρθενικὰς Διόνυσος ἀθελγέας εἰς γάμον ἕλκει.
φάρμακον εὗρεν Ἔρωτος ἑὸν φυτόν· ἐρρέτω αἰγῶν,
ἐρρέτω ἡμετέρων οἴων γλάγος· οὐ δύναται γὰρ
εἰς πόθον ὕπνον ἄγειν ἢ παρθένον εἰς γάμον ἕλκειν.
μοῦνος ἐγώ, Κυθέρεια, βιάζομαι· ὤμοι Ἐρώτων·
Σύριγξ Πανὸς ἔφευγεν ἀνυμφεύτους ὑμεναίους
καὶ γάμον ἀρτιτέλεστον ἀνευάζει Διονύσου
αὐτομάτοις μελέεσσι· τὸ δὲ πλέον ἠθάδι μολπῇ
φθεγγομένης Σύριγγος ἀμείβετο σύνθροος Ἠχώ.
νυμφιδίης Διόνυσε μέθης θελξίμβροτε ποιμήν,
ὄλβιος ἔπλεο μοῦνος, ἀναινομένης ὅτι νύμφης
εὗρες ἀοσσητῆρα γαμοστόλον οἶνον Ἐρώτων."
Τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε δυσίμερος ἀχνύμενος Πάν,
ζῆλον ἔχων καὶ ἔρωτα[1] τελεσσιγάμοιο Λυαίου.
Καὶ τελέσας φιλότητα καὶ εὐνοδίης πόθον εὐνῆς
ἀφράστῳ Διόνυσος ἀνηώρητο πεδίλῳ.
νύμφη δ' ἐγρομένη ποταμηΐδι μέμφετο πηγῇ,
Ὕπνῳ[2] χωομένη καὶ Κύπριδι καὶ Διονύσῳ,
ὄμβρῳ δακρυόεντι κατάρρυτος· ἀχνυμένη δὲ
ἔκλυε Νηιάδων γαμίης ἔτι λείψανα μολπῆς,
καὶ λεχέων κήρυκα ποθοβλήτοιο Λυαίου
ἡμερίδων πετάλοισι κατάσκιον εἶδε χαμεύνην
νεβρίσι νυμφιδίῃσι πυκαζομένην Διονύσου,

[1] δυσέρωτα Graefe, ἐς ἔρωτα Koechly.
[2] Ὕπνῳ for Ὕμνῳ, H. J. R. This misprint was corrected also by Maas. See Critical Introduction.

the mindtripping grape, like Bacchos! Then I should have seen that cruel maiden Echo, asleep and well drunken! then I should have achieved my love, which like a gadfly sends me gadding afar! Farewell to this pasturage! for while I water my sheep here by a neighbouring spring, Dionysos draws intractable nymphs to marriage by means of his tipplers' river! He has invented a medicine for Eros—his plant: away with the goat's milk, away with the milk of my ewes! for that cannot bring sleep to desire, nor a maiden to marriage. I alone, Cythereia, must suffer. Alas for love! Syrinx escaped from Pan's marriage and left him without a bride, and now she cries Euoi to the newly-made marriage of Dionysos with melodies unasked: while Syrinx gives voice, and to crown all, Echo chimes in with her familiar note. O Dionysos, charmer of mortals, shepherd of the bridal intoxication! you alone are happy, because when the nymph denied, you found out wine, love's helper to deck out the marriage!"

339 Such were the words of Pan, in sorrow for his thwarted desire, and in envy and love of Lyaios, the achiever of marriage.

341 And Dionysos, having achieved his love, and the desires of that wayside bed, rose up with unnoted boot. But the nymph awaking reproached the river spring, indignant against Hypnos and Cypris and Dionysos, bathed in a flood of tears; in her pain, she heard still the remnants of the Naiads' nuptial song; and she saw that bed, herald of the couch of lovesick Lyaios, shadowed over with garden vine-leaves, and piled thick with the bridal fawnskins of Dionysos, which gives its own message of Lyaios's

κρυπταδίων λεχέων αὐτάγγελον· εἶδε καὶ αὐτὴν
μίτρην παρθενίην γαμίης πλήθουσαν ἐέρσης.
καὶ ῥοδέας ἐχάραξε παρηίδας, ἀμφοτέρους δὲ
μηροὺς πληξαμένη κινυρῇ βρυχήσατο φωνῇ·
"Ὤμοι παρθενίης, τὴν ἥρπασεν Εὔιον ὕδωρ·
ὤμοι παρθενίης, τὴν ἥρπασεν ὕπνος Ἐρώτων·
ὤμοι παρθενίης, τὴν ἥρπασε Βάκχος ἀλήτης.
ἐρρέτω Ὑδριάδων δολόεν ποτόν, ἐρρέτω εὐνή.
Νύμφαι Ἀμαδρυάδες, τίνι μέμψομαι;
ἡμετέρην γὰρ
Ὕπνος, Ἔρως, δόλος, οἶνος ἐληίσσαντο κορείην.
παρθενικὰς ἀπέειπε καὶ Ἄρτεμις· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
τίπτέ μοι οὐ φυγόδεμνος ὅλον δέμας ἔννεπεν Ἠχώ;
τίπτέ μοι εἰς ἐμὸν οὖας, ὅσον μὴ Βάκχον ἀκοῦσαι,
οὐ Πίτυς ἐψιθύριζε καὶ οὐκ ἐφθέγξατο Δάφνη·
'παρθενική, πεφύλαξο πιεῖν ἀπατήλιον ὕδωρ';"
Ἔννεπε, καὶ πολύδακρυν
ἀνέβλυσεν ὄμβρον ὀπωπῆς.
καί ποτε μὲν μενέαινε κατ' αὐχένος ἆορ ἐρεῖσαι,
ἄλλοτε δ' αὐτοκύλιστος ἀπ' οὔρεος ἤθελε πίπτειν
ὑστατίῃ προκάρηνος ὀλισθήσασα κονίῃ·
καὶ γαμίης μενέαινεν ἀιστῶσαι πόμα πηγῆς,
εἰ μὴ ἀμειψαμένη προτέρη χύσις ἰκμάδα Βάκχου
λευκὸν ὕδωρ κελάρυζε καὶ οὐκέτι χεῦμα Λυαίου.
καὶ Κρονίδην ἱκέτευε καὶ Ἄρτεμιν, ὄφρα τελέσσῃ
αὔλια Νηιάδων κεκονιμένα διψάδι χέρσῳ.
πολλάκι δ' ὄμμα τίταινε δι' οὔρεος, εἴ που ἐφεύροι
ἴχνιον ἀστήρικτον ἀθηήτου Διονύσου,
ὄφρα βάλῃ τόξοισι γυνὴ θεόν, ὄφρα δαμάσσῃ
δαίμονα βοτρυόεντα· καὶ ἤθελε μᾶλλον ἐκείνην
ἄμπελον εὐναίην φλογερῷ πυρὶ πᾶσαν ὀλέσσαι.
πολλάκι δ' ἀθρήσασα δι' οὔρεος ἴχνια Βάκχου

lovestricken passion, which told the tale of the furtive bed; she saw her own maiden zone wet with the wedding dew. Then she tore her rosy cheeks, and slapt both thighs, and moaned with piercing voice:

354 "Alas for maidenhead, stolen by the Euian water! alas for maidenhead, stolen by the sleep of love! Alas for maidenhead, stolen by that vagabond Bacchos! A curse on that deceitful water of the Hydriads, a curse on that bed! Hamadryad nymphs, whom shall I blame? for Sleep, Eros, trickery and wine, are the robbers of my maiden state! Artemis has deserted her own maidens. But Echo herself the enemy of the bed—why did not Echo tell me the whole scheme? Why did not Pine whisper in my ear, too low for Bacchos to hear? why did not Daphne the Laurel speak out—'Maiden, beware, drink not the deceiving water!'?"

365 She spoke, and flooded her face with a shower of tears. And now she thought to set a sword in her throat, again she would have cast herself rolling off a cliff, to fall headlong in the dust at last; she thought to destroy the nuptial fountain of which she had drunk, but already the stream had got rid of its Bacchic juice, and bubbled out clear water, no longer the liquid of Lyaios. Then she besought Cronides and Artemis to fill the Naiads' grottoes with dust and thirsty soil. Often she strained her eye over the mountains, if anywhere she might find an unsteady footstep of unseen Dionysos, that she might shoot him with her arrows, a woman shoot a god! that she might vanquish the deity of the grapes; yet more she desired to destroy with blazing fire all that marriage-vine. Often, when she saw tracks of

ἠερίας τόξευεν ὀιστεύουσα θυέλλας·
πολλάκι δ' ἔγχος ἄειρε, καὶ εἰς σκοπὸν ἀντίον ἔστη,
ὄφρα δέμας πλήξειεν ἀνουτήτου Διονύσου·
ἀλλὰ μάτην προέηκε καὶ οὐκ ἐτύχησε Λυαίου.
καὶ ποταμῷ κεχόλωτο καὶ ὤμοσε, μή ποτε πηγῆς
χείλεσι διψαλέοισι πιεῖν ἀπατήλιον ὕδωρ·
ὤμοσε καὶ κατὰ νύκτας ἔχειν ἄγρυπνον ὀπωπήν,
ὤμοσε μὴ γλυκὺν ὕπνον ἐν οὔρεσιν ἄλλον ἰαύειν.
καὶ σκύλακας νεμέσησε φυλάκτορας, ὅττι καὶ αὐτοὶ
οὐ τότε θωρήσσοιντο γυναιμανέοντι Λυαίῳ.
δίζετο δ' ἀγχονίοιο μετάρσιον ἄλκαρ ὀλέθρου
θλιβομένη σφιγκτῆρι περίπλοκον αὐχένα δεσμῷ,
μῶμον ἀλευομένη φιλοκέρτομον ἥλικος ἥβης.
ἀρχαίην δ' ἀέκουσα λίπεν θηροτρόφον ὕλην,
αἰδομένη μετὰ λέκτρα φανήμεναι ἰοχεαίρῃ.
Καὶ ζαθέης ῥαθάμιγγι γονῆς πλησθεῖσα Λυαίου
γαστέρι φόρτον ἄειρε· τελειομένης δὲ λοχείης
θῆλυν ἐμαιώσαντο τόκον ζωθαλπέες Ὧραι,
καὶ δρόμον ἐννεάκυκλον ἐπιστώσαντο Σελήνης·
ἐκ δὲ γάμου Βρομίοιο θεόσσυτος ἤνθεε κούρη,
ἣν Τελετὴν ὀνόμηνεν ἀεὶ χαίρουσαν ἑορταῖς,
κούρην νυκτιχόρευτον, ἐφεσπομένην Διονύσῳ,
τερπομένην κροτάλοισι καὶ ἀμφιπλῆγι βοείῃ.
Καὶ πόλιν εὐλάιγγα φιλακρήτῳ παρὰ λίμνῃ
τεῦξε θεὸς Νίκαιαν, ἐπώνυμον ἣν ἀπὸ νύμφης
Ἀστακίης ἐκάλεσσε καὶ Ἰνδοφόνον μετὰ νίκην.

---

[a] An epithet or name of Bacchus, i.e. "the Brawler (?)," "Noisy one."

Bacchos over the mountains, she let off storms of arrows into the air ; often she lifted her lance, and cast at a mark, hoping to strike the body of unwounded Dionysos : but in vain she cast, and hit no Lyaios. And she was angry with the river, and swore never to drink the deceitful water of the fountain with thirsty lips ; swore to keep her eyes awake through the night, swore not to enjoy sweet sleep again on the mountains. She blamed also the watchdogs, because not even they then attacked the womanmad Lyaios. She sought a remedy in death by the hanging noose, and encircled her neck with a choking throttling loop, to avert the malice of her mocking yearsmates. Unwilling she left the ancient beastbreeding forest, being ashamed after that bed to show herself to the Archeress.

395 Now lined with the divine dew, the seed of Lyaios, she carried a burden in her womb ; and when the time came for her delivery, the lifewarming Seasons played the midwives to a female child, and confirmed the nine-circled course of Selene. From the marriage of Bromios [a] a god-sent girl grew to flower, whom she named Telete, one ever rejoicing in festivals, a night-dancing girl, who followed Dionysos, taking pleasure in clappers and the bang of the double oxhide.

And the god built a city of fine stone beside the tipplers' lake, Nicaia, City of Victory, which he named after the nymph Astacia and for the victory which brought the Indians low.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΕΠΤΑΚΑΙΔΕΚΑΤΟΝ

Ἑβδομάτῳ δεκάτῳ πρωτάγριον Ἄρεα μέλπω
καὶ ῥόον οἰνωθέντα μελισταγέος ποταμοῖο.

Οὐδὲ φιλακρήτοιο μέθης πεπεδημένον ὕπνῳ
ζωγρήσας ἀτίνακτον ἀνουτήτων γένος Ἰνδῶν
ληθαίοις Διόνυσος ἐπέτρεπε δῆριν ἀήταις·
ἀλλὰ πάλιν Φρύγα θύρσον ἐκούφισεν· ὑψιλόφου γὰρ
εἰς ἐνοπὴν καλέοντος ἐπείγετο Δηριαδῆος,
παιδὸς Ἀμαζονίης δολίην ἄμνηστον ἐάσας
οἰνοβαρῆ φιλότητα καὶ ὑπναλέους ὑμεναίους.
Καὶ θεὸς ἡγεμόνευε, Διὸς κήρυκα γενέθλης
οὐρανίην ἀκτῖνα φέρων στίλβοντι προσώπῳ·
ἀμφὶ δὲ Λύδιον ἅρμα Γιγαντοφόνου Διονύσου
θυρσοφόροι στίχες ἦσαν, ἐμιτρώθη δὲ μαχηταῖς
μεσσοφανὴς ἑκάτερθε, καὶ ἀντήστραπτεν Ὀλύμπῳ·
κάλλεϊ δ' ἔκρυφε πάντας· ἰδὼν δέ μιν ἦ τάχα φαίης
Ἠέλιον πυρόεντα πολυσπερέων μέσον ἄστρων.
καὶ στρατιῆς ἀσίδηρον ἄναξ ὥπλισσεν Ἐνυώ,[a]
οὐ ξίφος, οὐ μελίην θανατηφόρον, ἀντὶ δὲ χαλκοῦ
κισσὸν ἔχων ἄρρηκτον ἐὸν δόρυ· καί μιν ἑλίσσων
Ἀσίδος ἐν πολίεσσι, καὶ Ἀσίδος ἐν χθονὶ πήξας
ἄγριον ἡνιόχευε Κυβηλίδος ἅρμα θεαίνης

[a] Goddess of Warfare; here as often means simply war.

BOOK XVII

In the seventeenth, I celebrate war's firstfruits, and the waters of a honey-trickling river turned to wine.

After he had made captive the Indian nation, shackled in sleep by their potations, immovable, without a wound, Dionysos did not commit his quarrel to the forgetful winds, but once more lifted his Phrygian thyrsus; for he went in haste at the challenge of highcrested Deriades, and left forgotten behind him the trick he had played on the Amazonian girl, the drunken passion and the drowsy nuptials.

The god led the van, wearing a heavenly radiance on his shining face, to proclaim him the son of Zeus. Around the Lydian chariot of giantslaying Dionysos were lines of thyrsus-bearers; he was ringed about with warriors on either side, conspicuous in the midst, and shone in splendour like another heaven. In beauty he threw all into the shade: to see him you might have said it was fiery Helios in the midst of farscattered stars. The lord of the host had brought Enyo [a] without the steel trappings of war; for he carried no sword and no deathdealing ashen lance, but for bronze he had his own invincible spear, the ivy; this he wielded in the cities of Asia, this he planted in the soil of Asia, as he drove the savage

ἡμερίδων τελαμῶνι, κατάσκιον ἥλικι κισσῷ,
ἀνθοκόμῳ μάστιγι μετήλυδα δίφρον ἱμάσσων·
Ἠῴην δ' ἐμέθυσσε Μαρωνίδι γαῖαν ὀπώρῃ.
καὶ Βρομίῳ συνάεθλος ὅλος στρατὸς ἔρρεε Βάκχων,
θάρσος ἔχων προτέροιο μόθου χάριν, ὁππότε δισσῷ
ἡδυμανὴς ἀσίδηρος ὁμόζυγι πήχεϊ μάρψας
ἔμφρονα νεκρὸν ἄναυδον, ἐνόπλιον Ἰνδὸν ἀείρων,
Σειληνὸς βαρύγουνος ἐχάζετο νωθρὸς ὁδίτης·
ὁππότε κωμάζουσα ποδῶν διδυμάονι ῥυθμῷ
Βακχιὰς ἀκρήδεμνος ἐπεκροτάλιζε Μιμαλλὼν
Ἰνδὸν ἔτι κνώσσοντα, περισφίγξασα δὲ δειρὴν
ληίδα θηρεύουσα μάχης αὐτόσσυτον ἄγρην. . . .
  Ἐκ πόλιος δὲ πόληα μετήιεν, ἀγχιπόρου δὲ
ἤλυθεν εἰς Ἀλύβης πέδον ὄλβιον, ὁππόθι γείτων
χεύμασιν ἀφνειοῖσι Διιπετὲς οἶδμα κυλίνδων
Γεῦδις ἐχεκτεάνων ὑδάτων λευκαίνεται ὁλκῷ,
ἀργυρέου δαπέδοιο περιξύων κενεῶνα.
  Ἔνθα διαστείχοντα βαθυπλούτῳ παρὰ πέτρῃ
βουκεράοις Σατύροισιν ὁμήλυδα πεζὸν ὁδίτην
Βάκχον ἀνὴρ ἄγραυλος ἐρημάδι δέκτο καλιῇ,
Βρόγγος, ἀδωμήτων ὀρεσίδρομος ἀστὸς ἐναύλων,
Γηγενέων ἀχάρακτον ὑπὸ κρηπῖδα θεμέθλων
ναίων οἶκον ἄοικον· ἐυφροσύνης δὲ δοτῆρα
αἰγὸς ἀμελγομένης κεράσας χιονωπὸν ἐέρσην
ξεινοδόκος γλαγόεντι ποτῷ μειλίξατο ποιμὴν
εἴδασιν οὐτιδανοῖσι καὶ ἀγραύλοισι κυπέλλοις,
καὶ μίαν εἰροπόκων ὀίων ἀνελύσατο μάνδρης,
ὄφρά κε δαιτρεύσειε θυηπολίην Διονύσῳ·

---

[a] A choice wine. See xi. 121.

[b] See xi. 36, xliii. 417: a river in N. of Asia Minor where silver was found. Hom. *Il.* ii. 857.

car of divine Cybele, with a broad rein of grapevine, under the shadow of ivy, the vine's fellow, touching up his travelling team with a blossoming whip—he made drunken the regions of the East with the Maronian [a] fruit. To share the enterprise of Bromios came the whole company of Bacchoi, full of confidence from the first battle, when Seilenos happy-mad, unarmed, picked up in his linked arms a living corpse unspeaking, an Indian in full armour, and marched off heavy-kneed, a sluggish wayfarer : when the Bacchant Mimallon woman, unveiled and revelling, and bounding in cadence on her two feet, rattled her cymbals over an Indian still asleep, and running a rope round his neck hurried away, with the war-plunder that she had been seeking thrown into her hands.

32 From city to city he went, till he came not far off to the rich country of the Alybe,[b] where neighbouring Geudis rolls the wealthy waves of its heaven-sent flood white with the current of its watery treasures, and cuts a hollow through the silvern soil.

37 There as the company of footmen with the horned Satyrs travelled beside the richly stored rocks, Bacchos on his march was entertained by a countryman in a lonely hut, Brongos, dweller in the highland glens where no houses are built. Beside the unquarried wall of these giant strongholds he dwelt, in a house that was no house. The hospitable shepherd milked a goat, and drew a potion snowy-white, to seek the favour of the giver of jolly good cheer with his milky draught in country cups, with common vittles. He brought out a fleecy sheep from the fold, as an offering for

ἀλλὰ θεὸς κατέρυκε· γέρων δ' ἐπεπείθετο Βάκχου
νεύμασιν ἀτρέπτοισιν, ὄιν δ' ἄψαυστον ἐάσας
ποιμενίην τινὰ δαῖτα θελήμονι θῆκε Λυαίῳ,
τεύχων δεῖπνον ἄδειπνον ἀδαιτρεύτοιο τραπέζης,
οἷα Κλεωναίοιο φατίζεται ἀμφὶ Μολόρκου
κεῖνα, τά περ σπεύδοντι λεοντοφόνους ἐς ἀγῶνας
ὥπλισεν Ἡρακλῆι· χύδην δ' ἐπέβαλλε τραπέζῃ
εἰν ἁλὶ νηχομένης φθινοπωρίδος ἄνθος ἐλαίης
Βρόγγος, ἔχων μίμημα φιλοστόργοιο νομῆος,
πλεκτοῖς ἐν ταλάροις νεοπηγέα τυρὸν ἀείρων,
ἰκμαλέον, τροχόεντα· θεὸς δ' ἐγέλασσε δοκεύων
ἀγρονόμων λιτὰ δεῖπνα, φιλοξείνῳ δὲ νομῆι
ἵλαον ὄμμα φέρων ὀλίγης ἔψαυσε τραπέζης
δαρδάπτων ἀκόρητος· ἀεὶ δ' ἐμνώετο κείνης
εἰλαπίνην ἐλάχειαν ἀναιμάκτοιο τραπέζης
μητρὸς ἑῆς παρὰ δόρπον, ὀρεσσαύλοιο Κυβήλης.
καὶ κραναοὺς πυλεῶνας ἐθάμβεε κυκλάδος αὐλῆς,
πῶς φύσις ἐργοπόνος δόμον ἔγλυφε,
πῶς δίχα τέχνης
ἀντιτύποις κανόνεσσιν ἐτορνώθησαν ἐρίπναι.
Ἀλλ' ὅτε Βάκχος ἄναξ
νομίης ἐκορέσσατο φορβῆς,
δὴ τότε δαιμονίῳ δεδονημένος ἄσθματι Βάκχου
ἀγρονόμος σύριζεν ἐθήμονι Πανὸς ἀοιδῇ
Βρόγγος, ἐπιθλίβων διδυμόθροον αὐλὸν Ἀθήνης,
ὑμνείων Διόνυσον· ὁ δὲ φρένα τέρπετο μολπῇ,
καὶ κεράσας κρητῆρι νεόρρυτον ἰκμάδα ληνοῦ·
“ Δέξο, γέρον, τόδε δῶρον,
ὅλης ἄμπαυμα μερίμνης·
οὐ χατέεις δὲ γάλακτος ἔχων εὔοδμον ἐέρσην,
νέκταρος οὐρανίου χθόνιον τύπον, οἷον ἀφύσσων

Dionysos, but the god stayed him. The old man obeyed the immutable bidding of Bacchos, and leaving the sheep untouched he set shepherd's fare before willing Lyaios. So he served a supper no supper, board without beef, such as they say in Cleonai Molorcos once provided for Heracles on his way to fight the lion. Brongos like that kind-hearted shepherd set on the board plenty of the autumn fruit of the olive swimming in brine, and brought fresh curdled cheese in wickerwork baskets,[a] juicy and round. The god laughed when he saw the countryman's light supper, and turning a gracious eye on the hospitable shepherd, he partook of the humble fare, munching greedily. All the time he was reminded of the frugal banquet on that bloodless table, when there was a meal for his Mother, Cybele of the highlands. And he wondered at the stone doors of the round courtyard, how industrious nature had carved a house, how without art the cliffs were rounded in answering proportion.

67 But when Lord Bacchos had eaten his fill of shepherd's fare, then Brongos the countryman was moved by the divine inspiration of Bacchos; he played Pan's wellknown tune on his pipes, and pressed his fingers on Athena's double tube in honour of Dionysos; who was pleased at heart with the music, and mixing the new liquor of the winepress in the bowl, he said:

74 "Accept this gift, gaffer, to drink all cares away! You want no more milk when you have this fragrant dew, the image of heavenly nectar brought down to

[a] These baskets of thin close plaiting are still used in Greek lands for cheese; and the olives "swimming in brine" are called κολυμβάδες "swimmers."

Ζῆνα μέγαν κατ' Ὄλυμπον ἐυφραίνει Γανυμήδης.
ἀρχαίου δὲ γάλακτος ἔα πόθον· ἀρτιτόκων γὰρ
μαζῶν θλιβομένων χιονώδεες ἰκμάδες αἰγῶν
ἀνέρας οὐ τέρπουσι καὶ οὐ λύουσι μερίμνας."
Ὣς εἰπὼν νομίης ξεινήια δῶκε τραπέζης
μητέρα λυσιπόνοιο μέθης εὔβοτρυν ὀπώρην·
καί μιν ἄναξ ἐδίδαξε φιλάνθεμον ἔργον ἀλωῆς
κλήματα γυρώσαντα φυτῶν εὐαλδέι βόθρῳ,
γηραλέου τμήξαντα τεθηλότος ἄκρα κορύμβου,
βότρυος οἰνοτόκοιο νέους ὅρπηκας ἀέξειν.
Καλλείψας δὲ νομῆα καὶ ἀγριάδος ῥάχιν ὕλης
εἰς ἑτέρην ἔσπευδεν ὀρειάδα φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν·
καὶ Σατύρων ὁμόφοιτον ὀρίδρομον ἴχνος ἐπείγων
ἀμφιπόλοις παλίνορσος ὁμίλεε θυιάσι Βάκχαις.
διψώων δὲ φόνοιο καὶ εὐθύρσοιο κυδοιμοῦ,
Τυρσηνῆς βαρύδουπον ἔχων σάλπιγγα θαλάσσης,
πομπὸν Ἐνυαλίοιο μέλος μυκήσατο κόχλῳ,
λαὸν ἀολλίζων· βριαροὺς δ' ἐμέθυσσε μαχητάς,
θερμοτέροις ἐς Ἄρηα νοήμασιν ἀνέρας ἕλκων
Ἰνδῴης ὀλετῆρας ἀβακχεύτοιο γενέθλης.
Τοὺς μὲν ἄναξ Διόνυσος
ἐκόσμεεν εἰς μόθον Ἰνδῶν·

---

[a] Dionysos was a very poor vinedresser. He is trying to describe to the old shepherd how to plant layers, as they are technically called. He tells him to choose the top shoots (ἄκρα) of an old vine, which is doubly wrong, for the vine should not be old and the top shoots are condemned by the best ancient writers as less fertile; he then would have him cut them off at once, whereas the approved method (see Anatolios in the *Geoponica* v. 18) is as follows: "We dig a trench a foot deep, and then bend down, but do not cut off, a shoot from the (full-grown) vine, which we insert in the trench and cover with earth, leaving a portion of the shoot visible above ground, so that part of it, remaining connected

earth, like that which Ganymedes ladles out to rejoice great Zeus in Olympos. Forget your wish for your old-fashioned milk : the snowy-white drops pressed from the udders of goats that have just kidded do not make men happy or drive their cares away."

81 So saying, he gave his gift of gratitude for the shepherd's table, the fine fruitage of grapes, the mother of wine, sorrow's comforter.[a] And the Lord taught him the flowerloving work of the vineyard—to bend the slips of the plants over into fertilizing pits, and to cut the top shoots of an old vine, that new shoots of winegendering grapes may grow.

87 Leaving the herdsman and the ridge of the wild forest, he now hasted to a new conflict with Indians in the mountains. Bidding the Satyrs who were with him to go on at full speed by the upland tracks, he joined himself again to his wild attendant Bacchants. Thirsting for blood and battle under his thyrsus, he took in hand the loudbraying trumpet of the Tyrhenian Sea,[b] and boomed a note on his conch for battle as he gathered the people. He intoxicated the stout warriors, and drew the men on to war with hotter spirit, to destroy the race of Indians that knew not Bacchos.

97 So Lord Dionysos marshalled these for the

with the vine, shall suck nourishment as if from its mother's breast, while part is nurtured in the earth, and so it takes root under the care of two mothers." Or, if Nonnos means Brongos to take slips (κλήματα from the vine, he should cut them without bending them) (γυρώσαντα) at all, to avoid bruising their fibres. Perhaps "prune the topshoots, but don't plant them" (Lind).

[b] The Etruscans (Rasena, hellenized into Τυρσηνοί, Τυρρηνοί) were said to have invented trumpets. Nonnos apparently makes Dionysos's war-conch come from their coast as an appropriate place.

Ἀστράεις δ' ἀκίχητος ἰὼν ἤγγειλεν Ὀρόντῃ
Ἰνδῶν δοῦλα γένεθλα καὶ ἴαχε πενθάδι φωνῇ·
"Γαμβρὲ δοριθρασέος μενεδήιε Δηριαδῆος,
κλῦθι, καὶ εἰσαΐων μὴ χώεο· καί σε διδάξω
νίκην φαρμακόεσσαν ἀθωρήκτου Διονύσου.
Ἰνδοῖς καὶ Σατύροισιν ἔην μόθος· ἔβρεμε δοχμὴ
Βασσαρίδων, καὶ λαὸς ἐμὸς κεκόρυστο Λυαίῳ
ἀστράπτων σακέεσσιν, ἀκοντοφόρους δὲ δοκεύων
Λυδὸς ἀνὴρ πολύιδρις ἐμοὺς ἔφριξε μαχητάς·
ἵστατο δ' ἀπτολέμων Σατύρων πρόμος, οὐ δόρυ χάρμης
χειρὶ φέρων, οὐ γυμνὸν ἔχων ξίφος, οὐδ' ἐπὶ νευρῇ
εἰς σκοπὸν ἰθυκέλευθον ὑπηνέμιον βέλος ἕλκων·
ἀλλὰ κέρας βοὸς εἶχεν, ἐνὶ γλαφυρῇ δὲ κεραίῃ
φάρμακον ὑγρὸν ἄειρε, καὶ ἀργυρέου ποταμοῖο
εἰς προχοὰς δολόεσσαν ὅλην κατέχευεν ἐέρσην
ἰκμάδι φοινίξας γλυκερὸν ῥόον· ἐκ δὲ κυδοιμοῦ
καύματι διψώοντες, ὅσοι πίον αἴθοπες Ἰνδοί,
ἔμφρονα λύσσαν ἔχοντες ἀνεκρούσαντο χορείην·
καί σφισι λοίγιος ὕπνος ἐπέχραεν, ἀκλινέες δὲ
ἄσχετα βακχευθέντες ἐπευνάζοντο βοείαις·
ἄλλοι δ' ἀστορέεσσι κατεκλίνοντο χαμεύναις
νωθρὸν ἐπιτρέψαντες ἀκοιμήτῳ δέμας ὕπνῳ,
Βάκχαις ἀδρανέεσσιν ἑλώρια καὶ Διονύσῳ.
τοὺς δὲ δίχα πτολέμοιο καὶ εὐθήκτοιο σιδήρου
δούλιον εἰς ζυγόδεσμον ἐληίσσαντο γυναῖκες
βριθομένοις μελέεσσι, καὶ ἀντιβίων ὑπὲρ ὤμων
ὡς νέκυες ζώοντες ἐλαφρίζοντο μαχηταί,
οἱ μὲν ἔτι βλύζοντες ἐπίκλοπον ἰκμάδα Βάκχου
ἀπτολέμοις Σατύροισιν ἐδουλώθησαν ἀνάγκῃ,

Indian War. But Astraëis went unpursued to Orontes, and told him the Indian tribes were enslaved, speaking with sorrowful voice :

" Hear me, battle-staunch goodfather of spear-bold Deriades ! and while you listen be not angry ; and I will tell you the drugged victory of Dionysos unarmed ! Indians and Satyrs came to blows : bang went the Bassarids' hands, and my people armed them against Lyaios with flashing shields. The cunning man of Lydia shivered to see my warriors lance in hand ; he stood at the head of his unwarlike Satyrs, bearing no warspear in his hand, holding no naked sword, no arrow on string drawn at the mark to fly straight through the air. What he held was an oxhorn, and in the hollow of that horn a distilled drug ; he lifted it and poured out all the deceitful dew into the stream of the silvery river, and turned the water sweet and red with the juice. The swarthy Indians thirsting in the heat of the battle drank, and all that drank went mad, though still in their senses, and struck up a dance. Then a fatal sleep came over them : unrouted, after the wild revel they fell asleep on their leathern shields. Others lay along the unbedded earth, committing their sluggish bodies to unresting sleep, at the mercy of Dionysos and his weak women. These, without war and the sharp blade, were dragged captive with loaded limbs by the women to fetters and slavery with heavy limbs. Warriors were slung over the shoulders of their foes like living corpses ; others, still sputtering the deceitful sap of Bacchos, unwarlike Satyrs made their slaves by main force when maddened by the drugged

[1] ἔβρεμε δ' ἠχὴν L, δ' ὀχὴν M, δοχὴν F corr. δοχμὴ : Ludwich δ' αἰχμή.

χεύματι φαρμακόεντι μεμηνότες. ἐκ δὲ κυδοιμοῦ
μοῦνος ἐγὼ λιπόμην, φονίης ἔτι νῆις ἐέρσης,
χείλεσιν ἀβρέκτοισι φυγὼν ἀπατήλιον ὕδωρ.
ἀλλὰ ποτὸν πεφύλαξο, δορυσσόε, μὴ μετὰ νίκην
κερδαλέην ἀσίδηρον ἀναιμάκτοιο Λυαίου
ζωγρήσῃ δόλος ἄλλος ἐν Ἄρεϊ λείψανον Ἰνδῶν."
Ὣς φαμένου βαρύμηνις
ἐχώσατο μᾶλλον Ὀρόντης,
καὶ ταχὺς εἰς μόθον ἦλθε παλίνδρομος· ἡμιτελὴς γὰρ
ἦεν ἀγών, ἑτέρης δὲ θεμείλια πήγνυτο χάρμης.
Ὄφρα μὲν Ἰνδὸν ὅμιλον
ὀρίδρομος ὥπλισεν Ἄρης,
τόφρα δὲ Βασσαρίδις πολυκαμπέος ὑψόθι Ταύρου
εἰς μόθον ἠπείγοντο, συνεστρατόωντο δὲ Βάκχοι
ὁπλοφόροι καὶ Φῆρες ἀτευχέες· οἱ μὲν ἐναύλων
ῥηξάμενοι κρηπῖδας ἐκούφισαν, οἱ δὲ κολώνης
ὑψιτενῆ πρηῶνα· καὶ ἀρχομένοιο κυδοιμοῦ
ἔχραον ἀντιβίοισι· πολυσχιδέες δὲ χαράδραι
Ἰνδῴοις ἑλικηδὸν ὀιστεύοντο καρήνοις.
καὶ ποσὶ λεπταλέοισιν ἐπισκαίροντες ἐρίπνῃ
Πᾶνες ἐθωρήσσοντο μεμηνότες, ὧν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
μάρψας εὐπαλάμῳ βεβιημένον αὐχένα δεσμῷ
δήιον αἰγείῃσιν ἀνέσχισεν ἀνέρα χηλαῖς,
σὺν βριαρῷ θώρηκι μέσον κενεῶνα χαράσσων·
ὃς δὲ τανυπτόρθων κεράων εὐκαμπέσιν αἰχμαῖς
ὄρθιον ἁρπάξας τετορημένον Ἰνδὸν ἀλήτην
μεσσοπαγῆ κούφιζεν, ἐς ἠερίας δὲ κελεύθους
δισσαῖς ὑψιπότητον ἀνηκόντιζε κεραίαις,
κύμβαχον αὐτοκύλιστον· ἀμαλλοφόροιο δὲ Δηοῦς
ἄλλος ἑῇ παλάμῃ δονέων καλαμητόμον ἅρπην,
ὡς στάχυν ὑσμίνης, ὡς δράγματα δηιοτῆτος,

river. From the battle I alone was left; for I had not touched the deadly dew, I left the deceitful water with unwetted lips. Eschew that potion, my shakespear! After this cheating victory of Lyaios without a blow, without blood, let not some other trick in the war capture what is left of the Indians!"

133 Orontes furious already was more angry than ever at these words, and quickly returned to the battlefield; for the conflict was only half done, and the foundations were being laid for a second combat.

136 While Ares was arming the Indian host along the mountains, the Bassarids up in the winding glens of Tauros were hastening to the battle, and with them marched Bacchoi with arms and the Pheres [a] without arms. These last began the battle by attacking the enemy; they tore up the foundations of the ravines and cast them, or some crag from the top of the hills. Showers of splintered rocks were hurled rolling on the heads of the Indians. The Pans madly made battle skipping with light foot over the peaks. One of them gript an enemy's neck tight in encircling hands, and ript him with his goat's-hooves, tearing through flank and strong corselet together. Another caught a fugitive Indian and ran him through his middle where he stood, then lifting him on the curved points of his two longbranching antlers, sent him flying high through the airy ways, rolling over himself like a tumbler. Another waved in his hand the strawcutting sickle of sheafbearing Deo, and reaped the enemy crops with clawcurved blade, like cornears of conflict, like gavels of the battle-

[a] The Centaurs. See xiv. 143.

δυσμενέων ἤμησε γονὰς γαμψώνυχι χαλκῷ,
τεύχων κῶμον Ἄρηι, θαλύσια καὶ Διονύσῳ,
τέμνων ἐχθρὰ κάρηνα· καὶ ὤρεγε μάρτυρι Βάκχῳ
καμπύλον ἀνδρομέῃ πεπαλαγμένον ἆορ ἐέρσῃ,
λοιβὴν αἱματόεσσαν ἐπισπένδων Διονύσῳ,
καὶ Μοίρας ἐμέθυσσεν ἐνυάλιον πόμα λείβων·
ἄλλου δ' ἱσταμένου δεδραγμένος αἰγίβοτος Πάν,
χερσὶν ὁμοπλεκέεσσιν ἐπ' αὐχένι δεσμὸν ἑλίξας,
δήιον εὐθώρηκα μετεστυφέλιξε κεραίῃ,
δισσοτόμῳ γλωχῖνι δαϊζομένου κενεῶνος·
ἄλλος ἐπαΐσσοντα καλαύροπι φῶτα δαΐζων
μεσσόθεν ὀφρυόεντα διέθλασεν ἄκρα μετώπου.[1]
Καὶ θρασὺς Ἰνδῴην στρατιὴν θάρσυνεν Ὀρόντης
μῦθον ἀπειλητῆρα χέων ὑψήνορι φωνῇ·
" Δεῦτε, φίλοι, Σατύροισιν ἀναστήσωμεν Ἐνυώ·
Ἄρεα μὴ τρομέοιτε φυγοπτολέμου Διονύσου·
μηδέ τις ὑμείων πιέτω ξανθόχροον ὕδωρ,
μὴ γλυκερῆς δολόεντα μεμηνότα φάρμακα πηγῆς,
Ἰνδῶν αἰνομόρων δεδαϊγμένα χειρὶ Λυαίου
μὴ μετὰ τόσσα κάρηνα καὶ ἡμέας ὕπνος ὀλέσσῃ.
δεῦτε, πάλιν μαχόμεσθα πεποιθότες· ἀπτόλεμος δὲ
ἀμφαδίην πότε Βάκχος ἐμὴν στήσειεν Ἐνυώ;
εἰ δύναται, μενέτω με φυγὰς πρόμος, ὄφρα δαείῃ,
οἵους Δηριάδης προμάχους ἐς Ἄρηα κορύσσει.
μαρνάσθω πετάλοισιν, ἐγὼ δ' αἴθωνι σιδήρῳ.
χάλκεον ἔγχος ἔχοντι τί μοι ῥέξειε κορύμβοις
Λυδὸς ἀκοντίζων δρυόεν βέλος; ἀλλὰ μαχητὴν
σφιγγόμενον βαρύδεσμον ἀνάλκιδα τοῦτον ἐρύσσω
θηλυμανῆ Διόνυσον, ὀπάονα Δηριαδῆος·
οὗτος ὁ θῆλυν ἔχων ἁπαλὸν χρόα, πάντας ἐάσας

[1] After 167 Marcellus would insert xxi. 118-119.

field. There was a revel for Ares, there was harvest-home for Dionysos, when the enemy's heads were cut! He offered the curved blade to watching Bacchos, dabbled with human dew, and so poured a bloodlibation to Dionysos, and made the Fates drunken with the battlecup he filled for them. Another man was standing, when one goatfoot Pan twined both hands interlacing about his neck, and struck his wellcorseleted enemy with his horn, tearing his flank with the double point. Another met a fellow rushing on him with a blow from his cudgel, and smashed his forehead right between the ends of his eyebrows.

168 Now bold Orontes encouraged his Indian army, and with proud voice poured out these threatening words:

170 "This way, friends, open fight against the Satyrs! Fear not the warfare of Shirkbattle Dionysos! Not a man of you must drink of the yellow water, not one be tricked by the sweet fountains of madness with its maddening drug! Or sleep will destroy you also, after the cruel fate of our Indians, after so many heads have been brought low by Lyaios's hand! This way! Let us fight again and fear not! Could unwarlike Bacchos ever hold front against me in open field? If he is able, let the runaway champion stand up to me, that I may teach him what champions Deriades arms for the fray! Let him fight with leaves, I will use flashing steel! While I hold a metal spear, what can a Lydian do to me with a bunch of twigs, a volley of vegetables? This warrior! I will truss up the feeble coward in heavy fetters and drag him along, this womanmad Dionysos, to be a lackey for Deriades. You there, you with the

Ἰνδοὺς τοσσατίους ἐνὶ μάρναο μοῦνον Ὀρόντῃ.
ἡδὺς ὁ δινεύων κεχαλασμένα βόστρυχα χαίτης,
ἡδὺς ὁ Βασσαρίδων ἐρόεις πρόμος· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐταὶ
κάλλεϊ τοξεύουσι καὶ οὐ βελέεσσι γυναῖκες.
σὰς προπόλους Ἰνδοῖσι γυναιμανέεσσι συνάψω
ἑλκομένας ἐπὶ λέκτρα δορικτήτων ὑμεναίων."
Ὣς εἰπὼν προμάχοισιν
ἐπέδραμε θερμὸς Ὀρόντης,
Ἄρεος ἀμώων διφυὲς θέρος· οὐδέ τις ἔτλη
τοσσατίου προμάχοιο μένειν ἀντίξοον ὁρμήν,
οὐ θρασὺς Εὐρυμέδων πυρόεις, οὐ σύγγονος Ἄλκων·
φεῦγε γὰρ Ἀστραῖος, Σατύρων πρόμος,
οὐδέ τις αὐτῶν
Σειληνῶν παρέμιμνεν. ἀελλήεντι δὲ ταρσῷ
γαμβρὸς ἐριπτοίητος ἐμαίνετο Δηριαδῆος
ἀντία Κενταύρων ἀνεμώδεα λᾶον ἀείρων,
καὶ τύχεν Ὑλαίοιο· δασυστέρνου δὲ νομῆος
ἔθλασεν ἄκρα μέτωπα βαλὼν μυλοειδέι πέτρῳ,
καὶ σκέπας ἐστυφέλιξε χαραδρήεντι βελέμνῳ,
ψευδαλέον μίμημα τετυγμένον ἠθάδι γύψῳ,
ἀντίτυπον πήληκος ἀληθέος ἕρκος ὀπωπῆς·
καὶ τὸ μὲν ἐν χθονὶ πῖπτε πολυσχιδές, αἴθοπι τέφρῃ
εἴκελον, ἀργυφέη δὲ πέλεν κόνις· αὐτὰρ ὁ κάμνων
ἔγχεϊ πετρήεντι πέδον πήχυνεν ἀγοστῷ.
Κενταύρου δ' ἑτέροιο δι' εὐκεράοιο καρήνου
ἀμφιτόμῳ βουπλῆγι τυχὼν λασίοιο μετώπου
ταυρείην ἐπίκυρτον ἀπηλοίησε κεραίην·
καὶ πολὺς εἰς χθόνα πῖπτεν, ἐπισκαίρων δὲ καρήνῳ
ἡμιθανὴς κεκύλιστο, καὶ οὔασι τύπτε κονίην·
καὶ δέμας ὀρθώσας πυμάτῳ βακχεύετο ταρσῷ,
εἰλιπόδην ἀγέλαστον ἔχων ὀρχηθμὸν ὀλέθρου·

soft skin of a woman! Leave all those Indians and fight a duel with one, Orontes. Simple soul! how he waves those long flowing locks round and round! A simple soul is the charming champion of the Bassarids! yes, the women do just the same—pretty looks are the shafts in their quiver. I will match your championesses with amorous Indians—they shall be hauled off to bed as brides won by the spear!"

192 With these words Orontes dashed hot upon the front ranks, reaping a harvest in both kinds.[a] Not one of all that wide front durst abide the adverse onset of so mighty a champion—not bold fiery Eurymedon, not Alcon his kinsman: Astraios chief of the Satyrs was in flight, none of the Seilenoi themselves would stand. With stormy foot Deriades' goodson rushed in, raging, lifted a boulder in the air and let fly at the Centaurs, and hit Hylaios: the stone, a very millstone, crushed the forehead of the shaggybreast shepherd; the missile torn from the rock smashed his headpiece, a sham imitation made of the familiar chalk like a real helmet guarding the face, which fell to the ground like a glowing cinder in many pieces and whitened the dust, while the creature crushed by this stony spear threw his arms along the ground. Next he struck the hairy front of another Centaur with a two-bladed axe, and shore away the curving horn from his bull's-head. He fell in a great heap on the ground, and rolled headlong tumbling about half dead and brushing the dust with his ears; then lifting his body on his feet, with a last wild effort he danced a stumbling hideous dance of death: the

[a] Men and women.

καὶ κτύπον ἐσμαράγησε πέλωρ, ἅτε ταῦρος ἰάλλων
τρηχαλέον μύκημα σεσηρότος ἀνθερεῶνος,
κρᾶτα τυπείς.
'Ελίκην δὲ βαλὼν ἄστοργος 'Ερεμβεὺς
στήθεϊ χαλκὸν ἔλασσε, καὶ ἀργυφον ἄντυγα μαζοῦ
αἵματι φοινίσσοντι κατέγραφε κυανέη χείρ·
τὴν δὲ κονιομένην ἑτέρῃ ξύνωσαν ἀνίῃ
πέπλον ἀναστείλαντες ἀκοντιστῆρες ἀῆται·
καὶ χροὸς ἔβλυε λύθρον ἐπήρατον· αἰδομένη δὲ
δεξιτερῇ συνάγειρεν ἑὸν φεύγοντα χιτῶνα,
γυμνὰ φυλασσομένη χιονώδεος ὄργια μηροῦ.
Καὶ θεὸς ἀθρήσας δηίων ἑτεραλκέα νίκην
καὶ Σατύρους πτώσσοντας ἐπεσμαράγησε κυδοιμῷ,
ὡς στρατὸς ἐννεάχιλος ἐριγδούπων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
συμφερτοῖς στομάτεσσι χέων ἀντίκτυπον ἠχώ.
καὶ Βρομίῳ ταχύγουνος ἐμάρνατο μοῦνος 'Ορόντης,
θνητὸς ἐών, βροτέῃ δὲ θεὸν προκαλίζετο φωνῇ.
ἄμφω δ' εἰς μόθον ἦλθον ὁμήλυδες, ὧν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
ἔγχος ἔχων, ὁ δὲ θύρσον ἀκαχμένον.
ἄκρα δὲ Βάκχου
κρατὸς ἀνουτήτοιο βαλὼν ὑπέροπλος 'Ορόντης
θηγαλέην Βρομίοιο μάτην ἤρασσε κεραίην·
οὐ γὰρ ἄναξ Διόνυσος ἀδηλήτοιο καρήνου
ταυροφυῆ τύπον εἶχε Σεληναίοιο μετώπου
τεμνόμενον βουπλῆγος ἀλοιητῆρι σιδήρῳ,
ὡς κερόεις 'Αχελῷος ἀείδεται, οὔ ποτε κόψας
'Ηρακλέης κέρας εἷλε γαμοστόλος· ἀλλὰ Λυαῖος

[a] Orontes. The Eremboi are an Arabian tribe in Hom. *Od.* iv. 84.

[b] Again an echo of Hom. *Il.* v. 860 ff.

monster let out a harsh roaring sound, like a bull struck on the skull which bellows horribly with grinning jaws.

217 The pitiless Erembeus [a] now struck Helice, and drove his blade into her chest: the black hand scored the white circle of her breast with red blood. She rolled in the dust, and the hurtling winds taught her a second sorrow by lifting her robe. As her lovely gore welled up over the skin, she modestly smoothed the errant vesture with her right hand, guarding the bare secrets of the snowy-white thigh.

225 The god, seeing victory pass to the enemy, and the Satyrs cowed, uttered a loud cry in the turmoil, like an army of nine thousand men pouring defiant shouts with united voices from thunderous throats.[b] Now Orontes fought alone quicknee against Bromios, and he a mortal, challenging with human voice a god. Both advanced together to the encounter, one with a spear, one with a pointed thyrsus. Orontes proud of his armament struck Bacchos on the top of his head, but wounded him not; he grazed the sharp horn of Bromios all for nothing. For Lord Dionysos wore on that invulnerable head nothing like the shape of the bullfaced moon [c] which can be cut by the devastating steel of the slaughterer's axe, as they sing of horned Acheloös,[d] when Heracles cut off his horn and took it to adorn his wedding. No, Lyaios wore the heavenly image

[c] Not just a pair of curved horns like a bull, but a disk between the horns.

[d] Acheloös the river-god and Heracles both wooed Deïaneira daughter of Oineus; they fought for her, and Heracles, wrestling with the god in his bull-shape, broke off one of his horns, whereat Acheloös yielded, and Heracles married Deïaneira.

οὐράνιον μίμημα βοώπιδος εἶχε Σελήνης,
δαιμονίης ἄρρηκτον ἔχων βλάστημα κεραίης,
ἀντιβίοις ἀτίνακτον· ὁ δὲ θρασὺς ἀντία Βάκχου
ἠερίῃ βαρύδουπος ὁμοίιος Ἰνδὸς ἀέλλῃ
δεύτερον ἠκόντιζεν, ἀνεγνάμφθη δέ οἱ αἰχμὴ
νεβρίδος ἀψαμένη μολίβου τύπον. ἀντιτύπου δὲ
πέμπων οἴνοπα θύρσον ἐπὶ πλατὺν ὦμον Ὀρόντου
Βάκχος ἑκὼν ἀφάμαρτεν· ἐπεγγελόων δὲ Λυαίου
ἔγχεϊ κισσήεντι θεημάχος εἶπεν Ὀρόντης·
"Οὗτος ὁ θῆλυν ὅμιλον
ἐμαῖς στρατιῇσι κορύσσων,
εἰ δύνασαι, πολέμιζε γυναικείῳ σέο θύρσῳ,
εἰ δύνασαι, προμάχιζε·
καί, εἰ μερόπων φρένα τέρπεις
πανδαμάτωρ, ἕνα μοῦνον ἀθελγέα θέλξον Ὀρόντην.
ἵστασο δηριόων, καὶ γνώσεαι, οἷον ἀέξει
ὄρχαμον ἀλκήεντα γέρων ἐμὸς Ἰνδὸς Ὑδάσπης.
οὐ Φρυγίης γενόμην, ὅθεν ἄρσενές εἰσι γυναῖκες,
ἄσπορον ἀμήσαντες ἀνυμφεύτου στάχυν ἥβης·
οὐ θεράπων ἀσίδηρος ἀνάλκιδός εἰμι Λυαίου.
φάρμακα σοὺς προμάχους οὐ ῥύσεται· ὑμετέρας δὲ
θυιάδας ἀμφιπόλους ληίσσομαι, ἐκ δὲ κυδοιμοῦ
Σειληνοὺς θεράποντας ἐμῷ βασιλῆι κομίσσω,
σοὺς Σατύρους πτώσσοντας
ἐμῷ δορὶ πάντας ὀλέσσω."
Εἶπεν ὁμοκλήσας στρατιῆς πρόμος· εἰσαΐων δὲ
Βάκχος ἄναξ κεχόλωτο, καὶ ἀμπελόεντι κορύμβῳ
τύψε κατὰ στέρνου πεφιδημένος· οὐτιδανῷ δὲ
ἄνθεϊ βοτρυόεντι τυπεὶς ἐσχίζετο θώρηξ·
οὐδὲ καλυπτομένου χροὸς ἥψατο Βακχιὰς αἰχμή,
οὐ δέμας ἄκρον ἄμυξε· σιδηρείου δὲ χιτῶνος
ῥηγνυμένου βαρύδουπος ἐχάζετο γυμνὸς Ὀρόντης·

of the cow's-eye moon, a growth of divine horns which cannot be broken, which enemies cannot shake. The bold Indian facing Bacchos, heavy-thundering like a tempest in the sky, again cast a spear, but the point when it touched the fawn-skin crumpled up like lead. Bacchos in his turn let fly his purple thyrsus at the broad shoulder of Orontes, and missed on purpose. Then fightgod Orontes laughed aloud at the ivyswathed lance, and said:

249 "You that array a crowd of women against my armies, fight if you can with your womanish thyrsus! Play the champion if you can! And if you delight the heart of all mankind, allconquering, now charm one only whom nothing can charm—Orontes! Stand and fight! you shall see what a prime hero my ancient father Indian Hydaspes[a] has produced! I was not born in Phrygia, where the men are women,[b] who have reaped the corn of youth without seed and without wedlock. I am no unarmed servant of Lyaios the weakling. Drugs will not save your champions; your crazy women I will lead captive, your Seilenoi I will bring from battle as servants for my king, your Satyrs I will destroy, all cowering before my spear!"

262 So cried in defiance the leader of the host. Lord Bacchos was angry when he heard him, and with a vine cluster he tapped him gently on the chest. This tap of an insignificant vinegrown bloom split his breastpiece. The god's pike did not touch the protected flesh, did not scratch his body; but the coat of mail broke and fell with a heavy clang—

[a] The river Jhelum.
[b] The emasculate attendants of Cybele.

Ἠώην δ' ἐπὶ πέζαν ἑὰς ἐτίταινεν ὀπωπὰς
ἀντιπόρῳ Φαέθοντι καὶ ὑστατίην φάτο φωνήν·
"Ἠέλιε, φλογεροῖο δι' ἅρματος αἰθέρα τέμνων,
γείτονα Καυκασίην ὑπὲρ αὔλακα φέγγος ἰάλλων
στῆσον ἐμοὶ σέο δίφρα, καὶ ἔννεπε Δηριαδῆι
Ἰνδῶν δοῦλα γένεθλα καὶ αὐτοδάικτον Ὀρόντην
καὶ θύρσους ὀλίγους ῥηξήνορας, εἰπὲ καὶ αὐτοῦ
νίκην φαρμακόεσσαν ἀπειρομόθου Διονύσου,
καὶ ῥόον οἰνωθέντα νοοσφαλέος ποταμοῖο·
εἰπὲ δέ, πῶς ἀκάμαντα
σιδηροφόρων στρατὸν Ἰνδῶν
λεπταλέοις πετάλοισι διασχίζουσι γυναῖκες.
εἰ δὲ τεῆς Κλυμένης μιμνήσκεαι εἰσέτι λέκτρων,
ῥύεο Δηριαδῆα, τεῆς βλάστημα γενέθλης,
Ἀστρίδος αἷμα φέροντα φατιζομένης σέο κούρης.
οὐ πιθόμην Βρομίῳ θηλύφρονι· μάρτυρας ἕλκω
ἠέλιον καὶ γαῖαν ἀτέρμονα καὶ θεὸν Ἰνδῶν,
ἁγνὸν ὕδωρ. σὺ δὲ χαῖρε, καὶ ἵλαος ἔσσο κυδοιμῷ
Ἰνδῶν μαρναμένων, καὶ ὀλωλότα θάψον Ὀρόντην."
Ὣς εἰπὼν ξίφος εἷλκε, μέσῃ δ' ἐνὶ γαστέρι πήξας
αὐτοφόνῳ βαρύποτμος ἐπεσκίρτησε σιδήρῳ·
καὶ ποταμῷ κεκύλιστο καὶ οὔνομα δῶκεν Ὀρόντῃ.

---

[a] This time Nonnos is not imitating Homer, but Sophocles; *cf.* Soph. *Ai.* 845 ff.

[b] Clymene was the mortal love of Helios, who bore him Phaëthon (the boy who tried to drive the solar chariot; Nonnos somewhat confusingly uses the name often, as 270, for the Sun himself). Nonnos, to provide his Indian king with a solar genealogy, names one of her daughters Astris ("sidereal maiden") and marries her to Hydaspes (*cf.* xxvi. 352), by whom she has a son, Deriades, king of the Indians.

[c] A name invented by Nonnos.

Orontes was naked! He stept back and turned his gaze to the eastern expanse, and uttered his last words to Phaëthon opposite:

271 "O Helios,[a] cutting the air in your fiery chariot, pouring your light on the Caucasian plowland so near, stay your car I pray, and announce to Deriades how the Indian peoples are slaves, how Orontes has destroyed himself, how the little thyrsus has broken our men! Describe also the drugged victory of unwarlike Dionysos, the winesoaked stream of the delirious river. Tell how women with light bunches of leaves scatter the untiring host of steelclad Indians. And if you have not forgotten your Clymene's[b] bed, protect Deriades, a sprout of your own stock, who has in him the blood of Astris[c] said to be your daughter. I never obeyed Bromios the womanhearted. I bring as witnesses the Sun,[d] and the boundless Earth, and India's god, holy Water.

"And now farewell. Be gracious on the battlefield to the fighting Indians, and bury Orontes dead."[e]

287 He spoke, and drew his sword, fixt it against his belly and leapt upon the blade, selfslain, a cruel fate; then rolled into the river and gave it his name Orontes.

[d] It is abundantly evident that Nonnos knew nothing of Indian culture or religion, except that he had perhaps heard of the cult of the Ganges or other sacred rivers. He therefore makes the regular assumption, that being barbarians, they would worship the visible gods, Sun and Earth. See Rose in *Harvard Theol. Rev.* xxx. (1937), p. 173, and references there.

[e] Pausanias, viii. 29. 4, says that the Romans diverted the course of the river, and found in the old bed a clay coffin eleven ells long, with a human figure in it of equal length. The oracle of Claros appealed to declared this to be Orontes.

Καί οἱ, ἔτι πνείοντα καὶ ἀσπαίροντα δοκεύων,
Βάκχος ἄναξ ἀγόρευε χέων φιλοκέρτομον ἠχώ·
" Κεῖσο, νέκυς, ξείνοισιν ἐν ὕδασιν· ὑμέτερον δὲ
Δηριάδην θνήσκοντα πατὴρ κρύψειεν Ὑδάσπης.
ὑμέας ἀμφοτέρους ἑκυρὸν καὶ γαμβρὸν ὀλέσσω,
ἀντὶ δορὸς φονίοιο καὶ εὐθήκτοιο μαχαίρης
σείων Εὔια θύρσα καὶ ἀμπελόεσσαν ἀκωκήν.
ἀλλὰ δαφοινήεντι κατακτείνων σε σιδήρῳ
οὐ πίες ἀβρὰ ῥέεθρα μελισταγέος ποταμοῖο·
καὶ ποταμός σε κάλυψε, καὶ ἤμβροτες ἡδέος οἴνου.
ἢν ἐθέλῃς, πίε μοῦνος ὅλον ῥόον· ἀλλὰ ῥεέθρων
οὐ χατέεις ποταμοῖο πιὼν Ἀχερούσιον ὕδωρ
λοίγιον· ἀνδροφόνῳ δὲ ῥόῳ καὶ χεύματι πικρῷ
γαστέρα κυμαίνουσαν ἔχων ἐγκύμονα Μοίρης
γεύεο Κωκυτοῖο, καί, ἢν ἐθέλῃς, πίε Λήθην,
Ἄρεος ὄφρα λάθοιο καὶ αἱμαλέοιο σιδήρου."
Ἔννεπε κερτομέων διερὸν νέκυν. οἰδαλέος δὲ
κύμασιν ἀσταθέεσσιν ἐσύρετο νεκρὸς Ὀρόντης·
καὶ ψυχροῖς μελέεσσι διαπλώοντα ῥεέθρῳ
ἄπνοον ἠρεύγοντο νέκυν ποταμηίδες ὄχθαι.
τὸν μὲν ἐταρχύσαντο καὶ ἔστενον αἴλινα Νύμφαι,
Νύμφαι Ἀμαδρυάδες,
χρυσέης παρὰ πυθμένα δάφνης
ἀμφὶ ῥοὰς ποταμοῖο, καὶ ἔγραφον ὑψόθι δένδρου·
" Βάκχον ἀτιμήσας στρατιῆς πρόμος ἐνθάδε κεῖται,
αὐτοφόνῳ παλάμῃ δεδαϊγμένος Ἰνδὸς Ὀρόντης."
Οὐδὲ μόθου τέλος ἦεν ἀτερπέος· ἡμιτελὴς γὰρ
ἦεν ἀγὼν καὶ δῆρις ἀνήνυτος· ὑψιφανὴς δὲ
Ἰνδὸς Ἄρης ἀλάλαζε· παλιννόστῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ
Λυδὸν ἐρευγομένη μανιώδεος ὄγκον ἀπειλῆς
Βακχιὰς εἰς μόθον ἄλλον ἐκώμασε θυιὰς Ἐνυώ,
δήιον ἀνδροφόνοισιν ἀκοντίζουσα κορύμβοις,

290 Lord Bacchos looked on him yet breathing and struggling, and addressed him in contemptuous words:

292 "Lie there, you corpse, in foreign waters; and may your father Hydaspes cover dying Deriades. I will destroy you both, goodfather and goodson, shaking my Euian thyrsus with point wreathed in vine, instead of bloodstained spear and wellsharpened sword. But you killed yourself with gory steel, and so you never drank the luxurious water of the honey-distilling river; a river has covered you, but you missed the delicious wine. Drink up the whole river alone, if you like; but you shall have river-water enough when you drink the fatal water of Acheron. Your belly swells already with the bitter water of a murdering stream, and teems quick with Fate; but taste of Cocytos, and drink Lethe if you like, that you may forget Ares and the bloody steel."

306 So he addressed the soaking corpse in contempt. But the dead body of Orontes was carried away swollen by the restless waters, until the stream vomited out the floating corpse upon the bank breathless and cold. There the Nymphs gave it burial and sang their dirges, the Hamadryad Nymphs, beside the stem of a golden laurel on the bank of the river stream, and inscribed upon the trunk above—"Here lies Indian Orontes, leader of the host, who insulted Bacchos and slew himself with his own hand."

315 But the cruel mellay was not ended yet: the struggle was only half done, the conflict unfinished. Indian Ares appeared on high and shouted loud; Bacchos's mad Enyo marshalled them for another bout, belching a load of frenzied Lydian threats in the renewed battle, hurling on the foe volleys

Ἄρεϊ βακχευθεῖσα· φιλοπτόρθου δὲ Λυαίου
δυσμενέες δρυόεντι κατεκτείνοντο σιδήρῳ
φοίνιον ἕλκος ἔχοντες· ἀθωρήκτοιο δὲ Βάκχης
ἔγχεϊ βοτρυόεντι δαϊζομένοιο σιδήρου
Ἰνδοὶ χαλκοχίτωνες ἐθάμβεον ὀξέι κισσῷ
στήθεα γυμνωθέντα νεούτατα· ῥηίτεροι γὰρ
ἀσκεπέων θώρηκος οιστεύοντο φορῆες.
ἄλλων δ' ἄλλος ἔην φόνος ἄσπετος, ὧν ὑπὸ λύθρῳ
σχιζόμενοι πετάλοισιν ἐφοινίσσοντο χιτῶνες
μαρναμένων, ὅθι Ταῦρος· ἐκυκλώσαντο δὲ Βάκχαι
ἀκλινέες στεφανηδὸν ὁμοζυγέων στίχας Ἰνδῶν.
καὶ θρασὺς αὐλὸς ἔμελπε φόνου μέλος·
ἐν δὲ κυδοιμῷ
Βάκχοι μὲν θεράποντες ἀπειρομόθου Διονύσου
τυπτόμενοι πελέκεσσι καὶ ἀμφιτόμοισι μαχαίραις
πάντες ἔσαν πυργηδὸν ἀπήμονες· ἀβροκόμοι[1] δὲ
δυσμενέες λεπτοῖσι κατεκτείνοντο πετήλοις·
ἑξείης δ' ἐπέπηκτο τανυπτόρθοις ἐνὶ δένδροις
Ἰνδῶν πυκνὰ βέλεμνα, καὶ ἔγχεϊ νύσσετο πεύκη
τηλεπόρῳ, βέβλητο πίτυς, τοξεύετο δάφνη,
Φοίβου δένδρον ἐοῦσα, καὶ αἰδομένοις ἐνὶ φύλλοις
πεμπομένων ἐκάλυπτε τανυπτερύγων νέφος ἰῶν,
μή μιν ἴδῃ βελέεσσιν οιστευθεῖσαν Ἀπόλλων.
καὶ γυμνῇ παλάμῃ σακέων δίχα, νόσφι σιδήρου,
Βάκχη ῥόπτρα τίνασσε, καὶ ἤριπεν ἀσπιδιώτης·
τύμπανα δ' ἐσμαράγησε, καὶ ὠρχήσαντο μαχηταί·
κύμβαλα δ' ἐκροτάλιζε, καὶ αὐχένα κάμψε Λυαίῳ
Ἰνδὸς ἀνὴρ ἱκέτης. ὀλίγῳ δ' ἐνὶ δέρματι νεβρῶν
ἀρραγέες γλωχῖνες ἐδοχμώθησαν ἀκόντων·
χαλκοβαρὴς δ' ἄγναμπτος ἐτέμνετο φυλλάδι πλήξ.
καί τις Ἀρειμανέων Σατύρων πρόμος ἀνέρα βάλλων

[1] αἰδοκόμοι or ἀνδοκόμοι L in text, Ἰνδοκόμοι written above;

of deadly garlands, furious for war. The enemies of vineloving Lyaios were slain with bloody wounds from the wooden steel. Bronze-clad Indians marvelled, when steel was cleft by the viny spear of an unarmed Bacchant woman, and their chests were bared and freshly wounded by the sharp ivy; for those who wore the corselet were shot down more easily than the unprotected. Death took many shapes in that indescribable carnage on the Tauros, where the coats of the fighting men were sliced open by twigs and reddened with gore. The Bacchant women unconquerable surrounded in a ring the Indians huddled together, and the bold hoboy sang the call to kill. In that combat the Bacchoi, servants of unwarlike Dionysos, stood like a stone wall unhurt all by the blows of axes and two-edged swords; but their curlyheaded enemies were killed by little bunches of leaves. There were the Indian shafts stuck thick in rows on the tall-branching trees. The fir was pricked by the far-hurled spear, the pine was hit, the laurel though Phoibos's tree was pierced by shots, and hid under its leaves in shame the cloud of feathered arrows flying upon it, that Apollo might not see how the shots hit it. A Bacchant woman without shield and without steel, shook her rattle with naked hand, and a shielded man fell; the drums banged, and the warriors danced; the cymbals clanged, and a man of India bent his neck to beg mercy of Lyaios. On a little fawnskin the unbreakable points of the arrows were bent; the heavy helmet of unyielding metal was cut through by a leaf. A leader of the warmad Satyrs threw

ἀβροκόμοι Ludwich, and other conjectures. Graefe suggests Ἰνδογόνοι.

Εὔια ῥῖπτε πέτηλα, νεουτήτου δὲ φορῆος
χάλκεος ἀμπελόεντι χιτὼν ἐσχίζετο κισσῷ.
ἀθρήσας δὲ τάλαντα μάχης ἑτεραλκέι ῥιπῇ
νίκην Ἰνδοφόνοιο προθεσπίζοντα Λυαίου
Ἀστράεις ἀκίχητος ἐχάζετο, πότμον ἀλύξας,
ἐγχείην τανύφυλλον ὑποπτήσσων Διονύσου.
Τόφρα δ' Ἀρισταῖος φυσίζοα φάρμακα πάσσων
Βασσαρίδων ὅλον ἕλκος ἀκέσσατο Φοιβάδι τέχνῃ,
τῆς μὲν ἐπὶ πληγῇσι βαλὼν Κενταυρίδα ποίην,
τῆς δὲ βαρυνομένης φονίην ἐκάθηρεν ἐέρσην
αἷμα περιθλίβων· κινυρὴν δ' ἰήσατο Βάκχην
συντρίψας βοτάνας πολυειδέας ἕλκεσι κούρης,
ἢ ποδὸς ἢ παλάμης ἢ στήθεος ἢ κενεῶνος.
ἄλλου δὲ προμάχου φονίῳ βληθέντος ὀιστῷ
εἷλκε θοὴν γλωχῖνα, καὶ ἕλκεα χειρὶ πιέζων
αἱμαλέην κατὰ βαιὸν ἀνηκόντιζεν ἐέρσην·
ἄλλῳ χεῖρα πέλασσε, καὶ ἕλκεος ἄκρα χαράξας
ἰῷ φαρμακόεντι σεσηπότα τάμνε μαχαίρῃ,
ἀκροτάτῃ παλάμῃ πεφιδημένα δάκτυλα βάλλων·
καὶ χλοερῷ συνέμιξε βιαρκέος ἄνθεϊ γαίης
δαιδαλέας ὠδῖνας ἀλεξικάκοιο μελίσσης,
χειρὶ περιρραίνων ὀδυνήφατον ἰκμάδα Βάκχου·
ἄλλους δ' οὐταμένους ἰήσατο Φοιβάδι φωνῇ,
φρικτὸν ὑποτρύζων πολυώνυμον ὕμνον ἀοιδῆς, 374
πατρῴης νοέων ζωαρκέος ὄργια τέχνης. 377
Ὣς ὁ μὲν αἰόλον ἕλκος ἀκέσσατο. μαρναμένων δὲ 375
ἤδη βαρβαρόφωνος ἐπαύσατο θῆλυς Ἐνυώ. 376
καὶ πολέας ζώγρησαν ἀπὸ πτολέμοιο μαχητὰς 378
Βασσαρίδες· πολλοὶ δὲ λελοιπότες οὔρεα Ταύρου

* Incantations contained all possible names to be sure of getting the right one. There are many examples extant from ancient days, and the practice continues still. See *Defixionum*

Euian leafage and hit a man: his coat of mail was split by the ivy and vine, and the wearer was wounded. Astraëis saw the scale of war was dipping to one side and foretelling the victory of Lyaios the Indianslayer, so he fled untouched and saved his life, cowed by the long leafy spear of Dionysos.

357 Then Aristaios spread lifegiving simples on all the wounds of the Bassarids, and healed them by the art of Phoibos. For one he put centaury-plant on the cuts; for another in distress, he pressed with his fingers about the blood and cleaned away the gory dew. If a Bacchant whimpered, he pounded all manner of herbs to heal the girl's wounds, of foot or hand or breast or flanks as it might be. If a warrior had been struck and blood drawn by an arrow, he pulled out the sharp point, and squeezing the wound with his hand discharged the drops of blood little by little. Another struck by a poisoned arrow he laid hold of, and lanced the wound cutting out the infected surface, with just a touch of the hand and gentle fingers. He mingled the artistic produce of the healbane bee with fresh flowers of the lifesufficing earth, and poured in Bacchos's painkilling sap. Other wounded men he made whole by some charm of Phoibos, humming over an awful ditty full of names [a] which he knew among the secrets of his father's life-saving art.

375 So he cured the diverse kinds of wounds. By this time the barbarian goddess Enyo had quieted her voice among the fighters, and the Bassarids had led away from the battlefield their crowd of captive warriors; many more of the enemy had left the

Tabellae, Audollent, Paris, 1904. The translator has a MS. of modern ones, written in 1790.

δυσμενέες νόστησαν ἐς Ἰνδῴης κλίμα γαίης
ἐλπίσιν ἀπρήκτοισιν ἐς οἰκία Δηριαδῆος,
ἀμφιλαφεῖς ἐλατῆρες ἀμετροβίων ἐλεφάντων.
καὶ Σατύρους μετὰ δῆριν ἐποίνιον εἰς χορὸν ἕλκων
Πὰν νόμιος κελάδησε, χέων ἐπινίκιον ἠχώ.
  Καὶ Βλέμυς οὐλοκάρηνος, Ἐρυθραίων πρόμος Ἰνδῶν,
ἱκεσίης κούφιζεν ἀναίμονα θαλλὸν ἐλαίης,
Ἰνδοφόνῳ γόνυ δοῦλον ὑποκλίνων Διονύσῳ.
καὶ θεός, ἀθρήσας κυρτούμενον ἀνέρα γαίῃ,
χειρὶ λαβὼν ὤρθωσε, πολυγλώσσῳ δ᾽ ἅμα λαῷ
κυανέων πόμπευεν ἐρύκων[1] τηλόθεν Ἰνδῶν,
κοιρανίην στυγέοντα καὶ ἤθεα Δηριαδῆος,
Ἀρραβίης ἐπὶ πέζαν, ὅπῃ παρὰ γείτονι πόντῳ
ὄλβιον οὖδας ἔναιε καὶ οὔνομα δῶκε πολίταις·
καὶ Βλέμυς ὠκὺς ἵκανεν ἐς ἑπταπόρου στόμα Νείλου,
ἐσσόμενος σκηπτοῦχος ὁμόχροος Αἰθιοπήων·
καί μιν ἀειθερέος Μερόης ὑπεδέξατο πυθμήν,
ὀψιγόνοις Βλεμύεσσι προώνυμον ἡγεμονῆα.

[1] Ludwich later retracted *ἐρύκων* and read *Ἐρυθραίων ἱκὼν* with g.

Tauros mountains and returned, their hopes unfulfilled, to the mansion of Deriades in the Indian regions, crowds of men driving their longlived elephants. And herdsman Pan sang loudly, pouring out his victorious note, drawing on the Satyrs to dance drunkenly after their war.

Now woollyhead Blemys,[a] chief of the Erythraian Indians, bent a slavish knee before Dionysos Indianslayer, holding the suppliant's unbloodied olivebranch. And the god when he saw the man bowed upon the earth, took his hand and lifted him up,[b] and sent him far away with his polyglot people, putting a distance between him and the swarthy Indians, now hating the lordship and the manners of Deriades, away to the Arabian land, where beside the sea he dwelt on a rich soil and gave his name to his people. Blemys quickly passed to the mouth of sevenstream Nile, to be the sceptred king of the Ethiopians, men of colour like his. The ground of Meroë [c] welcomed him, where it is always harvest, a chieftain who handed down his name to the Blemyes of later generations.

[a] The Blemyes were an Ethiopian tribe south of Egypt. India and Ethiopia were often confused, especially by later writers. Erythraian means by the Red Sea.

[b] The formal acceptance into protection.

[c] Bakarawia.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΟΚΤΩΚΑΙΔΕΚΑΤΟΝ

Ὀκτωκαιδεκάτῳ Στάφυλος καὶ Βότρυς ἱκάνει,
εἰς θαλίην καλέοντες ὀρίδρομον υἷα Θυώνης.

Ἤδη δὲ πτερόεσσα πολύστομος ἵπτατο Φήμη
Ἀσσυρίης στίχα πᾶσαν ὑποτροχόωσα πολήων,
οὔνομα κηρύσσουσα κορυμβοφόρου Διονύσου,
καὶ θρασὺν Ἰνδὸν Ἄρηα καὶ ἀγλαόβοτρυν ὀπώρην.
Καὶ Στάφυλος Σατύρων
στρατιὴν ἀσίδηρον ἀκούων
ὄργιά τ' ἀμπελόεντα καὶ Εὔια θύσθλα Λυαίου
Βάκχον ἰδεῖν μενέαινε· καὶ υἱέα Βότρυν ἐπείγων
κοίρανος Ἀσσυρίων ἀνεμώκεος ὑψόθι δίφρου
ἤντετο βοτρυόεντι παρερχομένῳ Διονύσῳ.
τὸν μὲν ἰδὼν ἐπιόντα καὶ ἀργυρόκυκλον ἀπήνην
πορδαλίων τε λέπαδνα καὶ ἡνία φαιδρὰ λεόντων
Βότρυς ἀκερσικόμης ἀνεσείρασεν ἅρμα τοκῆος·
καὶ Στάφυλος σκηπτοῦχος ἑοῦ κατεπήλατο δίφρου
πορδαλίων στατὸν ἴχνος ὀπιπεύων Διονύσου·
καὶ ποδὸς ὀκλάζοντος ἐπὶ χθονὸς ἴχνος ἐρείδων,
θαλλὸν ἐλαιήεντα θεουδέι χειρὶ τιταίνων . . .
καὶ φιλίῳ Διόνυσον ἄναξ μειλίξατο μύθῳ·
"Πρὸς Διὸς ἱκεσίοιο, τεοῦ, Διόνυσε, τοκῆος,
πρὸς Σεμέλης θεόπαιδος, ἐμὸν μὴ παῖδα παρέλθῃς.

---

[a] "Grape-cluster-man." [b] "Bunch-of-grapes."

BOOK XVIII

In the eighteenth come Staphylos and Botrys, inviting the mountainranging son of Thyone to a feast.

MEANTIME manytongued Rumour was on the wing; and she flew along the whole line of Assyrian cities, proclaiming the name of Dionysos with his gift of the vine, the glorious fruit of grapes, and his bold warfare with the Indians.

5 Now Staphylos [a] heard of the unweaponed host of Satyrs, the holy secrets of the vine and the Euian gear of Lyaios. He wished therefore to see Bacchos; and the Assyrian prince brought his son Botrys [b] high in a windswift chariot, and met the advancing god of the vine. Botrys Longhair checked his father's car when he saw Dionysos approaching in his silver-wheeled wagon, the panthers in their yokestraps and the lions with shining reins; and Staphylos the sceptred king leapt out of the car when he saw the panthers of Dionysos halt. He sank to the ground on bended knee, and held out an olivebranch with reverent hand. Then the prince addressed Dionysos in conciliating words of friendship:

18 "In the name of Zeus the suppliant's god, your own father, Dionysos, in the name of Semele the young god's mother, disregard not my son! I have

ἔκλυον, ὡς ὑπέδεκτο τεὸν γενετῆρα Λυκάων,
αὐτὸν ὁμοῦ μακάρεσσι, καὶ υἱέα χειρὶ δαΐξας
Νύκτιμον ἀγνώσσοντι τεῷ παρέβαλλε τοκῆι,
καὶ Διὶ παμμεδέοντι μιῆς ἔψαυσε τραπέζης.
Ἀρκαδίης παρὰ πέζαν· ὑπὲρ Σιπύλου δὲ καρήνων
Τάνταλος, ὡς ἐνέπουσι, τεὸν ξείνισσε τοκῆα,
δαιτρεύσας δ' ἑὸν υἷα θεοῖς παρέθηκεν ἐδωδήν·
καὶ Πέλοπος πλατὺν ὦμον, ὅσον θοινήσατο Δηώ,
μορφώσας ἐλέφαντι, νόθῳ τεχνήμονι κόσμῳ,
υἱέα δαιτρευθέντα πάλιν ζώγρησε Κρονίων,
ἔμπαλιν ἀλλήλοις μεμερισμένα γυῖα συνάπτων.
ἀλλὰ τί σοι, Διόνυσε, Λυκάονα παιδοφονῆα
ξεινοδόκον μακάρων, καὶ Τάνταλον ἠεροφοίτην
νεκταρέων ὀνόμηνα δολόφρονα φῶρα κυπέλλων,
δήιον ἀμβροσίης καὶ νέκταρος ἄνδρα πιφαύσκων;
Ζῆνα καὶ Ἀπόλλωνα μιῇ ξείνισσε Μακελλὼ[1] . . .
καὶ Φλεγύας ὅτε πάντας ἀνερρίζωσε θαλάσσῃ
νῆσον ὅλην τριόδοντι διαρρήξας ἐνοσίχθων,
ἀμφοτέρας ἐφύλαξε καὶ οὐ πρήνιξε τριαίνῃ.

[1] *τραπέζῃ* seems to have ended the line, and another, ending Μακελλώ, contained details.

---

[a] While Lycaon and Tantalos are well known (see Rose, *Handb. of Gk. Myth.*, p. 280, note viii. 81), Macello is heard of elsewhere only in the scholiast (one of the greatest liars extant) on Ovid's *Ibis* 475, so far as his corrupt spelling of the name enables one to decide whom he means. On the authority, as he alleges, of Nicander the Alexandrian poet, this worthy tells us that she was a daughter of Damon king or chief of, apparently, the Telchines, and that because she had entertained Zeus hospitably she was spared when the god destroyed the Telchines (if it was they) for poisoning the seed-corn. The most curious thing about her is that she is pretty obviously a Latin invention, made up from *macellum*,

heard how Lycaon entertained your father himself with the Blessed, how he cut up his son Nyctimos with his own hand and served him up to your father unknowing and touched one table with Zeus Almighty, in the land of Arcadia. Again, on the heads of Sipylos, I have heard how Tantalos received your father as his guest, butchered his own son and set him before the gods at dinner; how Cronion fitted together again the separated limbs and restored to life the butchered son, replacing the broad shoulder of Pelops—the only part which Deo had eaten—by a makeshift artificial shape of ivory.

29 [a] "But why, Dionysos, have I named to you Lycaon the Sonmurderer who entertained the Blessed, or Tantalos visitor of the skies, who planned the crafty theft of the cups of nectar—why mention the ravisher of nectar and ambrosia? Macello entertained Zeus and Apollo at one table . . . and when Earthshaker had shattered the whole island with his trident and rooted all the Phlegyans at the bottom of the sea, he saved both women and did not strike them down with the trident.

a market. Nonnos, it would seem, connects her with the Phlegyes, an impious people who lived on an island and for their sins were destroyed by Poseidon, and their part of the island with them (Servius on *Aen.* vi. 618, citing Euphorion, frag. 115 Powell, as his authority). But there is certainly something missing in the text and the sense may have been: "Macello entertained Zeus and Apollo at the same hospitable table, and had her reward, for she was spared when her wicked countrymen, the Telchines (?), were destroyed; X. and her daughter (sister, mother; ἀμφοτέρας in 38 shows that two women are mentioned) did a similar favour to Poseidon, and so he did not hurt them when he drowned the rest of the Phlegyes." Staphylos's point is that as these people were rewarded for their piety, so he hopes to be.

καὶ σύ, φέρων μίμημα τεοῦ ξενίοιο τοκῆος,
εἰς μίαν ἠριγένειαν ἐμῶν ἐπίβηθι μελάθρων·
δὸς χάριν ἀμφοτέροις, καὶ Βότρυϊ καὶ γενετῆρι."
῟Ως εἰπὼν παρέπεισεν· ἐῷ δ' ἐποχήσατο δίφρῳ,
ὀλβίζων ἑὸν οἶκον, ἐφεσπομένου Διονύσου·
καὶ θρασὺς ἱππείην ἀνεκούφισε Βότρυς ἱμάσθλην,
Ταυρείην δ' ἑλικηδὸν ἐρημάδα πέζαν ὁδεύων
ἤλασε πάτριον ἅρμα, καὶ ἡγεμόνευε Λυαίῳ
᾿Ασσυρίην ἐπὶ γαῖαν· ἐπαυχενίοις δὲ λεπάδνοις
χρύσεα Μυγδονίοιο δεδεγμένος ἡνία δίφρου
ἡνίοχος Βρομίοιο Μάρων, ἀκόρητος ἱμάσθλης
θηρονόμου μάστιγος ἀφειδέα ῥοῖζον ἰάλλων,
πορδαλίων ἤλαυνεν ἀελλήεσσαν ἀπήνην·
καὶ Σάτυροι προθέοντες ἀνεκρούσαντο χορείην,
ἀμφιπερισκαίροντες ὀρίδρομον ἅρμα Λυαίου·
πολλὴ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα φιλάνθεμος ἔτρεχε Βάκχη
δύσβατον οἶμον ἔχουσα βατῷ ποδί,
καὶ πτύχα πέτρης
στεινὴν κλιμακόεσσαν ἐμέτρεεν ὠκέι ταρσῷ,
καὶ παλάμῃ κροτάλιζε καὶ εὐρύθμοισι πεδίλοις,
μόχθον ὑποκλέπτουσα βαθυκρημνοιο κελεύθου,
οἰστρομανής· καὶ Πᾶνες ἐθήμονος ὑψόθι πέτρης
ποσσὶν ἐυκνήμισιν ἐπωρχήσαντο κονίῃ,
ἀστιβέος πρηῶνα διαστείχοντες ἐρίπνης.
᾿Αλλ' ὅτε νισσομένοισι φάνη βασιλήιος αὐλὴ
τηλεφανὴς στίλβουσα λίθων ἑτερόχροϊ κόσμῳ,
εὐχαίτης τότε Βότρυς ὄχον πατρῷον ἐάσας
εἰς δόμον ὠκυπέδιλος ἔβη, προκέλευθος ὁδίτης,
ἐντύνων ἅμα πάντα, φιλοστόργῳ δὲ μενοινῇ
ὥπλισε πιαλέης ἑτερότροπα δεῖπνα τραπέζης.

39 "Do you now follow the example of your Father the Friend of Guests: enter my mansion for one day. Grant this grace to us both, to Botrys and to his father."

42 He won the god's consent, and drove on with his car, blessing the happiness of his house, while Dionysos followed. Bold Botrys raised his whip, and drove his father's car by winding ways through the wilderness of Mount Tauros, until he guided Lyaios into the Assyrian land. Meanwhile Maron the god's charioteer took up the golden reins of the Mygdonian chariot, and drove the team of stormswift panthers with yokestraps on their necks, sparing not the whip, but whizzing a lavish lash to manage the beasts. Satyrs ran in front, striking up a dance and skipping round and round the hillranging car of Lyaios; troops of flowerloving Bacchant women ran on this side and that side, treading the rough tracks afoot, climbing with quick feet the narrow steps of the mountain-side, while their shoes beat in time with their rattling hands—thus they beguiled the labour of the steep stony path, stung with madness. And the Pans, high on their familiar rocks, danced in the dust with nimble feet, passing over the headlands of those untrodden precipices.

62 But when they arrived, and the royal palace became visible, shining afar with checkered patterns of stone, then longhaired Botrys left his father's carriage and went swiftshoe into the house, vancourier of the company: he made all ready, and with attentive care prepared the diversified dishes of a rich banquet.

Ὄφρα μὲν εἰσέτι Βότρυς ἐκόσμεε δαῖτα Λυαίῳ,
τόφρα δὲ ποικιλόδωρος ἄναξ ἐπεδείκνυε Βάκχῳ
κάλλεα τεχνήεντα λιθοστρώτοιο μελάθρου,
τῶν ἄπο μαρμαρέη πολυδαίδαλος ἔρρεεν αἴγλη,
σύγχροος ἠελίοιο καὶ ἀντιτύποιο σελήνης·
τοῖχοι δ' ἀργυρέοισιν ἐλευκαίνοντο μετάλλοις,
καὶ μερόπων σπινθῆρας ἐπαστράπτουσα προσώπῳ
λύχνις ἔην, λύχνοιο φερώνυμος· εἶχε καὶ αὐτὴν
οἶκος ἐρευθιόωντι κεκασμένος αἴθοπι πέτρῳ
οἰνωπὴν ἀμέθυστον ἐρειδομένην ὑακίνθῳ·
αὐγὴν δ' αἰθαλόεσσαν ἀπέπτυεν ὠχρὸς ἀχάτης,
καὶ φολίδων στικτοῖσι τύποις ἀμάρυσσεν ὀφίτης·
Ἀσσυρίη δὲ μάραγδος ἀνήρυγεν ἔγχλοον αἴγλην.
κιονέῃ δὲ φάλαγγι περιστρωθέντα μελάθρων
χρύσεα δουρατέης ἐρυθαίνετο νῶτα καλύπτρης
ἀφνειοῖς ὀρόφοισι· πολυσχιδέων δὲ μετάλλων
φαιδρὸν ἐυψήφιδι πέδον ποικίλλετο τέχνῃ·
καὶ πυλεὼν περίμετρος ἐυγλύπτῳ τινὶ δούρῳ
λεπτοφυῆ τύπον εἶχε νεοπρίστων ἐλεφάντων.
Τοῖα γέρων σκηπτοῦχος ἐδείκνυε μάρτυρι Βάκχῳ·
καὶ μόγις ἴχνος ἔκαμψεν ἔσω θεοδέγμονος αὐλῆς
χειρὸς ἔχων Διόνυσον· ὁ δὲ βραδυπειθέι ταρσῷ
πλαζομένην ἑλικηδὸν ἑὴν ἐτίταινεν ὀπωπήν·
καὶ θεὸς ἀστερόεσσαν ἐθάμβεεν ἤνοπι κόσμῳ
ξεινοδόκου βασιλῆος ἰδὼν χρυσήλατον αὐλήν.
Ἀμφιπόλους δ' οἴστρησεν ἄναξ καὶ δμῶας ἐπείγων,
ταύρων ζατρεφέων ἀγέλην καὶ πώεα μήλων
δαιτρεύειν Σατύροισι βοοκραίρου Διονύσου.
καὶ Σταφύλου σπεύδοντος ἔην ταχυεργὸς ἀπειλὴ

---

[a] Since Homer in the *Odyssey* describes the palace of

67 [a] While Botrys was yet arranging the feast for Lyaios, the king of magnificent bounty displayed to Bacchos the artist's hand in the stonework of his hall, from which poured a shining brightness of many colours and shapes like the sun and his reflecting moon. The walls were white with solid silver. There was the lychnite, which takes its name from light, turning its glistening gleams in the faces of men. The place was also decorated with the glowing ruby stone, and showed winecoloured amethyst set beside sapphire. The pale agate threw off its burnt sheen, and the snakestone sparkled in speckled shapes of scales; the Assyrian emerald discharged its greeny flash. Stretched over a regiment of pillars along the hall the gilded timbers of the roof showed a reddish glow in their opulent roofs. The floor shone with the intricate patterns of a tessellated pavement of metals; and the huge door with a baulk of wood delicately carved looked like ivory freshly cut.

87 Such were the sights which the old monarch displayed to watchful Bacchos. He could hardly manage to move through the hall with his divine guest, holding Dionysos by the hand; the other followed with slow obedient foot, and turned his wandering gaze to each thing in order. The god was amazed at the hospitable king's hall, embellished with gold and starry with glittering decorations.

93 The king harried his servants and stirred up his serfs, to slaughter a herd of fine fat bulls and flocks of sheep for the Satyrs of bullhorn Dionysos. Then there was quick work, under the menaces of busy

Menelaos and, more elaborately, that of Alcinoös, there must be a description here of the palace where Dionysos is to be entertained; the details are not Homeric.

δμωσὶν ἀμοιβαίοισιν· ἐπερρώοντο δὲ πολλοὶ
εἰλαπίνης δρηστῆρες· ἐδαιτρεύοντο δὲ ταῦροι
καὶ νομάδων οἴων λιπαραὶ στίχες. ἦν δὲ χορείη·
καὶ δόμον εὐφόρμιγγα θυώδεες ἔπνεον αὖραι,
εὐόδμου δὲ πόληος ἀνεκνίσσωσαν ἀγυιάς·
ἀμφιλαφεῖς δ' ἐμέθυσσαν ὅλον δόμον ἰκμάδες οἴνου.
κύμβαλα δ' ἐπλατάγησε, παρ' εὐκελάδῳ δὲ τραπέζῃ
Πανιάδες σύριγγες ἐβόμβεον, ἔβρεμον αὐλοὶ
συμπλεκέες, καὶ κύκλος ἐριγδούποιο βοείης
διχθαδίοις πατάγοισιν ἐπεσμαράγησε μελάθρῳ,
καὶ κτύπος ἦν κροτάλων ἐπιδόρπιος.
ἐν δ' ἄρα μέσσῳ
οἰνοβαρὴς τρομεροῖο φέρων ποδὸς ἄστατον ὁρμὴν
ἤιεν ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα Μάρων, δεδονημένος οἴστρῳ,
ὄρθιον ἐκ δαπέδοιο παλίσσυτον ἴχνος ἑλίσσων,
χεῖρας ἑὰς διδύμων Σατύρων ὑπὲρ ὤμον ἐρείσας
μεσσοφανής· ἑτέρου δὲ ποδὸς κουφίζετο παλμῷ
ἀλλοτρίῳ, ξανθωπὸν ἔχων χρόα, μεσσόθι πέμπων
πορφυρέας ἀκτῖνας ὅλῳ στίλβοντι προσώπῳ,
ἀντίτυπον μίμημα Σεληναίῃσι κεραίαις,
λαιῇ μὲν νεόδαρτον ἐθήμονος ἔγκυον οἴνου
αὐχενίῳ ζωστῆρι περίπλοκον ἀσκὸν ἀείρων,
δεξιτερῇ δὲ κύπελλον· ἐκυκλώσαντο δὲ Βάκχαι
γηραλέον σκαίροντα ποδῶν ἑτεραλκέι ταρσῷ,
οἷα πεσεῖν μέλλοντα τινασσομένοιο καρήνου,
οὔ ποτε πεπτηῶτα. μεθυσφαλέες δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ
ἀμφίπολοι καὶ δμῶες ἐβακχεύοντο χορείῃ,
γευσάμενοι πρώτιστον ἀήθεος ἡδέος οἴνου.
Καὶ Σταφύλου βασιλῆος ἀριστώδινα γυναῖκα
Βακχιὰς ἀμπελόεσσα Μέθην ἐμέθυσσεν ἐέρσῃ·
ἡ δὲ καρηβαρέουσα πιεῖν πάλιν ἤτεε Βάκχας,

Staphylos with relays of serfs. A crowd of servants were hard at it preparing the banquet, bulls were butchered and processions of fat sheep from the pasture. There was dancing too ; fragrant air was wafted through a house full of harping, the streets of the city were filled with sweet steamy odours, ample streams of wine made the whole house carouse. Cymbals clanged, panspipes whiffled about the melodious table, double hoboys were drooning, the round of the loudthrumming drum made the hall ring again with its double bangs, there were castanets rattling over that supper !

107 And there in the midst came Maron, heavy with wine, staggering on unsteady feet and moving to and fro as frenzy drove him. He threw his arms over the shoulders of two Satyrs and supported himself between them, then climbed right up from the ground twisting his legs about them. So he was lifted by the dancing feet of others, with red skin, his whole face emitting ruddy rays and shining between them, the very image of the crescent moon. In his left hand he held a newly flayed skin teeming with the inevitable wine and tied at the neck with a cord ; in his right a cup. Bacchant women were all round the old creature as he skips on other men's feet, with lolling head, every moment threatening to fall but never down. Servants and serfs alike were rolling drunk and danced wildly about, after tasting for the first time the delicious wine they never had before.

124 Methe [a] also, the wife of King Staphylos, mother of a noble son, was made drunken by the winedew of Bacchos. With heavy head she begged

[a] "Drunkenness."

οἰνοδόκον κρητῆρα περισκαίρουσα Λυαίου·
καὶ κεφαλὴν ἐλέλιζε μετήλυδα δίζυγι παλμῷ,
ὤμῳ ἐπικλίνουσα κόμην ἑτεραλκέι ῥιπῇ
ἄστατος, ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα παλίντροπος· ἀμφὶ δὲ γαίῃ
πυκνὰ πεσεῖν μέλλουσαν ὀλισθηροῖσι πεδίλοις
θυιάδα χερσὶ λαβοῦσα Μέθην ὠρθώσατο Βάκχη.
καὶ Στάφυλος μεμέθυστο· φιλακρήτῳ δὲ κυπέλλῳ
Βότρυος οἰνωθέντος ἐφοινίσσοντο παρειαί·
καὶ πάις ἀρτιγένειος ἅμα Σταφύλῳ γενετῆρι
ἀπλεκέας πλοκαμῖδας ἀήθεϊ δήσατο κισσῷ
μιτρώσας στεφανηδόν· ἐπ' ἴχνεσι δ' ἴχνος ἀμείβων
ποσσὶν ὁμοζήλοισιν ἕλιξ ὠρχήσατο Βότρυς,
δεξιὸν ἐκ λαιοῖο μετήλυδα ταρσὸν ἑλίσσων·
καὶ Στάφυλος σκίρτησε ποδῶν βητάρμονι παλμῷ,
καμπύλον ἴχνος ἄγων τροχαλῷ κυκλούμενον ὁλκῷ,
Βότρυος ὀρχηστῆρος ἐπ' αὐχένι πῆχυν ἐρείσας·
καὶ ποτὸν εὐφήμησε χοροπλεκέος Διονύσου
ἄστατος, ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα καθειμένα βόστρυχα σείων
ὤμῳ ἐπαΐσσοντα· Μέθη δ' ἐχόρευε καὶ αὐτή,
πῆχυν ἐπικλίνουσα καὶ υἱέι καὶ παρακοίτῃ,
μεσσατίη Σταφύλου καὶ Βότρυος· ἦν δὲ νοῆσαι
τερπωλὴν τριέλικτον ὁμοπλέκτοιο χορείης.
καὶ Πίθος ὠμογέρων, πολιὴν ἀνέμοισι τινάσσων,
χεύματος ἡδυπότοιο βεβυσμένος ἄχρις ὀδόντων
οἰνοβαρὴς ἐχόρευε, μεθυσφαλὲς ἴχνος ἑλίσσων·
καὶ γλυκεραῖς λιβάδεσσιν ἐρευγομένων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
ξανθὴν ἀφριόωσαν ἑὴν λεύκαινεν ὑπήνην.
Καὶ πίον εἰς ὅλον ἦμαρ·
ἀφυσσομένων δὲ κυπέλλων
Ἑσπερίην χθόνα πᾶσαν ὑπόσκιος ἔσκεπεν ὄρφνη
ἀκροκελαινιόωσα, καὶ αἰόλα φέγγεϊ λεπτῷ

the Bacchants for more drink, dancing round the full mixingbowl of Lyaios. She rolled her head moving this way and that way, shook the hair over her shoulders unsteadily, dipping her head first here, then there, on one side and the other again and again, ever on the point of falling on her slippery feet, until a Bacchant's hands caught the wild creature and held her up. Staphylos too was drunk; the cheeks of drunken Botrys were red from his tippling cup; still a boy with the down on his face, he with Staphylos his father bound his loosened locks with the unfamiliar ivy and wreathed it like a garland. Then interchanging step with step Botrys danced about with ready feet, changing feet right after left; and Staphylos went skipping in dancing movement, carrying his feet round and round in a running step, with one arm thrown round the neck of dancing Botrys. Staggering he blest the potion of danceweaving Dionysos, and shook his long hair falling over his shoulder from side to side. Methe was dancing too, with an arm round son and husband both, between Staphylos and Botrys. There was a sight to see, the triple-entwined delight of a close-embracing dance! And Pithos,[a] hale old man, shaking his hoary locks in the wind, stuffed to the teeth with the delicious potation, danced heavy with wine, and twirled a drink-tottering foot; he whitened his yellow beard with foam from the sweet libations that ran out from his throat.

154 So they drank the whole day long. Cups were still being filled when shadowy darkness grew black at the fringe, and covered all the western lands,

[a] "Wine-jar."

ἄστρα καταυγάζων ἐμελαίνετο δίχροος ἀήρ,
δυομένου Φαέθοντος ὑπὸ σκιοειδέι κώνῳ,
βαιὸν ὀπισθοκέλευθον ἔχων ἔτι λείψανον Ἠοῦς·
καὶ ζόφον ἐχλαίνωσεν ἑῷ χροῒ σιγαλέη νὺξ
οὐρανὸν ἀστερόεντι διαγράψασα χιτῶνι.
οἱ δὲ μετὰ κρητῆρα μέθης, μετὰ δεῖπνα τραπέζης
Βότρυς ὁμοῦ γενετῆρι καὶ οἰνοχύτῳ Διονύσῳ
κεκριμένοι στοιχηδὸν ἐυστρώτων ἐπὶ λέκτρων
ὕπνου δῶρον ἕλοντο καὶ ὡμίλησαν ὀνείροις.
Ἀλλ᾽ ὅτε δὴ ῥοδέοις ἀμαρύγμασιν ἄγγελος Ἠοῦς
ἀκροφαὴς ἐχάραξε λιπόσκιον ὄρθρος ὀμίχλην,
εὐχαίτης τότε Βάκχος ἑώιος ἄνθορεν εὐνῆς,
ἐλπίδι νικαίῃ δεδονημένος· ἐννύχιος γὰρ
Ἰνδῴην ἐδάιζε γονὴν κισσώδεϊ θύρσῳ,
ὑπναλέης μεθέπων ἀπατήλιον εἰκόνα χάρμης.
καὶ κτύπον εἰσαΐων Σατύρων καὶ δοῦπον ἀκόντων
φλοῖσβον ὀνειρείης ἀπεσείσατο δηιοτῆτος,
ὕπνον ἀποσκεδάσας πολεμήιον· εἶχε δὲ θυμῷ
μαντιπόλου φόβον αἰνὸν ἀπειλητῆρος ὀνείρου·
μιμηλῆς γὰρ ὄπωπε μάχης ἴνδαλμα Λυκούργου
ἐσσομένων προκέλευθον, ὅτι θρασὺς ἔνδοθι λόχμης
δύσμαχος ἐκ σκοπέλοιο λέων λυσσώδεϊ λαιμῷ
Βάκχον ἔτι σκαίροντα καὶ οὐ ψαύοντα σιδήρου
εἰς φόβον ἐπτοίησε, καὶ ἤλασεν ἄχρι θαλάσσης
κρυπτόμενον πελάγεσσι, πεφυζότα θηρὸς ἀπειλήν·
καὶ φόβον ἄλλον ὄπωπε, λέων θρασὺς ὅττι γυναῖκας
θυρσοφόρους ἐδίωκε, κεχηνότος ἀνθερεῶνος,

---

[a] From the earth.

[b] Since it is the wrong end of the day for "dawn" to be literal, Nonnos presumably means the afterglow, which he

when the twilight air darkened and lit up the spangled stars with faint light, when Phaëthon set under the cone of shadow [a] and left on his way behind a small trace yet of the day,[b] when silent Night shrouded the west in her own colour, and scored the sky across with her own starry cloak. Then after the tipsy bowl and after the feast of the table, Botrys together with his father, and Dionysos dispenser of wine, went off in a line, each to his separate wellstrown bed ; they took the boon of sleep, and had traffic with dreams.

166 But when the morning twilight, shining messenger of Dawn,[c] cut through the edge of fading mist with rosy sparkles, then long-haired Bacchos leapt up early from his bed, shaken by the hope of victory. For in the night he had destroyed the Indian race with his ivytwined thyrsus, busy in the illusive image of a dream-battle. The noise of Satyrs and the rattle of javelins falling on his ears, shook off the din of his dreamland warfare and scattered that warlike sleep. But dreadful fear was in his heart that the dream foreboded some threatening danger. For in this unreal spectacle he had seen an image of his battle with Lycurgos,[d] prophetic of things to come. In a forest, a bold formidable lion leapt from a rock with deathly jaws upon Bacchos, while he was dancing and still without weapons, and scared him to flight, driving him down to the sea where he hid under water, fleeing from the dangerous beast. He saw another terror besides—how the bold lion chased the thyrsus-bearing women with gaping

thinks of as a sort of evening-dawn (as we speak of morning-twilight). But elsewhere ἠώς seems to be simply a day.

[c] Perhaps false dawn is meant ; ὄρθρος is usually the dark period before dawn.

[d] See xx. 188 ff.

αἱμάσσων ὀνύχεσσι, χαρασσομένων δὲ γυναικῶν
μύστιδος ἐκ παλάμης ἐκυλίνδετο θύσθλα κονίῃ.
κύμβαλα δ' ἐν χθονὶ κεῖτο·
                                        μεταστρεφθεῖσα δὲ Βάκχη
δεσμὰ λεοντείοισιν ἐπεσφήκωσε γενείοις
σειρὴν ἀμπελόεσσαν ἐπισφίγξασα καρήνῳ,
ἀγχονίῳ δὲ λέοντος ἐπέπλεκεν αὐχένα δεσμῷ·
θηρὶ δὲ θῆλυς ὅμιλος ἐπέδραμεν ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ,
καὶ βλοσυροὺς ἐχάραξε πόδας καὶ χεῖρας ἀκάνθαις·
καὶ μόγις εἰλικόεντι περιζωσθέντα κορύμβῳ
Ἄρτεμις ἐζώγρησεν· ἀπ' αἰθερίοιο δὲ κόλπου
ἀστεροπὴ πυρόεσσα καταΐξασα προσώπου
θῆρα παλινδίνητον ἐθήκατο τυφλὸν ὁδίτην.
Τοῖον ὄναρ Διόνυσος ἐσέδρακεν· ἐκ λεχέων δὲ
ὀρθὸς ἐὼν ἔνδυνε φόνῳ πεπαλαγμένον Ἰνδῶν
χάλκεον ἀστερόεντα κατὰ στέρνοιο χιτῶνα,
καὶ σκολιῷ μίτρωσε κόμην ὀφιώδεϊ δεσμῷ,
καὶ πόδας ἐσφήκωσεν ἐρευθιόωντι κοθόρνῳ,
χειρὶ δὲ θύρσον ἄειρε, φιλάνθεμον ἔγχος Ἐνυοῦς·
καὶ Σάτυρον κίκλησκεν ὀπάονα. θεσπεσίην δὲ
Βακχείων στομάτων ἀίων ἀντίκτυπον ἠχὼ
κοίρανος ἔγρετο Βότρυς, ἑὸν δ' ἔνδυνε χιτῶνα·
καὶ Πίθον ὑπνώοντα . . .
                                        Μέθη δ' ὡς ἔκλυε φωνῆς,
κρᾶτα μόγις κούφιζε, βαρυνομένου δὲ καρήνου
ὀκναλέη πάλιν εὗδε· καὶ ὄρθριον εἰσέτι νύμφη
μίμνεν ἀμεργομένη γλυκερώτερον ὕπνον ὀπωπαῖς,
ὀψὲ δὲ λέκτρον ἔλειπεν ἑῷ βραδυπειθέι ταρσῷ.
Καὶ Στάφυλος φιλόβοτρυς ἐφωμάρτησε Λυαίῳ
εἰς ὁδὸν ἐσσυμένῳ ξεινήια δῶρα τιταίνων,
χρύσεον ἀμφιφορῆα σὺν ἀργυρέοισι κυπέλλοις,
οἷς πάρος αἰὲν ἔπινεν ἀμελγομένων λάγος αἰγῶν·

throat and gored them with his claws ; as the women were torn, their gear fell from their mystic hands and rolled in the dust, their cymbals lay on the ground. Then a Bacchant turned, and muzzled the lion's jaws by tying a string of vineleaves over his head, and wreathed his neck lightly in a noose. Then crowds of women ran up to the beast one upon another, and scratched with brambles the ugly pads and paws. At last Artemis saved him alive with difficulty, entangled in the clustering meshes ; and from the bosom of the sky a flash of lightning shot into the beast's face, and made him a blind vagabond of the roads.

196 Such was the dream Dionysos had seen. Rising from his bed, he donned about his chest the star-spangled corselet of bronze stained with Indian blood, and entwined his hair with a circlet of writhing snakes, and wedged his feet in the reddened boots, took thyrsus in hand—that flowery spear of Enyo—and called a servant Satyr. Prince Botrys, hearing the echoing call from the divine lips of Bacchos hard by, roused himself, put on his own dress, and called to sleeping Pithos. When Methe heard the voice, she reluctantly lifted her heavy head, and letting it fall lazily, went to sleep again ; all through the morning the queen still remained with her eyes gathering the most sweet bloom of sleep. At last she left her bed with slow unwilling foot.

210 Staphylos the grapelover attended upon Lyaios, offering him the guest's gifts as he was hasting for his journey : a two-handled jar of gold with silver cups, from which hitherto he used always to quaff

καὶ πόρε ποικίλα πέπλα, τά περ παρὰ Τίγριδος ὕδωρ
νήματι λεπταλέῳ τεχνήσατο Περσὶς Ἀράχνη.
καὶ Βρομίῳ πολύδωρος ἄναξ ἐφθέγξατο φωνήν·
"Μάρναό μοι, Διόνυσε, καὶ ἄξια ῥέζε τοκῆος·
δεῖξον, ὅτι Κρονίδαο φέρεις γένος· ἀντιβαλὴς γὰρ
Γηγενέας Τιτῆνας ἀπεστυφέλιξεν Ὀλύμπου
σὸς γενέτης ἔτι κοῦρος· ἐπείγεο καὶ σὺ κυδοιμῷ
Γηγενέων ὑπέροπλον ἀιστῶσαι γένος Ἰνδῶν.
μέμνημαί τινα μῦθον, ὃν ἡμετέρῳ γενετῆρι 222
Ἀσσύριός ποτε Βῆλος, ἐμῆς πολιοῦχος ἀρούρης, 229
πατροπάτωρ ἐμὸς εἶπεν, ἐγὼ δέ σοι αὐτὸς ἐνίψω· 224
κουφίζων Κρόνος ὑγρὸς ἀμερσιγάμου γένυν ἅρπης, 223
ὁππότε μητρῴῃσιν ἐπεσσυμένοιο χαμεύναις 225
τάμνεν ἀνυμφεύτων στάχυν ἄρσενα πατρὸς ἀρότρων, 227
Τιτήνων προκέλευθος, ἐμάρνατο σεῖο τοκῆι, 228
καὶ Κρόνος εὐρυγένειος ἀνερρίπιζεν Ἐνυὼ 226
ἔγχεα παχνήεντα κατὰ Κρονίωνος ἰάλλων,
ψυχρὸν ἀκοντίζων διερὸν βέλος· ὀξυτενεῖς δὲ
ἠερόθεν πέμποντο χαλαζήεντες ὀιστοί.
καὶ πλέον Ἠελίοιο κορύσσετο πυρσοφόρος Ζεὺς
θερμοτέρῳ σπινθῆρι λύων πετρούμενον ὕδωρ
ὠμοβόρους δὲ λέοντας ἐπὶ κλόνον Ἰνδὸν ἱμάσσων,
μὴ τρομέοις ἐλέφαντας, ἐπεὶ τεὸς ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς
Κάμπην ὑψικάρηνον ἀπηλοίησε κεραυνῷ,
ἧς σκολιὸν πολύμορφον ὅλον δέμας· ἀλλοφυῆ γὰρ

---

[a] The "Persian Arachne" means simply the skilful Persian weavers. Arachne, the skilled weaver who tried to rival Athena, is as natural a metonymy for "weaving" as "Demeter" for "corn," "Ares" for "war" and so on.

[b] "Icy" spears are not mythological but astrological: Saturn is the cold planet. Jupiter on the contary is hot.

the milk of milch-goats; and he brought embroidered robes, which Persian Arachne [a] beside the waters of Tigris had cleverly made with her fine thread. Then the generous king spoke to Bromios:

217 "Fight away, Dionysos, and do deeds worthy of your sire! Show that you have the blood of Cronides in you! For your father in his first youth battered the earthborn Titans out of Olympos, when he was only a boy: on then and do your part in the struggle, destroy the overweening nation of earthborn Indians! I remember a tale which once my father heard from his father, Assyrian Belos the sovereign of my country; this I will tell to you.

223 "Cronos still dripping held the emasculating sickleblade, after he had cut off the manly crop of his father's plow and robbed him of the Mother's bed to which he was hastening, and warred against your sire at the head of the Titans. Broadbeard Cronos fanned the flame of Enyo as he cast icy spears [b] against Cronion, shooting his cold watery shafts: sharp pointed arrows of hail were shot from the sky. But Zeus armed himself with more fires than Helios, and melted the petrified water with hotter sparks. Whip up now ravening lions to the Indian War; fear not their elephants! For your Zeus ruling in the heights destroyed highheaded Campe [c] with a thunderbolt, for all the many crooked shapes of her whole body.

[c] Campe (the name usually means a caterpillar) was a monster which, in some later accounts of the war between Zeus and Cronos (reflected in Apollodoros i. 6), was set to guard the Hundred-handed giants and the Cyclopes in Tartaros. When Zeus needed their help, he freed them by killing Campe. Nonnos's description of her is based upon that of Typhoeus in Hesiod, *Theog.* 820 ff.

λοξὴν αὐτοέλικτον ἀνερρίπιζον Ἐνυώ
χίλιοι ἑρπηστῆρες ἐχιδναίων ἀπὸ ταρσῶν
ἰὸν ἐρευγομένων δολιχόσκιον· ἀμφὶ δὲ δειρὴν
ἤνθεε πεντήκοντα καρήατα ποικίλα θηρῶν·
καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐβρυχᾶτο λεοντείοισι καρήνοις
Σφιγγὸς ἀσημάντοιο τύπῳ βλοσυροῖο προσώπου,
ἄλλα δὲ καπρείων ἀνεκήκιεν ἀφρὸν ὀδόντων,
συμφερτῇ δὲ φάλαγγι πολυσκυλάκων κεφαλάων
Σκύλλης ἰσοτέλεστον ἔην μίμημα προσώπου·
καὶ χροῒ μεσσατίῳ διφυὴς ἀνεφαίνετο νύμφη
ἰοβόλοις κομόωσα δρακοντείοισι κορύμβοις·
τῆς μὲν ἐπὶ στέρνοισιν ἐς ἀκροτάτην πτύχα μηρῶν
κητείαις φολίδεσσι νόθη τρηχύνετο μορφὴ
ὑψιτενής· ὄνυχες δὲ πολυσπερέων παλαμάων
λοξὸν ἐδοχμώσαντο τύπον γαμψώνυχος ἅρπης·
ἐξ ὑπάτου δὲ τένοντος ἀμαιμακέτων διὰ νώτων
σκορπίος αὐτοέλικτος ἐπήορος αὐχένος οὐρῇ
εἷρπε χαλαζήεντι τεθηγμένος ὀξέι κέντρῳ.
τοίη ποικιλόμορφος ἕλιξ κουφίζετο Κάμπη,
καὶ χθόνα δινεύουσα καὶ ἠέρα καὶ βυθὸν ἅλμης
ἵπτατο κυανέων πτερύγων ἑτερόζυγι παλμῷ,
λαίλαπας αἰθύσσουσα καὶ ὁπλίζουσα θυέλλας,
Νύμφη Ταρταρίη μελανόπτερος· ἐκ βλεφάρων δὲ
τηλεπόρους σπινθῆρας ἀνήρυγε φοιταλέη φλόξ.
ἀλλὰ τόσην κτάνε θῆρα πατὴρ τεὸς αἰθέριος Ζεύς,
καὶ Κρονίην νίκησεν ἐχιδνήεσσαν Ἐνυώ.
γίνεο καὶ σὺ τοκῆι πανείκελος, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὸν
Γηγενέων ὀλετῆρα μετὰ Κρονίδην σὲ καλέσσω,
δήιον ἀμήσαντα χαμαιγενέων στάχυν Ἰνδῶν.
σοὶ μόθος οὗτος ἔοικεν ὁμοίιος· ἀρχέγονον γὰρ
σὸς γενέτης Κρονίοιο προασπιστῆρα κυδοιμοῦ
ἠλιβάτοις μελέεσσι κεκασμένον υἱὸν ἀρούρης

238 "A thousand crawlers from her viperish feet, spitting poison afar, were fanning Enyo to a flame, a mass of misshapen coils. Round her neck flowered fifty various heads of wild beasts: some roared with lion's heads like the grim face of the riddling Sphinx; others were spluttering foam from the tusks of wild boars; her countenance was the very image of Scylla with a marshalled regiment of thronging dogs' heads. Doubleshaped, she appeared a woman to the middle of her body, with clusters of poison-spitting serpents for hair. Her giant form, from the chest to the parting-point of the thighs, was covered all over with a bastard shape of hard sea-monsters' scales. The claws of her widescattered hands were curved like a crooktalon sickle. From her neck over her terrible shoulders, with tail raised high over her throat, a scorpion with an icy sting sharp-whetted crawled and coiled upon itself.

257 "Such was manifoldshaped Campe as she rose writhing, and flew roaming about earth and air and briny deep, and flapping a couple of dusky wings, rousing tempests and arming gales, that blackwinged nymph of Tartaros: from her eyelids a flickering flame belched out far-travelling sparks. Yet heavenly Zeus your father killed that great monster, and conquered the snaky Enyo of Cronos. Show yourself like your father, that I may call you also destroyer of the earthborn next to Cronides, when you have reaped the enemy harvest of earthborn Indians.

268 "Your battle seems like his; for your father in the conflict with Cronos brought low that champion of warfare with towering limbs, that excellent son

Ἰνδὸν ἀπεπρήνιξεν, ὅθεν γένος ἔλλαχον Ἰνδοί·
Ἰνδῷ σὸς γενέτης, σὺ δὲ μάρναο Δηριαδῆι.
γίνεό μοι καὶ Ἄρηι πανείκελος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὸς
τηλίκον ἐπρήνιξε θεημάχον υἱὸν Ἐχίδνης,
φρικτὸν ἀποπτύοντα δυσειδέος ἰὸν Ἐχίδνης,
ὃς λάχε διπλόον εἶδος ὁμόζυγον, ἔνδοθι λόχμης
μητρῴης δονέων ἑλικώδεα κύκλον ἀκάνθης·
τὸν Κρόνος ἄπλετον εἶχε καταιχμάζοντα κεραυνοῦ,
Ἄρεα συρίζοντα ποδῶν ὀφιώδεϊ ταρσῷ,
ὁππότε κουφίζων παλάμας ὑπὲρ ἄντυγα μαζοῦ[1]
Ζηνὶ τεῷ πολέμιζεν, ἐν ἠερίῃ δὲ κελεύθῳ
στοιχάδας ὑψιλόφῳ νεφέλας ἔστησε καρήνῳ,
καὶ σκολιαῖς ὄρνιθας ἐπιπλαγχθέντας ἐθείραις
πολλάκι συμμάρψας πολυχανδέι δαίνυτο λαιμῷ·
τοῦτον ἀριστεύοντα τεὸς κτάνε σύγγονος Ἄρης.
Ἄρεος οὐ καλέω σε χερείονα· καὶ γὰρ ἐρίζοις
πᾶσι Διὸς τεκέεσσιν, ἐπεὶ φονίῳ σέο θύρσῳ
τόσσον ἀριστεύεις, ὅσσον δορὶ μάρναται Ἄρης,
καὶ τελέεις, ἅτε Φοῖβος, ἀέθλια. θηροφόνον δὲ
υἱὸν ἐγὼ Διὸς ἄλλον ἐμῷ ξείνισσα μελάθρῳ·
χθιζὰ γὰρ εἰς ἐμὸν οἶκον ἐύπτερος ἤλυθε Περσεὺς
γείτονα Κωρυκίοιο διαυγέα Κύδνον ἐάσας,
ὡς σύ, φίλος, καὶ ἔφασκεν ἐπώνυμον ὠκέι ταρσῷ
ἀνδράσι πὰρ Κιλίκεσσι νεόκτιτον ἄστυ χαράξαι·
ἀλλ᾽ ὁ μὲν ἠέρταζεν ἀθηήτοιο Μεδούσης
Γοργόνος ἄκρα κάρηνα, σὺ δ᾽ οἴνοπα καρπὸν ἀείρεις,

[1] mss. and Ludwich μηροῦ: μαζοῦ H. J. R., *cf.* xxii. 328.

[a] The giant Indos seems to have been invented for the occasion. Greeks, especially in later times, were very free with such stop-gap ancestors of peoples whose history they did not know, as Italos king of the Italians, Iudaios and Hierosolymos leaders of the Jews, and so forth. For some

of the soil, Indos, whence the Indians are sprung: your father fought Indos,[a] you fight Deriades. Show me yourself like Ares, for he also brought low such another, Echidna's son, the gods' enemy, spitting the horrible poison of hideous Echidna. He had two shapes together, and in the forest he shook the twisting coils of his mother's spine. Cronos used this huge creature to confront the thunderbolt, hissing war with the snaky soles of his feet; when he raised his hands above the circle of the breast and fought against your Zeus, and lifting his high head, covered it with masses of cloud in the paths of the sky. Then if the birds came wandering into his tangled hair, he often swept them together into his capacious throat for a dinner. This masterpiece your brother Ares killed! I do not call you less than Ares; for you could challenge all the sons of Zeus; since with your bloodstained thyrsus you are a masterpiece as much as Ares warring with his spear, and your exploits are equal to Phoibos.

289 "Another destroyer of monsters, another son of Zeus I have entertained in my mansion. The other day Perseus came flying on wings to my house. He had lately left translucent Cydnos, the neighbour of Corycion, like you, my friend, and said he had marked out a newfounded city in Cilicia named after his own quick foot.[b] He carried the head which had topped Gorgon Medusa whom no eye may see; and you carry the winefruit, that messenger of hearty

reason one of them, Corinthos son of Zeus, the founder of Corinth, won no favour except among his own people, and passed into a proverb for nonsensical tiresome talk.

[b] Perseus (for whom *cf.* note on viii. 100) was said to have founded Tarsos (or Tarsoi, to give the city its older name).

ἄγγελον εὐφροσύνης. βροτέης ἐπίληθον ἀνίης·
Περσεὺς κῆτος ἔπεφνεν Ἐρυθραίῳ παρὰ πόντῳ,
καὶ σὺ κατεπρήνιξας Ἐρυθραίων γένος Ἰνδῶν.
κτεῖνε δὲ Δηριάδην, ὡς ἔκτανες Ἰνδὸν Ὀρόντην
κήτεος εἰναλίοιο κακώτερον· ἀχνυμένην μὲν
Περσεὺς Ἀνδρομέδην, σὺ δὲ ῥύεο μείζονι νίκῃ
πικρὰ βιαζομένην ἀδίκων ὑπὸ νεύμασιν Ἰνδῶν
Παρθένον ἀστερόεσσαν, ὅπως ἕνα κῶμον ἀνάψω
Γοργοφόνῳ Περσῆι καὶ Ἰνδοφόνῳ Διονύσῳ."
Ὣς εἰπὼν παλίνορσος ἑῷ νόστησε μελάθρῳ
ἁβρὸς ἄναξ, Βρομίου ξεινηδόκος· εἰσαΐων δὲ
φθεγγομένου βασιλῆος ἐτέρπετο κέντορι μύθῳ
θυρσομανὴς Διόνυσος, ἐβακχεύθη δὲ κυδοιμῷ
οὔασι θελγομένοισι μόθον πατρῷον ἀκούων·
καὶ Κρονίδην νείκεσσε, καὶ ἤθελε μείζονα νίκην
ἐσσομένην τριτάτην, διδύμην μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν,
ζῆλον ἔχων Κρονίδαο. Φερέσπονδον δὲ καλέσσας,
οὐρανίου κήρυκος ἀπόσπορον, εἴκελον αὔραις,
Ἰφθίμης σοφὸν υἷα, φίλῳ προσπτύξατο μύθῳ·
"Ὦ τέκος Ἑρμάωνος, ἐμοὶ πεφιλημένε κῆρυξ,
τοῦτο μολὼν ἄγγειλον ἀγήνορι Δηριαδῆι·
'κοίρανε, νόσφι μάχης ἢ δέχνυσο δῶρα Λυαίου,
ἢ Βρομίῳ πολέμιζε καὶ ἔσσεαι ἶσος Ὀρόντῃ.'"
Εἶπε· καὶ ὠκυπέδιλος ἀπὸ χθονὸς εἰς χθόνα βαίνων
Ἠώην ἐπὶ πέζαν ἀταρπιτὸν ἤνυσε κῆρυξ,
σκῆπτρον ἔχων γενετῆρος· ὁ δὲ χρυσέων ἐπὶ δίφρων
βότρυν ἀερτάζων φρενοτερπέα καρπὸν ὀπώρης
ποσσὶ πολυγνάμπτοισιν ἀπ' ἄστεος ἄστεα βαίνων

---

[a] The Virgin of the Stars is the constellation Virgo, identified (for instance by Aratos, *Phaen.* 96 ff.) with Justice.

good cheer, the oblivion of mortal sorrow. Perseus killed the sea-monster beside the Erythraian Sea, and you have brought low the race of Erythraian Indians. Slay Deriades as you slew Orontes the Indian, one worse than the sea-monster. Perseus saved Andromeda in her affliction, do you save by a greater victory the Virgin of the Stars,[a] bitterly oppressed at the nod of wicked Indians, that I may offer one triumphal feast for Gorgonslayer Perseus and Indianslayer Dionysos."

306 Having spoken thus, Bromios's host the luxurious king went back to his palace; and Dionysos thyrsus-mad was delighted to hear the spurring words of the royal voice. His ears bewitched with hearing of his father's battle, he was wild for a fight, he vied with Zeus, and wished for a third and greater future victory after the double defeat of the Indians, to rival Cronides. He summoned Pherespondos,[b] one swift like the wind, the offspring of the heavenly herald, the clever son of Iphthime, and greeted him with friendly words:

316 "Son of Hermaon, herald that I love, go take this message to proud Deriades: 'Prince, accept the gifts of Lyaios without war, or fight against Bromios and you shall be like Orontes!'"

320 So he spoke, and the herald on swift shoes holding his father's rod travelled from land to land, until he made his way to the Eastern country. On a golden car, carrying the fruit of the vintage, the heartgladdening grape, he passed from city to city

Dionysos is to rescue her by overthrowing an unjust and violent people. The parallel is forced, but eased a little by the fact that Andromeda too is a constellation.

[b] One of the Satyrs, Bringlibation, *cf.* xiv. 112.

Ἀσσυρίην χθόνα πᾶσαν ἑῆς ἔπλησεν ὀπώρης,
ἀγρονόμοις ὀρέγων σταφυληκόμον ἄνθος ἀλωῆς.
Ὄφρα μὲν ἀντολικοῖο παρὰ πτερὸν αἴθοπος Εὔρου
φοιταλέῳ Σύρον οὖδας ἐμέτρεεν οἴνοπι δίφρῳ,
τόφρα δὲ καὶ Σταφύλῳ μόρος ἔχραεν·
ἐν δὲ μελάθρῳ
δμῶες ἀνερρήξαντο κατὰ στέρνοιο χιτῶνα,
ἀμφίπολοι δ' ἀλάλαζον· ἐφοινίσσοντο δὲ μαζοὶ
τυπτόμενοι παλάμῃσι· πολυθρήνων δὲ γυναικῶν
πενθαλέοις ὀνύχεσσι χαρίσσετο κύκλα προσώπου.
Ὀψὲ δὲ δὴ παλίνορσος ἐρισταφύλων ἐπὶ δίφρων
νοστήσας Διόνυσος ἐδύσατο Βότρυος αὐλήν,
μνῆστιν ἔχων Σταφύλοιο φιλοστόργοιο τραπέζης·
καὶ Πίθον ὡς ἐνόησε κατηφιόωντι προσώπῳ,
πότμον ἑοῦ Σταφύλοιο σοφῇ μαντεύσατο σιγῇ
αὐτόματος· καλέσας δὲ Μέθην ἐξείρετο μύθῳ·
"Εἰπέ, γύναι, τί παθοῦσα τεὴν ἠλλάξαο μορφήν;
αὐχμηρὴν ὁρόω σε, καὶ ἀστράπτουσαν ἐάσας·
τίς τεὸν ἔσβεσε κάλλος ἀθέσφατον; οὐκέτι πέμπεις
ἔμφυτον οἰνωπῇσι παρῃίσι πορφύρεον πῦρ.
καὶ σύ, γέρον, μὴ κρύπτε,
πόθεν τάδε δάκρυα χεύεις;
τίς τάμεν, εὐρυγένειε, τεὸν πώγωνα κομήτην;
τίς πολιὴν ᾔσχυνε; τίς ἔσχισε σεῖο χιτῶνα;
καὶ σύ, φιλακρήτοιο Μέθης βλάστημα τεκούσης,
τέκνον ἐμοῦ Σταφύλοιο,
πόθεν λάχες ἄτριχα κόρσην;
τίς φθόνος ἠμάλδυνε τεὴν ἑλικώδεα χαίτην;
οὐ πλόκαμοι προχυθέντες ἐπ' ἀργυφέων σέθεν ὤμων
ἀπλεκέες Τυρίοιο μύρου πέμπουσιν ἀυτμήν,
οὐκέτι βακχευθέντος ἀφ' ὑμετέροιο καρήνου
μαρμαρυγὴν ῥοδόεσσαν ὀιστεύουσι παρειαί.

with devious feet, and filled all the Assyrian land with his fruit, as he offered to the countrymen the grape-growing flower of the vineyard.

327 While in his gadabout winechariot he traversed the Syrian soil by the wing of Euros in the glowing east, death laid a hand on Staphylos. In the palace the servants tore the garments on their bodies, the attendants cried out in lamentation; breasts were beaten and reddened, the round cheeks of mourning women were torn with their nails as they sang the dirge.

334 It was late when Dionysos in his vinedecked car returned to Botrys's palace, remembering the amiable entertainment of Staphylos. Noticing the downcast looks of Pithos, he divined untold the fate of his friend Staphylos, proclaimed by the eloquent silence, and he called Methe and asked:

340 "Tell me, my lady, what trouble has changed your looks? I see you disordered, and I left you radiant. Who has quenched your unspeakable beauty? You show no longer the natural crimson glow on those cheeks once ruddy as wine! And you, ancient sir, hide not why you shed tears. Who has cut the flowing mass of your broad beard? Who has deranged that white hair? Who rent your garments? And you, son of Staphylos my friend, offspring of Methe your mother so fond of wine, why are your temples bare of the hair? What envious hand tore the curly locks? Your tresses no longer fall free over your shoulders, glossy like silver, breathing Tyrian frankincense, you no longer hold revel, your cheeks no longer emit a rosy sheen from your face.

πῶς φορέεις τάδε πέπλα χυτῇ ῥυπόωντα κονίῃ;
πῇ μοι ἔβη Τυρίης βασιλήια πέπλα θαλάσσης;
οὐκέτι γινώσκω σε μαραινομένοιο προσώπου.
πῇ Στάφυλος σκηπτοῦχος ἀνήλυθεν, ὄφρα νοήσω;
εἰπέ, τεὸν γενετῆρα τίς ἥρπασεν εἰς μίαν ὥρην;
γινώσκω σέο πῆμα, καὶ εἰ κρύπτειν μενεαίνεις·
φωνῆς ὑμετέρης οὐ δεύομαι· αὐτόματοι γὰρ
σιγαλέον σέο πένθος ἀπαγγέλλουσιν ὀπωπαί·
γινώσκω σέο πῆμα, καὶ εἰ κρύπτειν μενεαίνεις·
δάκρυα σὰς ὀδύνας μαντεύεται, αὐσταλέοι δὲ
πότμον ἐμοῦ Σταφύλοιο τεοὶ βοόωσι χιτῶνες.
ἐλπίδα δ' ἡμετέρην φθόνος ἥρπασεν· ὠισάμην γὰρ
Ἰνδώην μετὰ δῆριν ἅμα Σταφύλῳ βασιλῆι
χερσὶν ἀερτάζειν θαλαμηπόλον ἑσπέριον πῦρ,
Βότρυος ἀγχιμάχοιο τελειομένων ὑμεναίων."

Why do you wear these robes soiled with streaks of dust? Why do I not see your royal robes of Tyrian purple? I no longer know you with this desolated countenance. Where has Prince Staphylos gone, pray let me know? Speak! who has robbed you of your father even for an hour? I understand your trouble, even if you try to hide it. I need no words from you, for your looks alone silently proclaim your mourning. I understand your trouble, even if you try to hide it. The tears reveal your pains, your disordered dress cries aloud the fate of Staphylos my friend. Envy has robbed me of my hope; for I did think that after the Indian War I should lift the evening torches in my hands, in company of King Staphylos, to wait on the consummated wedding of Botrys the comrade of my battles!"

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΕΝΝΕΑΚΑΙΔΕΚΑΤΟΝ

Ἐννεακαιδεκάτῳ Σταφύλου περὶ τύμβον ἐγείρει
Βάκχος ἐπὶ κρητῆρι θυώδεϊ τερπνὸν ἀγῶνα.

Ὣς φαμένου βαρὺ κέντρον ἔχων νεοπενθέϊ θυμῷ
κοῦρος ἀφωνήτῳ σφρηγίσσατο χείλεα σιγῇ,
δάκρυσιν αὐτοχύτοις νικώμενος· ὀψὲ δὲ μήτηρ
οἰκτρὸν ἔπος κατέλεξε Μέθη χαίρουσα Λυαίῳ·
"Ὑμετέρης ἄγρυπνον ὀπιπευτῆρα χορείης,
σὸν Στάφυλον, Διόνυσε, κατεύνασε χάλκεος ὕπνος,
σὸν Στάφυλον, Διόνυσε, Χαρωνίδες ἥρπασαν αὖραι.
δισσὸν ἐμοὶ βαρὺ πένθος ἐπέχραεν· ἀμπελόεις μὲν
Βάκχος ἐμὲ προλέλοιπε,
πόσις δ' ἐμὸς ἔμπεσε νούσῳ·
καὶ ξυνὴν μεθέπεσκον ἐπ' ἀμφοτέροισιν ἀνίην,
καὶ Σταφύλῳ θνήσκοντι καὶ οὐ παρεόντι Λυαίῳ.
ἀλλὰ τεῆς, φίλε Βάκχε, πολυρραθάμιγγος ὀπώρης
δός μοι σεῖο κύπελλον ἐνίπλεον, ὄφρα πιοῦσα
εὐνήσω βαρὺ πένθος ἀπενθήτῳ σέθεν οἴνῳ.
ἐλπὶς ἐμοί, Διόνυσε φιλεύιε, μοῦνον ὀπώρην,
μοῦνον ἴδω κρητῆρα, καὶ οὐκέτι δάκρυα λείβω."
Ὣς φαμένην ἐλέαιρε, κερασσάμενος δὲ κυπέλλῳ
ἰκμάδα λυσιμέριμνον ἀλεξικάκου πόρεν οἴνου

BOOK XIX

In the nineteenth, Bacchos sets up a delightful contest over the fragrant bowl about the tomb of Staphylos.

He spoke ; and the lad sealed his lips with unvoiced silence, his mind heavy with the pangs of new mourning, and gave way to a helpless flow of tears. At last Methe his mother spoke a piteous word of greeting to Lyaios :

5 " Staphylos your friend, Dionysos, the sleepless watcher of your dances, has sunk in the brazen sleep[a] : Staphylos your friend, Dionysos, Charon's winds have carried away. A double burden of sorrow fell on me : Bacchos of the vine deserted me, my husband fell into sickness, and I cherished one common pain for both, Staphylos dying and Lyaios far away. But give me, dear Bacchos, give me your cup full of your bubbling vintage ; that I may drink, and lull my heavy sorrow with your sorrowconsoling wine ! O Dionysos, my only hope, with your jubilant cry ! Let me only see the vintage, let me see the bowl, and I shed tears no more ! "

17 He heard her words with pity ; he mixed, and in a cup gave the young man and the downcast

[a] An epic phrase for death. It seems to be a metaphor from fetters, the sleep which will not let go.

παιδὶ νέῳ καὶ μητρὶ κατηφέι· καὶ πίον ἄμφω
τερψινόῳ ῥαθάμιγγι μελίρρυτον ὄγκον ὀπώρης·
καὶ στοναχὴν πρήυνε Μέθη καὶ Βότρυς ἀνίην·
καί τινα μῦθον ἔειπε γυνὴ θελξίφρονι Βάκχῳ·
"Ἦλθες ἐμοί, φίλε Βάκχε, φίλον φάος·
οὐκέτ' ἀνίη,
οὐκέτι πένθος ἔχει με Διωνύσοιο φανέντος·
ἤλθες ἐμοί, φίλε Βάκχε, φίλον φάος· ὑμετέρῳ γὰρ
δάκρυον ἐπρήυνα ποτῷ παιήονος οἴνου.
οὐ πόσιν, οὐ πατέρος στενάχω μόρον,
ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτοῦ
Βότρυος, ἢν ἐθέλῃς, νοσφίσσομαι· ἀμφότερον γὰρ
Βάκχον ἔχω γενετῆρα καὶ υἱέα καὶ παρακοίτην.
ἕσπομαι, ἢν ἐθέλῃς με, καὶ εἰς τεὸν οἶκον ἱκάνω·
εἴην Βασσαρίδεσσιν ὁμόστολος· ἢν δ' ἐθελήσῃς,
κουφίζω σέο θύρσα καὶ ἱμερόεσσαν ὀπώρην,
χείλεσι δ' ἡμετέροις ἐπιλήνιον αὐλὸν ἐρείσω.
χήρην μή με λίπῃς, μὴ διπλόον ἄλγος ἀέξω
καὶ φθιμένου Σταφύλοιο καὶ οἰχομένου Διονύσου.
Βότρυν ἔχεις θεράποντα· διδασκέσθω δὲ χορείας
καὶ τελετὰς καὶ θύσθλα
καί, ἢν ἐθέλῃς, μόθον Ἰνδῶν·
καί μιν ἴδω γελόωντα φιλακρήτῳ παρὰ ληνῷ
ποσσὶ περιθλίβοντα τεῆς ὠδῖνας ὀπώρης.
γηραλέου δὲ Πίθου μιμνήσκεο, μή μιν ἐάσῃς
σῆς τελετῆς ἀδίδακτον ἢ ἄμμορον ἡδέος οἴνου."
Ὣς φαμένην θάρσυνε Μέθην γελόωντι προσώπῳ
Βάκχος ἄναξ καὶ τοῖα φιλακρήτῳ φάτο νύμφῃ·
"Ὦ γύναι, ἀγλαόδωρε μετὰ χρυσῆν Ἀφροδίτην,
εὐφροσύνης δώτειρα . . .
τερψίμβροτε μῆτερ Ἐρώτων,
εἰλαπίνης ψαύοντι συνειλαπίναζε Λυαίῳ·

mother that winejuice which resolves all cares and drives away all trouble. Both drank the honey-flowing stuff of the vintage with its mindsolacing drops. Methe and Botrys quieted their groaning pain; and then the woman spoke to Bacchos the heart-enchanter:

23 "You have come to me, dear Bacchos, as a great light! Grief holds me no more, pain no more, now Dionysos has appeared! You have come to me, dear Bacchos, as a great light; for by your potion of healing wine I have quieted my tears. I mourn no more for husband, no more for a father's death, even Botrys I will give up if it be your pleasure; for I have Bacchos as father and son both, aye and husband. I will go with you even to your house, if it be your pleasure. I would join the company of Bassarids. If it be your will, I will lift your sacred gear and your lovely fruit, I will press my lips to the hoboy of the winepress. Leave me not a widow, that I may not cherish a double grief, my husband perished and Dionysos gone! You have Botrys for a servant. Let him learn the dances, the sacred rites and sacred things, and if you please, the Indian War; let me see him laughing in the inebriated winepress treading hard on the offspring of your vintage! Remember old Pithos, and leave him not untaught of your rites or without a share of your delicious wine."

42 She spoke; Lord Bacchos encouraged Methe with laughing face, and thus he said to the wineloving queen:

44 "My lady, giver of glorious gifts second only to golden Aphrodite, bestower of hearty good cheer, . . . the joy of man and the mother of love, sit at the feast beside Lyaios as he touches the feast!

ἔσσο Διωνύσῳ στεφανηφόρος, ὡς Ἀφροδίτη,
ἄνθεσι μιτρωθεῖσα καὶ εὐαλδέσσι κορύμβοις·
στέμματα σῶν πλοκάμων τελέσει ζηλήμονα Νίκην.
οἰνοχόον τελέσω σε μετὰ χρυσόθρονον Ἥβην·
ἔσσεαι ἀμπελόεντι συνευτέλλουσα Λυαίῳ
Βακχείων ὁμόφοιτος ὑποδρήστειρα κυπέλλων,
καί σε Μέθην καλέουσι κόρον τερψίμβροτον οἴνου·
Βότρυν ἐμῆς καλέσω λαθικηδέα καρπὸν ὀπώρης,
καὶ σταφυλὴν φερέβοτρυν ἀπὸ Σταφύλοιο καλέσσω
ἡμερίδων ὠδῖνα καὶ ἀμπελόεσσαν ἐέρσην.
οὐδὲ Μέθης ἀπάνευθε διχήσομαι εἰλαπινάζειν,
οὐδὲ Μέθης ἀπάνευθεν ἐγώ ποτε κῶμον ἐγείρω."
Ὣς εἰπὼν Σταφύλοιο μεθυσφαλέος παρὰ τύμβῳ
νηπενθὴς Διόνυσος ἀπενθέα θῆκεν ἀγῶνα·
καὶ τράγον εὐπώγωνα καὶ ἄρσενα ταῦρον ἐρύσσας
διπλόα θῆκεν ἄεθλα, καὶ εὐφόρμιγγας ἐρίζειν
Πιερικῆς ἐκάλεσσεν ἀμιλλητῆρας ἀοιδῆς·
διπλόα θῆκεν ἄεθλα, καὶ ἀθλητῆρας ἐπείγων
ἴδμονας εὐκελάδοιο λύρης μειλίξατο μύθῳ·
"Ἀττικὸν ἐνθάδε κῶμον ἐγείρομεν· ἀθλοφόρῳ γὰρ
ἀνέρι νικήσαντι λιπόχροα ταῦρον ὀπάσσω,
ἀνδρὶ δὲ νικηθέντι δασὺν τράγον ἐγγυαλίξω."
Ὣς φαμένου Βρομίοιο λυροκτύπος ἄνθορεν ἀνήρ,
Βιστονίης Οἴαγρος ἀθαλπέος ἀστὸς ἀρούρης,
πλῆκτρον ἔχων φόρμιγγι παρήορον· αὐτὰρ ἐπ' αὐτῷ
Ἀτθίδος ὑμνοπόλου ναέτης ἀνόρουσεν Ἐρεχθεύς.
ἄμφω δ' εἰς μέσον ἦλθον ἀεθλητῆρες ἀγῶνος

[a] Hebe served the nectar in Olympus before Ganymede came in.

Be garlandbearer for Dionysos, even as Aphrodite, girdled with flowers and luxuriant clusters. The chaplets upon your hair shall make Victory jealous! I will make you pourer of wine, next after Hebe[a] goldenthrone. You shall rise a satellite star for Lyaios of the vine, ever by his side to serve the Bacchanal cups, and man's joy, the surfeit of wine, shall bear your name, Methe. I will give the name of Botrys to the careconsoling fruit of my vintage, and I will call after Staphylos the carryberry bunch of grapes, which is the offspring of the gardenvines full of juicy liquor. Without Methe I shall never be able to feast, without Methe I will never rouse the merry revels."

59 Such were his words. Then beside the tomb of reeling Staphylos, Dionysos the foe of mourning held a contest where no mourning was. He brought out a bearded goat and a vigorous bull and set them both as prizes, calling to the contest combatants well able to touch the harp in Pierian music; he set them both as prizes, and stirred up these athletes well acquainted with the melodious lute by making a courteous speech:

66 "Here we begin an Attic[b] revel. I will give the glossy bull to the man who wins the victory, and the shaggy goat I will give to the loser."

69 When Bromios had spoken, up sprang a harper, Oiagros, a man of the cold Bistonian land,[c] with the quill hanging to his harp. Hard upon him leapt up Erechtheus, a citizen of Attica the friend of music. Both moved into the midst of the assembly, com-

[b] Because at Athens (ages later) the bull was the traditional prize for the best dithyrambic chorus, the goat for the best tragedy.

[c] Part of Thrace.

φορμίγγων ἐλατῆρες· ἐμιτρώσαντο δὲ χαίτην
δαφναίοις πετάλοισιν· ἀνεζώννυντο δὲ πέπλους.
ἀρχόμενοι δ᾽ ἐλέλιζον ἐθήμονι δάκτυλα παλμῷ
ἑκταδίης θλίβοντες ἀμοιβαίην στίχα νευρῆς
ἄκρα περισφίγγοντες, ὅπως μήτ᾽ ὄρθιος εἴη,
μή ποτε θηλύνειε παρειμένος ἄρσενα μολπήν.
  Καὶ πρότερος κλήροιο τυχὼν τεχνήμονι ῥυθμῷ
Κεκροπίης ναέτης κιθάρην ἐλέλιζεν Ἐρεχθεύς,
μέλπων πάτριον ὕμνον, ὅτι "ζαθέαις ἐν Ἀθήναις
καὶ Κελεὸς ξείνισσε βίου παμμήτορα Δηὼ
Τριπτολέμῳ σὺν παιδὶ καὶ ἀρχαίῃ Μετανείρῃ,
καί σφισι καρπὸν ὄπασσεν, ὅτε χθονὸς αὔλακα νίφων
Τριπτόλεμος σπόρον εὗρε φερεσταχύων ἐπὶ δίφρων,
καὶ Κελεοῦ φθιμένοιο νεοδμήτῳ παρὰ τύμβῳ
ὄμμασιν ἀκλαύτοισι θαλυσιὰς ἔστενε Δηώ,
ἀλλὰ παρηγορέουσα πάλιν θελξίφρονι μύθῳ
Τριπτολέμου βαρὺ πένθος ἀπέσβεσε
                                        καὶ Μετανείρης·
οὕτω καὶ Διόνυσον ἐῷ ξείνισσε μελάθρῳ
Ἀσσυρίων σκηπτοῦχος· ἄναξ δέ οἱ ἀντὶ τραπέζης
ὤπασεν Εὔια δῶρα καὶ ἀμπελόεσσαν ὀπώρην,
καὶ Σταφύλου φθιμένοιο, φιλακρήτου βασιλῆος,
υἱέα Βότρυν ἔπαυσε φιλοθρήνοιο μερίμνης,
καὶ κινυρῆς ἀλόχοιο Μέθης εὔνησεν ἀνίην."
  Τοῖα σοφὸς φόρμιζε λυροκτύπος· ἀμφὶ δὲ ῥυθμῷ
πάντες ὁμοῦ θέλγοντο· σὺν εὐθύρσῳ δὲ Λυαίῳ
ἄρμενον ἱμερόφωνον ἐθάμβεον Ἀτθίδα μολπήν.
  Δεύτερος αἰόλον ὕμνον ἄναξ Οἴαγρος ὑφαίνων,
ὡς γενέτης Ὀρφῆος, ὁμέστιος ἠθάδι Μούσῃ,

peting as drivers of the harp. They had entwined leaves of laurel in their hair, and girt up their robes.

76 With wonted nimbleness, they began to twangle away, running their fingers over the tensed strings and plucking each in turn, then tightening the pegs at the end, to make sure that the pitch was not too high, and yet that it should not go flat and turn womanish the manly tune.

80 First the lot fell to Erechtheus of Cecropia[a]; he twangled his harp, with a master's touch, for a song of his own country, and this is what he sang:

82 How in divine Athens Celeos entertained Deo the mother of all life, with Triptolemos his son and ancient Metaneira. Then how Deo gave them the corn, when Triptolemos found out how to scatter showers of seed from his chariot laden with ears all over the furrowed soil. And when Celeos died, how harvesthome Deo lamented beside the newbuilt sepulchre with unweeping eyes, and consoling them again with heartenchanting words, quenched the heavy grief of Triptolemos and Metaneira. Even so the sceptred king of Assyria had entertained Dionysos in his palace, and the Lord had requited the table with his Euian gifts and the fruitage of the vine; then after Staphylos died, that tippling king, he took away the gloomy care of Botrys his son and soothed the sorrow of Methe his mourning wife.

97 Such was the lay of the harper poet, and all were alike enchanted with the music; they and the god with the thyrsus admired the Attic song with the lovely tones of the fit setting.

100 Second, my lord Oiagros wove a winding lay, as the father of Orpheus who has the Muse his boon-

[a] Athens.

δίστιχον ἁρμονίην ἀνεβάλλετο Φοιβάδι μολπῇ,
παυροεπής, λιγύμυθος, Ἀμυκλαίῳ τινὶ θεσμῷ·
"Εὐχαίτην Ὑάκινθον ἀνεζώγρησεν Ἀπόλλων,
καὶ Στάφυλον Διόνυσος ἀεὶ ζώοντα τελέσσει."

Οὔ πω κῶμος ἔληγεν, ἐπεφθέγξαντο δὲ λαοὶ
εὐφήμοις ἐπέεσσιν ὁμογλώσσων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν,
καὶ Σάτυροι σμαράγησαν ἀολλέες· ἐκ δὲ θοώκου
ἄστατος ἅλλετο Βάκχος, ἄνω καὶ ἔνερθε τινάσσων
δεξιτερήν, καὶ Βότρυς ἀνέδραμεν, εὔαδι φωνῇ
ἁρμονίην εὔρυθμον ἀοιδοπόλοιο γεραίρων·
Οἰάγρου δὲ κάρηνον ἄναξ ἐστέψατο κισσῷ,
καὶ γενέτης Ὀρφῆος ἐπιρρήσσων χθόνα ταρσῷ
ἄσμενος ἄζυγα ταῦρον ἐδέξατο μισθὸν ἀοιδῆς·
ἀμφὶ δέ μιν στοιχηδὸν ἐπεσκίρτησαν ἑταῖροι.
καὶ τράγον εὐρυγένειον, ἄχος καὶ ζῆλον ἀέξων,
αἰδομέναις παλάμῃσιν ἀνείρυσεν ἀστὸς Ἀθήνης.
Εὐχαίτης δ' Ἰόβακχος, ἀφειδέϊ χειρὶ κομίζων,
ἄξια θῆκεν ἄεθλα χοροπλεκέος περὶ νίκης,
γηραλέου κρητῆρα θυώδεος ἔγκυον οἴνου,
χρύσεον, ἄσπετα μέτρα κεχανδότα, διψάδι γαίῃ
ἰκμάδα τετραέτηρον ἀναβλύζοντα Λυαίου,
Ἡφαίστου σοφὸν ἔργον Ὀλύμπιον, ὅν ποτε Κύπρις
ὤπασε βοτρυόεντι κασιγνήτῳ Διονύσῳ·
μείονα δὲ κρητῆρα μέσῳ παρέθηκεν ἀγῶνι
ἀργύρεον, στίλβοντα, περίτροχον, ὅν ποτε Βάκχῳ
δῶκεν ἄναξ Ἀλύβης ξεινήιον οἰκία ναίων,
ἀφνειὴν παρὰ πέζαν, ὅπῃ χθονίοιο μετάλλου
ἀργυρέοις ἀγκῶσι μέλας λευκαίνετο[1] κευθμών.[2]

[1] λευκαίνετο MSS., λευκαίνεται Hermann.
[2] ἀγκών MSS. repeated from ἀγκῶσι, κύθων Ludwich: perhaps κευθμών.

companion. Only a couple of verses he sang, a ditty of Phoibos, clearspoken in few words after some Amyclaian style [a]:

> Apollo brought to life again his longhair'd Hyacinthos:
> Staphylos will be made to live for aye by Dionysos.

106 Before the ceremonial was well ended, the people broke out into loud acclamations of propitious words with one voice and one tongue, and all the Satyrs roared. Bacchos leapt from his seat in haste, waving his right hand up and down; Botrys ran up, crying Euoi and applauding the musical harmonies of the harper. The Lord crowned Oiagros's head with ivy, and the father of Orpheus stamped his foot on the ground, as he accepted with joy the untamed bull, the prize of the singing, while his companions danced round him in a row. The man of Athens carried off the bearded goat with shamed hands, full of sorrow and envy.

118 Now Iobacchos with flowing hair brought out worthy prizes in his generous hand, offered for victory in the woven dance: a mixer teeming with old fragrant wine, a golden bowl which held infinite measures, spilling on the thirsty earth Lyaios's juice of four years old. This was an Olympian work of Hephaistos the great master, which Cypris once gave to her brother Dionysos of the vine. A lesser bowl also he set before the assembly, solid silver, shining and round, which Bacchos had once received as a guestgift from the king of Alybe [b]; who lived in the rich country where the black hole of the mines in the earth was whitened with silver nooks. Round the

[a] Spartan brevity. For Hyacinthos of Amyclai, see on x. 255.

[b] See note on xi. 36.

τοῦ περὶ χείλεος ἄκρον ἐπ' ὀμφαλόεντι[1] καρήνῳ[2]
κισσὸς ἕλιξ, χρυσέῳ δὲ πέριξ δαιδάλλετο κόσμῳ·
τοῦτον ἄγων ἔστησε βαθυνομένῳ κενεῶνι
ληνὸν ἔτι πνείοντα νεώτερον ὄγκον ὀπώρης,
γλεῦκος, ἀνυμφεύτοιο μέθης ποτόν· οὐ νέμεσις γὰρ
ἀνέρα νικηθέντα πιεῖν ἀμέθυστον ἐέρσην.
 Ἀλλ' ὅτε Βάκχος ἄεθλα μέσῳ στήριξεν ἀγῶνι,
ἴδμονας ὀρχηθμοῖο καλέσσατο μάρτυρι φωνῇ·
 "Ὅς τις ἀεθλεύσει κυκλούμενος ἴδμονι ταρσῷ
νικήσας τροχαλοῖο ποδὸς κρίσιν, οὗτος ἑλέσθω
καὶ χρύσεον κρητῆρα καὶ ἡδυπότου χύσιν οἴνου·
ὃς δὲ πέσῃ σφαλεροῖο ποδὸς δεδονημένος ὁλκῷ,
ἥσσονα δ' ὀρχήσαιτο, καὶ ἥσσονα δῶρα δεχέσθω·
οὐ γὰρ ἐγὼ πάντεσσιν ὁμοῖος· ἀθλοφόρῳ δὲ
ἀνέρι νικήσαντι χοροιτύπον ἁβρὸν ἀγῶνα
οὐ τρίποδα στίλβοντα καὶ οὐ ταχὺν ἵππον ὀπάσσω,
οὐ δόρυ καὶ θώρηκα φόνῳ πεπαλαγμένον Ἰνδῶν,
δίσκον ἐς ἰθυκέλευθον ἀκοντιστῆρας ἐγείρων·
οὐδὲ ποδωκείης τέταται δρόμος, οὐ δορὸς αἰχμὴ
τηλεφόρου· Σταφύλῳ δέ, καταφθιμένῳ βασιλῆι,
ἀνδρὶ φιλοσκάρθμῳ, φιλοπαίγμονα ταρσὰ γεραίρω·
οὐδὲ παλαισμοσύνῃ γυιαλκέι δῶρα τιταίνω,
οὐ δρόμος ἱπποσύνης, οὐκ Ἤλιδός εἰσιν ἀγῶνες,
οὐ δρόμος Οἰνομάου γαμβροκτόνος· ἡμετέρη γὰρ
νύσσα χορός, βαλβῖδες ἐπισκιρτήματα ταρσῶν,
χεὶρ τροχαλὴ καὶ σκαρθμὸς ἕλιξ.
  καὶ νεῦμα προσώπου

[1] ἀμπελόεντι MSS., ὀμφαλόεντι Ludwich.
[2] καρήνῳ MSS., Ludwich. κορύμβῳ Graefe, Marcellus, Koechly.

---

[a] The poet has in mind Theocritos i. 29. If καρήνῳ can mean the top of the brim it may stand, but the scribe is

edge of the lip, on the bossy brim, was ivy twining over bunches of grapes in fine patterns of gold all round.[a] This he brought and laid before them with deep belly still breathing the winepress, stuff of a younger vintage, must, a draught of unmated potation[b]; for who would grudge a defeated man to drink of dew that cannot inebriate?

136 When Bacchos had laid his prizes before the company, he called out the masters of the dance with attesting voice:

138 "Whoso shall contend circling with expert foot and win the match of nimble steps, let him take both the golden bowl and the delicious wine that fills it; but whoso staggers and totters on moving feet, and falls, and proves the worse dancer, let him accept the worse prize. For I am not like every one else. To the prizewinner who conquers in the dainty beating of the dance, I will give no shining tripod and no swift horse, no spear and corselet stained with blood of Indians; I make no summons to marksmen for straight throwing with the quoit; this is no race for speed of foot, no sharp spear cast at a distance. In honour of Staphylos, the dead king, a man who loved the dance, I celebrate the sportive steps he loved. I offer no prizes for wrestlers with straining muscles; this is no race for horsemanship, no games of Elis,[c] this is no course of Oinomaos with death for his goodsons.[d] My turning-point is the dance, my starting-point the skipping feet, the beckoning hand, the pirouette, the nods and becks and glances

obviously careless just here. (There is no place for a "knob" on a mixer, and no mention of one either.) The bunches of grapes stand out in bosses, ὀμφαλοί, all around the rim.

[b] Without water.

[c] The Olympian Games.

[d] See note on xi. 271.

ἄστατα κινυμένοιο, καὶ αὐδήεσσα σιωπὴ
δάκτυλα δινεύουσα καὶ ὀρχηστῆρος ὀπωπήν."
Τοῖον ἔπος φαμένου κερόεις Σειληνὸς ἀνέστη,
καὶ τριγέρων βαρύθοντι Μάρων ἀνεπήλατο ταρσῷ
χρύσεον ἀστράπτοντα μέγαν κρητῆρα δοκεύων,
οὐχ ὅτι χρύσεος ἦεν ὑπέρτερος, ἀλλ' ὅτι μοῦνον
εἶχεν ἐυρραθάμιγγα παλαίτατον ὄγκον ἐέρσης
ἄκρου χείλεος ἄχρις· ἔρως δέ μιν ἡδέος οἴνου
θῆκε νέον, πολιὴν δὲ βιήσατο Βακχιὰς ὀδμή·
καὶ πόδας ἀμφελέλιζεν ἑῆς πειρώμενος ἀλκῆς,
μὴ βαρὺ γῆρας ἔπαυσε λελασμένα γυῖα χορείης.
καὶ ψυχὴν Σταφύλοιο γέρων μειλίξατο φωνῇ,
νηφάλιον λασίῳ προχέων ἔπος ἀνθερεῶνι·
"Εἰμὶ Μάρων, συνάεθλος ἀπειθήτοιο Λυαίου·
δακρυχέειν οὐκ οἶδα· τί δάκρυσι καὶ Διονύσῳ;[a]
κύκλα ποδῶν ἐμὰ δῶρα ταφήια σῷ παρὰ τύμβῳ·
δέξό με μειδιόωντα· Μάρων οὐκ οἶδε μερίμνας,
οὐ γόον οἶδε Μάρων, οὐ πενθάδος ὄγκον ἀνίης·
ἱμερόεις πέλε λάτρις ἀπενθήτου Διονύσου.
ἵλαθι σεῖο Μάρωνι, καὶ εἰ πίες ὕδατα Λήθης,
δὸς χάριν, ὄφρα πίοιμι παλαιγενέος χύσιν οἴνου,
Σειληνὸς δὲ νέης πιέτω νέον ὄγκον ὀπώρης.
καὶ Σταφύλῳ μετὰ πότμον, ἅτε ζώοντι, χορεύσω,
ὅττι χορὸν προβέβουλα φιλοκνίσσοιο τραπέζης·
σοί, Στάφυλε, ζώοντι καὶ οὐ πνείοντι χορεύω
κῶμον ἀνακρούων ἐπιτύμβιον· εἰμὶ δὲ Βάκχου,
οὐ θεράπων Φοίβοιο, καὶ οὐ μάθον αἴλινα μέλπειν,
οἷα παρὰ Κρήτεσσιν ἄναξ ἐλίγαινεν Ἀπόλλων
δακρυχέων ἐρατεινὸν Ἀτύμνιον·[b] Ἡλιάδων δὲ

[a] A neat turn of the proverb οὐδὲν πρὸς τὸν Διόνυσον, "nothing to do with the case."
[b] See note on xi. 130.

of the expressive face, speaking silence, which twirls the signalling fingers, and the dancer's whole countenance."

158 When he had ended his speech, up rose horned Seilenos, and antediluvian Maron got up on heavy foot, with his eyes on the great mixer of shining gold: not because the golden was the better, but because this alone contained the oldest wine and the finest stuff, filling it to the brim. His passion for this lovely wine made him young again, and the Bacchic aroma was too much for his gray hair. He twirled his feet round testing his strength, to see if heavy old age had made his limbs forget how to dance. The old man tried to appease the soul of Staphylos by the words that poured sober enough out of his shaggy beard:

169 "I am Maron, comrade of Lyaios who cannot mourn. I know not how to shed tears; what have tears to do with Dionysos?[a] Reels and jigs are the gifts I offer at your tomb. Accept me smiling: Maron knows no cares, Maron knows not groans, nor the burden of melancholy sorrow. He is the lovely lackey of Dionysos who cannot mourn. Be gracious to your Maron, even if you have drunk the water of Lethe! Grant me this boon, that I may drink that store of old wine, and let Seilenos drink the new stuff of a new vintage!

178 "I will dance for Staphylos after death, as if he were living, for I rate the dance above the steamloving table. For you I dance, Staphylos, both living and not breathing, and strike up a funeral revel. I am a servant of Bacchos, not of Phoibos, and I never learnt to sing dirges, such as Lord Apollo sang in Crete shedding tears for Atymnios[b] the beloved. I am a

ξεῖνος ἐγὼ γενόμην, ἀλλότριος Ἠριδανοῖο
εἰμί, νόθος Φαέθοντος ὀλωλότος ἡνιοχῆος·
οὐ Σπάρτης ναέτης, οὐ πένθιμον ἄνθος ἀείρω
σείων ἁβρὰ πέτηλα φιλοκλαύτων ὑακίνθων.
σήμερον, εἰ Μίνωι παρήμενος ἶσα δικάζεις,
εἴτε καὶ ἀνθεμόεσσαν ἔχεις Ῥαδαμάνθυος αὐλήν,
Ἠλυσίου λειμῶνος ἐν ἄλσεσιν ἁβρὸν ὁδεύων,
κέκλυθι σεῖο Μάρωνος· ἐγὼ δέ σοι ἀντὶ κυπέλλων
ἀσπόνδοις στομάτεσσιν ἐρεύγομαι ἔμφρονα λοιβήν·
ἵλαθι σεῖο Μάρωνι, δίδου δέ μοι οἴνοπα νίκην,
νίκην πασιμέλουσαν· ἐγὼ δέ σοι ὑψόθι τύμβου
σπείσω ἐμῶν χρυσέων πρωτάγρια καλὰ κυπέλλων
ἀρχόμενος κρητῆρος ἐμῆς μετ' ἀέθλια νίκης."
Ὣς εἰπὼν ἐχόρευε Μάρων ἑλικώδεϊ ταρσῷ,
δεξιὸν ἐκ λαιοῖο μετήλυδα ταρσὸν ἀμείβων,
σιγὴν ποικιλόμυθον ἀναυδέι χειρὶ χαράσσων·
ὀφθαλμοὺς δ' ἐλέλιζεν ἀλήμονας, εἰκόνα μύθων,
νεύματι τεχνήεντι νοήμονα ῥυθμὸν ὑφαίνων·
καὶ κεφαλὴν ἐτίνασσε καὶ ἤθελε βόστρυχα σείειν,
εἰ μὴ γυμνὰ μέτωπα λιπότριχος εἶχε καρήνου.
οὐδὲ μέν, οἷα γέρων Τιτήνιον αἷμα κομίζων,
ἔγραφε φωνήεντι τύπῳ Τιτηνίδα φύτλην,
οὐ Κρόνον ἠὲ Φάνητα παλαίτερον, οὐδὲ γενέθλην
Ἠελίου Τιτῆνος ὁμόχρονον ἥλικι κόσμῳ·
ἀλλὰ λιπὼν ξύμπαντα καὶ ἀρχαίης χύσιν ὕλης
οἰνοχόον Κρονίδαο σοφῇ ποίκιλλε σιωπῇ
Ζηνὶ δέπας τανύοντα καὶ ἀθανάτων χορὸν ἄλλων
αἰὲν ἐπασσυτέροισιν εὐφραίνοντα κυπέλλοις,
ἢ ζαθέην προχέοντα κατὰ κρητῆρος ἐέρσην·

---

[a] See note on ii. 153.
[b] See note on ii. 152, xi. 32.

stranger to the Heliads.[a] I am alien to Eridanos,[b] not connected with Phaëthon the charioteer who perished; I am no burgher of Sparta, I wear not the mourning flowers or shake the dainty petals of the lamenting iris.[c]

189 "To-day, if you sit by the side of Minos as an equal judge, or if you possess the flowery court of Rhadamanthys, and pick your dainty way in the groves and meadows of Elysium, listen to your Maron: instead of cups, without libation, I mouth out for you a drinkoffering full of sense. Be gracious to your Maron, and grant me a victory of wine, the victory to be famous among all! Then I will pour over your tomb the first spoils of my golden cups, the first lovely drops from the bowl after I win my prize for victory!"

198 So saying, Maron danced with winding step, passing the changes right over left, and figuring a silent eloquence of hand inaudible. He moved his eyes about as a picture of the story, he wove a rhythm full of meaning with gestures full of art. He shook his head and would have tossed his hair, but hair he had none; both head and face were bare. He did not what an old man of Titan blood might have done, show the Titan race in his speaking picture, not Cronos or Phanes[d] more primeval still, nor the breed of Titan Helios as old as the universe itself: no, he left all the confusion of that ancient stuff—he depicted with wordless art the cupbearer of Cronides offering the goblet to Zeus, or pouring the dew divine to fill up the bowl, and the other immortals in company ever enjoying cup after cup.

[c] *i.e.* I don't know how to keep the (mournful) Hyacinthia.
[d] See on ix. 141.

ἦν δέ οἱ ἁρμονίη γλυκερὸν ποτόν· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴν
νέκταρ ἀρυομένην ὠρχήσατο παρθένον Ἥβην·
εἰς Σατύρους δ' ὁρόων Γανυμήδεος ἔγραφε μορφὴν
χερσὶν ἀφωνήτοισι, καὶ ὁππότε δέρκετο Βάκχας,
Ἥβην χρυσοπέδιλον ἐχέφρονι δείκνυε σιγῇ.
Τοῖα Μάρων ἐχάρασσε πολύτροπα δάκτυλα πάλλων,
καὶ ποδὸς εὐρύθμοιο σοφὴν ἀνεσείρασεν ὁρμήν,
ἀσταθέος τελέσας πολυκαμπέα μέτρα χορείης.
ἵστατο δὲ τρομέων, δεδοκημένος ὄμματι λοξῷ,
τίς τίνα νικήσειε, τίς εἰς ἑὸν οἶκον ἱκάνοι
μείζονα καὶ πλήθοντα μέθης κρητῆρα κομίζων.
Σειληνὸς δ' ἐχόρευε· πολυστρέπτοιο δὲ τέχνης
σύμβολα τεχνήεντα κατέγραφε σιγαλέη χείρ.
καὶ παλάμαις τότε τοῖος ἔην τύπος, ὡς ποτε πολλὴ
υἱέι Κυρήνης ἔρις ἔμπεσε καὶ Διονύσῳ
ἀμφὶ πότου, μάκαρες δὲ συνήιον· οὐ τότε πυγμή,
οὐ δρόμος, οὐ τότε δίσκος ἀέθλια· παιδὶ δὲ Φοίβου
ὄργανα κεῖτο κύπελλα μεμηλότα καὶ Διονύσῳ
καὶ δίδυμοι κρητῆρες, ὁ μὲν χρονίου χύσιν οἴνου,
ὃς δὲ φέρων νέα δῶρα φιλοπτόρθοιο μελίσσης·
καὶ Κρονίδης ἐκάθητο δικασπόλος, ἀθλοφόροις δὲ
ἁβρὸς ἀγὼν τετάνυστο μελισταγέος περὶ νίκης·
ὄργανα κεῖτο κύπελλα· καί, ὡς χρυσόπτερος Ἑρμῆς,
αὐτὸς Ἔρως ἐρόεις ἐναγώνιος εἰς μέσον ἔστη,
χειρὶ μιῇ καὶ κισσὸν ἔχων καὶ θαλλὸν ἐλαίης,
Βάκχῳ κίσσινον ἄνθος, Ἀρισταίῳ δὲ προτείνων
στέμμασι Πισαίοισιν ἐοικότα θαλλὸν ἐλαίης,
Παλλάδος ἁγνὸν ἄγαλμα. μελικρήτῳ δὲ κυπέλλῳ

His poet's theme was the sweet potion. Aye, he danced also the maiden Hebe herself drawing the nectar ; when he looked at the Satyrs, with voiceless hands he acted Ganymedes, or when he saw the Bacchant women, he showed them goldenshoe Hebe in a picture having sense without words.

219 So Maron sketched his designs in pantomime gestures, lifting rhythmic feet with the motions of an artist, as he trod the winding measures of his unresting dance. Then he stood still trembling, and watched with shifty eye who should beat whom, who would go home with the larger bowl full of wine.

225 Now Seilenos danced : his hand without speech traced the cues of his art in all their intricate mazes. This is what he acted with gesturing hands : how once a great quarrel arose between Cyrene's son [a] and Dionysos over their cups, and the Blessed gathered together. There was no boxing, no running, no quoit in that contest : cups were the well-used tools ready for Phoibos's son and Dionysos, and a couple of mixingbowls, one containing old wine, one with the gift of the sprigloving bee all fresh. Cronides sat in the seat of judgement. The competitors had before them a luscious match for a honeydrop victory ; cups were the tools ; and like another Hermes [b] with golden wings, lovely Eros himself came forward to preside in the ring, holding in one hand both ivy and an olive-branch. He offered to Bacchos the flowering ivy, to Aristaios the olive-branch like the garlands of Pisa,[c] the holy ornament of Pallas.

[a] Aristaios : see v. 215, 292, xiii. 253.
[b] Hermes presided at all contests.
[c] The victor's garland at Olympia.

πρῶτος Ἀρισταῖος κεράσας ὠδῖνα μελίσσης
ὤρεγεν ἀθανάτοισι σοφὸν ποτόν, ἄλλον ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
εὐφραίνων, καὶ ἔνειμε δέπας στοιχηδὸν ἑκάστῳ·
τοῖσι μὲν ἀρχομένοισιν ἐυρραθάμιγγος ἐέρσης
ὀξύτατος κόρος ἔσκεν, ἀρυομένων δὲ κυπέλλων
τὸ τρίτον ἠρνήσαντο, καὶ οὐχ ἥψαντο τετάρτου,
καὶ μέλιτος μέμψαντο ταχὺν κόρον· ἡδυπότου δὲ
ἀβροχίτων Διόνυσος ἀπὸ κρητῆρος ἀφύσσων
κούφισε δισσὰ κύπελλα καὶ ὤρεγε δίζυγι παλμῷ
τὸ πρῶτον Κρονίδῃ, τὸ δὲ δεύτερον ὤπασεν Ἥρῃ,
πατροκασιγνήτῳ τρίτατον δέπας ἐννοσιγαίῳ·
ἑξείης δ' ἅμα πᾶσι θεοῖς καὶ Ζηνὶ τοκῆι
τερπομένοις ἐκέρασσε, κατηφιόωντι δὲ μούνῳ
μειδιόων ἐτίταινε δέπας ζηλήμονι Φοίβῳ·
οἱ δὲ πολυσπερέεσσι νόον θέλγοντο κυπέλλοις,
διψαλέοι δ' ἔτι μᾶλλον ἀεὶ γίνοντο πιόντες,
καὶ πάλιν ᾔτεον ἄλλο, καὶ οὐ κόρος ἔσκε κυπέλλων.
ἀθάνατοι δ' ὀλόλυξαν, ἐπετρέψαντο δὲ Βάκχῳ
οἰνάδος ἡδυπότοιο φέρειν πρεσβήια νίκης·
καὶ μεθύων ἀκίχητος Ἔρως, ὀχετηγὸς ἀγῶνος,
κισσῷ βοτρυόεντι κόμην ἔστεψε Λυαίου.
Τοῦτο σοφῇ παλάμῃ κερόεις Σειληνὸς ὑφαίνων
δεξιτερὴν μὲν ἔπαυσε, πολυσκάρθμῳ δὲ πεδίλῳ
ἐκ χθονὸς ᾐώρητο καὶ ἠέρι πέμπεν ὀπωπάς,
πῇ μὲν ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισιν ὁμόζυγα ταρσὰ συνάπτων,
πῇ δὲ διαζεύξας ἑτεραλκέι πάλλετο τέχνῃ,
ἄλλοτε πουλυέλικτος ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο χορεύων
ὀρθὸς ἐπὶ πτέρναις ἑλικώδεϊ σείετο παλμῷ·

---

[a] That is, in the mixing-bowl. Honey with water and milk was familiar as an offering to the underworld deities, and

241 First Aristaios made his mixture [a] with the travail of the bee, and offered the immortals his mingled honey in the cup, a potion cleverly compounded; he passed the goblet to each in turn one after another, and made their hearts glad. But after a first taste of the bubbling liquid, surfeit came at once: a third cup was filled and declined, and they would not touch a fourth. They found fault with the honey for this quick surfeit. Then richly-clad Dionysos drew from his mixer, full of sweet drink, lifted two cups and offered one with each hand, the first to Cronides, the second to Hera, then a third goblet to Earthshaker his father's brother. Then he mixed for the gods one and all with Father Zeus; they were all delighted, except disconsolate Phoibos alone, who was jealous, and the god smiled as he handed him the goblet. They enchanted their minds with cups in great abundance; drinking made them thirstier than before, they asked again for more, and could not get enough. Then the immortals loudly cheered, and gave Bacchos the chief prize for his delicious potion of wine. And Eros the ever-out-of-reach, the conductor of the game, drunken himself, crowned the hair of Lyaios with a vine-and-ivy garland.

263 So horned Seilenos wove his web with neat-handed skill, and his right hand ceased to move. Then fixing his gaze on the sky, he leapt into the air with bounding shoe. Now he clapt both feet together, then parted them, and went hopping from foot to foot; now over the floor he twirled dancing round and round upright upon his heels and spun in a

this was called *μελίκρητον*. Nonnos seems vaguely to have known that some kind of drink could be made of honey, but imagined that it was simply *μελίκρητον*, an ancient *eau sucrée*, and seems never to have heard of mead.

δεξιτερῷ δ' ἄγναμπτος ἐπεστηρίζετο ταρσῷ
δάκτυλον ἄκρον ἔχων ἑτέρου ποδός, ἢ γόνυ κάμψας
συμφερταῖς παλάμῃσιν ἢ ἐκταδίην πτύχα μηρῶν
Σειληνὸς βαρύγουνος, ἔχων ποδὸς ὄρθιον ὁρμήν·
καὶ πόδα λαιὸν ἄειρεν ἐπὶ πλευροῖο καὶ ὤμου
κουφίζων ἑλικηδόν, ὀπισθοτόνῳ δ' ὑπὸ τέχνῃ
καμπύλον ἠώρησεν ἐπ' αὐχένι ταρσὸν ἑλίξας·
καὶ βαλίῃ στροφάλιγγι παλιννόστοιο χορείης
ὕπτιος αὐτοέλικτος ἐκάμπτετο κυκλάδι τέχνῃ
πεπταμένην ἐπίκυρτον ἐς ἠέρα γαστέρα φαίνων,
τὴν αὐτὴν στεφανηδὸν ἀτέρμονα νύσσαν ἀμείβων·
καὶ κεφαλὴ πεφόρητο παρήορος, οἷά περ αἰεὶ
ἁπτομένη δαπέδοιο καὶ οὐ ψαύουσα κονίης·
καὶ ποδὶ λαχνήεντι πέδον Σειληνὸς ἀμύσσων
ἄστατος ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα ποδῶν βακχεύετο παλμῷ.
καὶ τότε γούνατα κάμνε, τινασσομένου δὲ καρήνου
ὕπτιος αὐτοκύλιστος ἐπωλίσθησεν ἀρούρῃ·
καὶ ποταμὸς μορφοῦτο· δέμας δέ οἱ ἔβλυεν ὕδωρ
χεύμασιν αὐτομάτοισιν· ἀμειβομένου δὲ μετώπου
εἰς προχοὴν ἐπίκυρτον ἐκυμαίνοντο κεραῖαι,
καὶ ῥόθιον κορυφοῦτο κυκώμενον ὕψι καρήνου,
καὶ βυθὸς ἰχθυόεις ψαμάθῳ κοιλαίνετο γαστήρ·
Σειληνοῦ δὲ χυθέντος ἀμειβομένη πέλε χαίτη
εἰς θρύον αὐτοτέλεστον· ὑπὲρ ποταμοῖο δὲ γείτων
ὀξυτενὴς σύριζε δόναξ δεδονημένος αὔραις
αὐτοφυής. γλυκερὴν δὲ Μάρων ἀνεδήσατο νίκην,
ἀγκὰς ἔχων κρητῆρα βεβυσμένον ἡδέος οἴνου·
Σειληνοῦ δὲ χυθέντος ἀέθλιον, οἷά τε λοιβήν,
ἀργύρεον κρητῆρα λαβὼν ἔρριψε ῥεέθροις,
καὶ προχοὰς ἐμέθυσσε χοροπλεκέος ποταμοῖο,
χῶρος ὅθεν κρητῆρος ἐπώνυμος, ἡδυπότου δὲ

circling sweep. He stood steady on his right foot holding a toe of the other foot, or bent his knee and caught it in his clasped hands, or held an outstretched thigh with the other leg upright, the heavyknee Seilenos! He lifted the left foot coiling up to the side, to the shoulder, twining it behind him and holding it up until he brought the sole round his neck. Then with a quick turn of the backswerving dance, he artfully bent himself over, face up, in a hoop, showing his belly spread out and curved up towards the sky, while he spun round and round on one unchanging spot. His head hung down as he moved, as if it were always touching the ground and yet not grazing the dust. So Seilenos went scratching the ground with hairy foot, restlessly moving round and round in his wild caperings.

285 At last his knees failed him; with shaking head he slipt to the ground and rolled over on his back. At once he became a river: his body was flowing water with natural ripples all over, his forehead changed to a winding current with the horns for waves, the turbulent swell came to a crest on his head, his belly sank into the sand, a deep place for fishes. As Seilenos lay spread, his hair changed into natural rushes, and over the river his pipes made a shrill tune of themselves as the breezes touched them.

295 But Maron crowned himself with the sweets of victory, and held in his arms the mixer stuffed with delicious wine; he took the silver bowl, the prize of Seilenos now a flood, and threw it into the river as a libation, where it intoxicated the currents of the dancing river. And so the place was named from the Mixer, and men still speak of the Euian water

Σειληνοῦ κελάδοντος ἀκούεται Εὔιον ὕδωρ.
καί τινα μῦθον ἔλεξε Μάρων ποταμηΐδι πηγῇ·
"Οὔ σε Μάρων, Σειληνέ, βιάζεται· εἰς σὲ δὲ ῥίψω
οἶνον ἐρευθιόωντα καὶ οἰνοδόκον σε καλέσσω.
δέξο, μέθης ἀκόρητε, τεὸν μέθυ, δέχνυσο Βάκχου
ἀργύρεον κρητῆρα, καὶ ἔσσεαι ἀργυροδίνης.
εἰλιπόδη Σειληνέ, καὶ ἐν προχοῇσι χορεύεις,
σεῖο ποδῶν στροφάλιγγα καὶ ἐν ῥοθίοισι φυλάσσεις,
εἰσέτι κωμάζεις διερὸν τύπον· ἀλλὰ σὺ Βάκχαις
ἵλαθι καὶ Σατύροισι καὶ οἰνοδότῃσιν ὀπώραις,
Σειληνοὺς δὲ φύλασσε, τεῆς βλάστημα γενέθλης·
ἀκροπότῃ δὲ Μάρωνι χαρίζεο, μηδέ σε νίκης
ζῆλον ὑποκλέπτοντα καὶ ἐν ποταμοῖσι νοήσω.
ὕδασι μᾶλλον ἄεξε Μαρωνίδος οἶνον ὀπώρης·
ἔσσο καὶ ἐν ποταμοῖσιν ὁμοφρονέων Διονύσῳ.
νήπιε, τίς σε δίδαξεν ἀρειοτέροισιν ἐρίζειν;
Σειληνὸς πάλιν ἄλλος, ὑπέρβιον αὐλὸν ἀμείβων,
αὐχένα γαῦρον ἄειρε καὶ εἰς ἔριν ἤλυθε Φοίβῳ·
ἀλλά ἑ γυμνώσας λασίου χροός, ἐρνεῖ δήσας,
ἔμπνοον ἀσκὸν ἔθηκε, καὶ ὑψόθι πολλάκι δένδρου
ἐνδόμυχος κόλπωσε τύπον μιμηλὸν ἀήτης,
οἷα πάλιν μέλποντος ἀσιγήτοιο νομῆος·
καί μιν ἐποικτείρων μορφώσατο Δελφὸς Ἀπόλλων,
καὶ ποταμὸν ποίησεν ὁμώνυμον· εἰσέτι κείνου
Σειληνοῦ λασίοιο φατίζεται ἀγκύλον ὕδωρ,
καὶ κτύπον ἠνεμόφοιτον ἐρεύγεται, οἷά περ αἰεὶ
ἀντιτύποις δονάκεσσι μελιζομένου Φρυγὸς αὐλοῦ.
καὶ σὺ δέμας μετάμειψας ἀρείονι νεῖκος ἀνάψας

ᵃ No such river or place is known: but Crater may well have been the name of some mountain tarn, compare the Devil's Punchbowl.

of murmuring Seilenos full of sweet drink.[a] Then Maron addressed these words to the running stream:

303 "Maron does you no harm, Seilenos. I will cast the ruddy wine into you and call you the Cellarer. Accept your drink, tippler never satisfied, accept the silver bowl of Bacchos, and you shall have silvery eddies. Seilenos Twirlthefoot, you dance even in your current, you keep the spinning of your feet even in your waves, you revel still in your watery shape. Then be gracious to Bacchants and Satyrs and winegiving vintage, and guard the Seilenoi of your own race. Be generous to Maron who drinks no heeltaps, and let me never see that you still keep a secret grudge among the rivers. Rather let your waters increase the wine of Maron's vintage, and be of one mind with Dionysos even among the rivers.

315 "Foolish one, who taught you to strive with your betters? Another Seilenos there was,[b] fingering a proud pipe, who lifted a haughty neck and challenged a match with Phoibos; but Phoibos tied him to a tree and stript off his hairy skin, and made it a windbag. There it hung high on a tree, and the breeze often entered, swelling it out into a shape like his, as if the shepherd could not keep silence but made his tune again. Then Delphic Apollo changed his form in pity, and made him the river which bears his name.[c] Men still speak of the winding water of that hairy Seilenos, which lets out a sound wandering on the wind, as if he were still playing on the reeds of his Phrygian pipe in rivalry.

328 "So you also have changed your shape by challenging one better than you, just like the earlier

[b] Marsyas the Satyr; see i. 42.
[c] A river flowing into the Maeander.

Σειληνῷ προτέρῳ πανομοίιος. ἀλλὰ σὺ νύμφην
μηκέτι μαστεύσειας ἀσάμβαλον ἠθάδα Βάκχην,
Βάκχην λυσιέθειραν ὀρειάδα· λυσικόμων γὰρ
Νηιάδων ἀπέλεθρος ἐυφραίνει σε γενέθλη.
μηκέτι μαστεύσῃς ὀφιώδεα δεσμὰ Λυαίου,
ἐγχέλυας μεθέπων σκολιὴν ὠδῖνα ῥεέθρων,
καὶ στικταῖς φολίδεσσιν ἀρηρότες ἀντὶ δρακόντων
ἰχθύες ὑμετέροισιν ἐφερπύζουσι ῥεέθροις.
εἰ δὲ σὺ βοτρυόεντος ἐνοσφίσθης Διονύσου,
μᾶλλον ἐπολβίζω σε· σὺ γὰρ καὶ βότρυν ἀέξεις·
τί πλέον ἤθελες ἄλλο τεῶν θρεπτῆρα ῥοάων
Ζῆνα φέρων μετὰ Βάκχον, ὅλης γενετῆρα γενέθλης;
ἀντὶ τεῶν Σατύρων ποταμῶν στίχες· ἀντὶ δὲ ληνοῦ
Ὠκεανοῦ κελάδοντος ὑπὲρ νώτοιο χορεύεις.
εἴκελον εἶδος ἔχεις καὶ ἐν ὕδασιν· οὐ νέμεσις δὲ
Σειληνὸν κομόωντα βοοκραίροισι μετώποις
ταυρείην κερόεσσαν ἔχειν ποταμηίδα μορφήν."
Εἶπε Μάρων· καὶ πάντες ἐθάμβεον ἀγκύλον ὕδωρ
Σειληνοῦ ζαχύτοιο κυβιστητῆρος ἰδόντες,
ἰσοφυὲς μίμημα πολυγνάμπτου ποταμοῖο.

[a] In his capacity of weather-and-rain god.

Seilenos. You must no longer seek a barefoot Bacchant for your bride as before, that Bacchant of the mountains with flowing locks ; you have now for your pleasure the innumerable tribe of Naiads with flowing hair. Seek no longer the snaky wreaths of Lyaios ; eels are what you have to do with, the wriggling travail of the streams, and instead of serpents there are fishes with closefitted speckled scales crawling in your streams. And if you have parted from Dionysos and his grapes, I hold you the happier; for you really make the grapes to grow ! What more could you want, when you have after Bacchos now Zeus[a] to feed your streams, the Father of all creation? Instead of your Satyrs you have your regiments of rivers ; instead of the winepress you dance on the back of murmuring Ocean. Even in the waters you are like what you were : it is proper that Seilenos, once proud of his horned forehead, as a river should have the horned shape of a bull." [b]

346 So Maron spoke ; and all wondered to see the winding waters of Seilenos the tumbling flood, the ever-turning river which was his very likeness.

[b] Rivers were represented in this shape.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΕΙΚΟΣΤΟΝ

Εἰκοστὸν μεθέπει φονίου βουπλῆγα Λυκούργου,
εἰς βυθὸν ἰχθυόεντα διωκομένου Διονύσου.

Λῦτο δ' ἀγών· Σάτυροι δὲ σὺν εὐθύρσῳ Διονύσῳ
Βότρυος ἀφνειοῖσιν ἐπηυλίζοντο μελάθροις.
τοῖσι δὲ δαινυμένοις ἐπεκώμασαν οἰνάδες Ὧραι·
καὶ κτύπος ἦν τυπάνων ἐπιδόρπιος, ὀξὺ δὲ σῦριγξ
ἀμφιλαφὴς ἐλίγαινεν, ἀρυόμενοι δὲ κυπέλλοις
οἰνοχόοι μογέεσκον ἀλωφήτῳ παρὰ δείπνῳ·
καὶ πλέον αἰτίζεσκον ὀπάονας οἶνον ἀφύσσειν
δαιτυμόνες σαίνοντες· ἀνεσκίρτησε δὲ Βάκχη
κύμβαλα δινεύουσα, φιλοσκάρθμοιο δὲ κούρης
ἄπλοκος ἀκρήδεμνος ἐσείετο βόστρυχος αὔραις.
Καὶ θεὸς ἀμπελόεις, καλέσας Σταφύλοιο γυναῖκα,
αὐχμὸν ἀποσμήξας ἐπεκόσμεεν οἴνοπι πέπλῳ·
καὶ Πίθον εὐρυγένειον ὅλον ῥυπόωντα καθήρας
ἀργεννῷ παλίνορσος ἀνεχλαίνωσε χιτῶνι,
ῥίψας πένθιμα πέπλα χυτῇ πεπαλαγμένα τέφρῃ·
οὐκέτι δ' αὐτοχύτοισι παρήια δάκρυσι δεύων
Βότρυς ἀνεστενάχιζε, Διωνύσῳ δὲ πιθήσας
φωριαμοὺς ὤιξε θυώδεας· οἰγομένων δὲ
μαρμαρυγὴ σελάγιζε πολυγλήνων ἀπὸ πέπλων·
κεῖθεν ἑλὼν Σταφύλου βασιλήια φαιδρὰ τοκῆος

BOOK XX

The twentieth deals with the pole-axe of bloodthirsty Lycurgos, when Dionysos is chased into the fishy deep.

The Games were over; the Satyrs with Dionysos of the thyrsus spent the night in the opulent halls of Botrys. The Seasons of the vintage joined in the banqueters' revels: there was banging of drums at that supper, the panspipes filled the place with their shrill tones; the servers were busy ladling wine into the cups at the unresting feast, and the banqueters ever kept coaxing the servants to draw more wine. The Bacchant leapt high, waving her cymbals, while the hair of the dancing girl shook in the breezes without ribbon and without veil.

11 The vinegod called the wife of Staphylos, wiped away the dirt and adorned her with a wine-coloured robe. He cleansed broadbeard Pithos from the dirt which covered him, and threw away the mourning clothes soiled with smears of ashes, then dressed him again in a gleaming-white frock. Botrys lamented no longer or wetted his cheeks with helpless welling tears, but at Bacchos's bidding opened his scented coffers; as they opened, sparkling gleams came from robes covered with gems. From these he took out and donned the brilliant royal garb of Staphylos his

δύσατο πορφυρέῳ πεπαλαγμένα φάρεα κόχλῳ,
καὶ Θαλίης ψαύοντι συνειλαπίναζε Λυαίῳ.
Τοῖσι δὲ τερπομένοισιν ἀνέδραμεν Ἕσπερος ἀστὴρ
φέγγος ἀναστείλας χοροτερπέος ἠριγενείης.
δαιτυμόνων δὲ φάλαγγες ἀμοιβαδὶς ἔνδοθεν αὐλῆς
ὕπνου δῶρον ἕλοντο βαθυστρώτων ἐπὶ λέκτρων.
καὶ Πίθος ἄγχι Μάρωνος ἀνήιεν εἰς μίαν εὐνήν,
νεκταρέης εὔοδμον ἀναβλύζων πόμα ληνοῦ,
ἀλλήλους δ' ἐμέθυσσαν ἴσην πέμποντες ἀυτμὴν
πάννυχον. Εὐπετάλη δέ, τιθηνήτειρα Λυαίου,
δαλὸν ἀναψαμένη καὶ Βότρυι καὶ Διονύσῳ
δισσὴν ἀμφοτέροις ἁλιπόρφυρον ἔντυεν εὐνήν·
γείτονι δ' ἐν θαλάμῳ Σατύρων δίχα, νόσφι Λυαίου,
ἀμφίπολοι στορέσαντο λέχος χρύσειον ἀνάσσῃ.
Βάκχῳ δ' ἦλθεν ὄνειρος. Ἔρις πολέμοιο τιθήνη,
ἅρμασι μιμηλοῖσιν ἐφεδρήσσουσα λεόντων,
Ῥείης εἶδος ἔχουσα, φιλοκροτάλοιο θεαίνης·
καὶ Φόβος ἡνιόχευεν ὀνειρείων ζυγὰ δίφρων
ἀντιτύποις μελέεσσι νόθος μορφούμενος Ἄττις,
καὶ θρόον ὀξὺν ἔχων ἁπαλόχροος ἄρσενι μορφῇ
ἡνίοχον Κυβέλης ἀπεμάξατο θήλεϊ φωνῇ·
Βάκχου δ' ὑπναλέοιο παρεστηκυῖα καρήνῳ
φοιτὰς Ἔρις νεμέσησε, καὶ ἐγρεμόθῳ φάτο φωνῇ·
" Ὑπνώεις, Διόνυσε θεηγενές· εἰς ἐνοπὴν δὲ
Δηριάδης καλέει σε, καὶ ἐνθάδε κῶμον ἐγείρεις·
μητρυιὴ δ' ὁρόωσα τεὴν φύξηλιν Ἐνυὼ
Ἥρη κερτομέει σε, σὺ δὲ στρατὸν εἰς χορὸν ἕλκεις.
αἰδέομαι Κρονίωνι φανήμεναι, ἅζομαι Ἥρην,
ἅζομαι ἀθανάτους, ὅτι μὴ κάμες ἄξια Ῥείης·

---

* See xi. 121.

father, steeped in purple dye, and joined Lyaios at table to touch the feast.

23 While they were amusing themselves, the star of evening rose and rolled away the light of dance-delighting day. The troops of banqueters one after another took the boon of sleep, on piles of bedding in the hall. Pithos entered one bed with Maron,[a] with drops still on his lips of the fragrant potion from the nectarean winepress; and breathing out the same breath they intoxicated each other all night long. Eupetale[b] the nurse of Lyaios lit a torch, and prepared a double bed strewn with sea-purple, for both Botrys and Dionysos. In a neighbouring room, away from the Satyrs and apart from Bacchos, the servants laid a golden bed for the queen.

35 A dream came to Bacchos—Discord the nurse of War, in the shape of Rheia the loverattle goddess, seated in what seemed to be her lionchariot. Rout drove the team of this dreamchariot, in the counterfeit shape of Attis with limbs like his; he formed the image of Cybele's charioteer, a softskinned man in looks with shrill tones like the voice of a woman. Gadabout Discord stood by the head of sleeping Bacchos, and reproached him with brawlinciting voice:

44 "You sleep, godborn Dionysos! Deriades summons you to battle, and you make merry here! Stepmother Hera mocks you, when she sees your Enyo on the run, as you drag your army to dances! I am ashamed to show myself before Cronion, I shrink from Hera, I shrink from the immortals, because your doings are not worthy of Rheia. I avoid Ares,

[b] Leafy, an invented name. Bacchos must have his nurse as Odysseus had, Hom. *Od.* i. 428.

Τιτήνων δ' ὀλετῆρα, προασπιστῆρα τοκῆος,
αὐχένα γαῦρον ἔχοντα κατ' οὐρανὸν Ἄρεα φεύγω,
ἀσπίδα κουφίζοντα διάβροχον ἠθάδι λύθρῳ·
καὶ γνωτὴν σέο μᾶλλον, ἀριστογόνοιο τοκῆος
αὐτοτελῆ γονόεντος ἀμήτορα παῖδα καρήνου,
Παλλάδα δειμαίνω κορυθαιόλον, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴ
μέμφεται ἄρσενα Βάκχον ἀεργέα θῆλυς Ἀθήνη·
εἴκαθεν αἰγίδι θύρσος, ἐπεί ποτε Παλλὰς ἀγήνωρ
αἰγίδα κουφίζουσα πύλας ἐστεψεν Ὀλύμπου,
Τιτήνων σκεδάσασα θυελλήεσσαν Ἐνυώ,
πατρῴου δ' ἐγέραιρε σοφὴν ὠδῖνα καρήνου·
καὶ σὺ Διὸς γονόεσσαν ἐπαισχύνεις πτύχα μηροῦ.
ἠνίδε, πῶς γελόωσι καὶ Ἑρμείας καὶ Ἀπόλλων,
ὃς μὲν ἀερτάζων δίδυμον βέλος εἰσέτι λύθρῳ
ὑψιλόφων τεκέων πεπαλαγμένον Ἰφιμεδείης,
ὃς δὲ καταφθιμένοιο πολυβλεφάροιο νομῆος
ῥάβδον ἔχων ὀλέτειραν· ἐγὼ δ' ἐμὸν αἰθέρα φεύγω
μῶμον ἀλυσκάζουσα φυγοπτολέμου Διονύσου.
θύρσους δ' ἠρεμέοντας ὀπιπεύουσα Λυαίου
μέμφεται ὀρχηστῆρι φιλοσκοπέλῳ Διονύσῳ
παρθένος ἰοχέαιρα, κυβερνήτειρα δὲ δίφρου
οὐτιδανῶν ἐλάφων, βαλίων ὀλέτειρα λαγωῶν,
μέμφεται οὐρεσίφοιτος ὀρειάδος ἐγγύθι Ῥείης
πορδαλίων ἐλατῆρι καὶ ἡνιοχῆι λεόντων.
παιδὸς ἐμοῦ Διὸς οἶκον ἀναίνομαι· ἐν γὰρ Ὀλύμπῳ
ἅζομαι αὐχήεσσαν ἀγαλλομένην ἔτι Λητώ,
ἰὸν ἐμοὶ ταινύουσαν ἐῶν χραισμήτορα λέκτρων,
Γηγενέος Τιτυοῖο ποθοβλήτοιο φονῆα.
καὶ διδύμαις ὀδύνῃσιν ἱμάσσομαι, ὅττι δοκεύω
ἀχνυμένην Σεμέλην καὶ ἀγήνορος ἀστέρα Μαίης.

destroyer of the Titans, his father's champion, who lifts a proud neck in heaven, still holding that shield ever soaked with gore ; and I fear your sister still more, selfbred daughter of a father of fine progeny, unmothered child of her father's head, flashhelm Pallas, because Athena too blames Bacchos idle, the woman blames the man ! Thyrsus yielded to goatskin,[a] since once upon a time valiant Pallas holding the goatskin defended the gates of Olympos, and scattered the stormy assault of the Titans, thus honouring the dexterous travail of her father's head —but you disgrace the fruitful pocket in Zeus's thigh ! Look how Hermeias and Apollo laugh—one brandishing two arrows yet stained with the gore of Iphimedeia's hightowering sons,[b] the other holding the rod which destroyed the dead shepherd of many eyes.[c] Indeed I must leave my own heaven to avoid reproach for battleshy Dionysos. The Virgin Archeress[d] denounces Dionysos the dancer, the friend of mountains, when she sees him leaving his thyrsus alone; she drives only a weak team of stags, she kills only running hares, she ranges the mountains beside Rheia of the mountains, and she denounces one who drives leopards and manages lions ! I disclaim the house of my own son Zeus; for in Olympos I shrink from Leto, still a proud braggart, when she holds up at me the arrow that defended her bed and slew Tityos the lustful giant.[e] I am tortured also with double pain, when I see sorrowing Semele and

[a] The aegis, a cape of goatskin worn by Zeus and lent to Athena.

[b] Otos and Ephialtes. See line 81 below, and ii. 301.

[c] Argos. See i. 341.

[d] Artemis.

[e] See ii. 307.

οὐ σὺ Διὸς τεκέεσσιν ὁμοίιος· οὐ κτάνες ἰῷ
Ὦτον ἀπειλητῆρα καὶ ὑψιπόδην Ἐφιάλτην,
οὐ Τιτυὸν πτερόεντι τεῷ κατέπεφνες ὀιστῷ,
οὐ θρασὺν Ὠρίωνα δυσίμερον, οὐ πρόμον Ἥρης
Ἄργον, ἀεξικάκοιο βοοσκόπον υἱὸν ἀρούρης,
Ζηνὸς ὀπιπευτῆρα βοοκραίρων ὑμεναίων·
ἀλλὰ παρὰ Σταφύλῳ καὶ Βότρυι κῶμον ὑφαίνεις,
ἀκλειὴς ἀσίδηρος ἐποίνιον ὕμνον ἀείδων·
αἰσχύνεις Σατύρων χθόνιον γένος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτοὶ
Βακχιάδος ψαύοντες ἀναιμάκτοιο χορείης
Ἄρεος ἐλπίδα πᾶσαν ἐπετρέψαντο κυπέλλοις.
ἔστι καὶ εἰλαπίνη μετὰ φύλοπιν, ἔστι χορεύειν
Ἰνδῴην μετὰ δῆριν ἔσω Σταφύλοιο μελάθρων·
πηκτίδες ἂψ αὔουσιν ἐπινίκιον μετὰ νίκην·
νόσφι πόνων οὐκ ἔστιν ἀνέμβατον αἰθέρα ναίειν·
οὐ πέλε ῥηιδίη μακάρων ὁδός· ἐξ ἀρετῆς δὲ
ἀτραπὸς Οὐλύμποιο θεόσσυτος εἰς πόλον ἕλκει.
τέτλαθι καὶ σὺ πόνους πολυειδέας· οὐρανίην γὰρ
Ἥρη σοὶ κοτέουσα Διὸς μαντεύεται αὐλήν."
Ὣς φαμένη πεπότητο.
θεὸς δ' ἀνεπήλατο λέκτρων,
φρικτὸν ἔχων ἔτι δοῦπον ἀπειλητῆρος ὀνείρου . . .
Καὶ θρασὺς ἄνθορε Βότρυς, ἑὸν δ' ἔνδυνε χιτῶνα
Σιδονίης ἀκτῖνας ἀκοντίζοντα θαλάσσης,
καὶ χρυσέῳ συνέεργεν ἀρηρότα ταρσὰ πεδίλῳ·
ὤμοις δ' ἀκαμάτοις διμερῆ κληῖδα φυλάσσων
φαιδρὸν ἀλιχλαίνων περονήσατο φᾶρος ἀνάκτων,
πατρῴην λαγόνεσσι βαλὼν ὑψήνορα μίτρην,

---

[a] One of the Pleiades, mother of Hermes.
[b] See on iv. 338. Here Nonnos follows the account which makes Artemis herself kill Orion.

proud Maia [a] among the stars. You are not like a son of Zeus. You did not slay with an arrow threatening Otos and hightowering Ephialtes, no winged shaft of yours destroyed Tityos, you did not kill that unhappy lover bold Orion,[b] nor Hera's guardian Argos, the cowkeeper, a son of the earth so fertile in evil, the spy on Zeus in his weddings with horned cattle! No, you weave your web of merriment with Staphylos and Botrys, inglorious, unarmed, singing songs over the wine; you degrade the earthy generation of Satyrs, since they also have touched the bloodless Bacchanal dance and drowned all warlike hopes in their cups. There may be banquet after battle, there may be dancing after the Indian War in the palace of Staphylos; viols may let their voice be heard again after victory in the field. But without hard work it is not possible to dwell in the inaccessible heavens. The road to the Blessed is not easy; noble deeds give the only path to the firmament of heaven by God's decree.[c] You too then, endure hardship of every kind. Hera for all her rancour foretells for you the heavenly court of Zeus."

99 She spoke, and flew away. The god leapt from his bed, with the terrible sound of that threatening dream still in his ears.

101 Bold Botrys also leapt up, and put on his tunic shooting gleams of the Sidonian sea,[d] and slipt his feet into wellfitting golden shoes. He threw over his unwearied shoulders the royal robe of bright purple cloth, pinning it with a brooch; his father's proud girdle was round his loins and the sceptre in

[c] An allusion to Hesiod's famous lines, *Works and Days* 289 ff.

[d] Dyed in sea-purple, made from the shellfish found in those parts (murex).

σκῆπτρον ἔχων. Σάτυροι δὲ διαφοινήεσσαν ἀπήνην
πορδαλίων ἔζευξαν ἐπειγομένῳ Διονύσῳ·
Σειληνοὶ δ' ἀλάλαζον· ἐμυκήσαντο δὲ Βάκχαι
θυρσοφόροι· στρατιαὶ δὲ συνήλυδες εἰς μόθον Ἰνδῶν
στοιχάδες ἐρρώοντο· καὶ ἔβρεμεν αὐλὸς Ἐνυοῦς·
κεκριμένας δὲ φάλαγγας ἐκόσμεον ἡγεμονῆες.
καί τις ὑπὲρ νώτοιο θορὼν ἐπιβήτορι παλμῷ
εἰς δρόμον ἐσσυμένης λοφιὴν ἐπεμάστιεν ἄρκτου
λυσσαλέης· ἕτερος δὲ δασύτριχα γαστέρα νύσσων
ἄγριον ἡνιόχευε καλαύροπι ταῦρον ἀλήτην,
πλευραῖς ἀμφοτέραις κεχαλασμένα ταρσὰ συνάπτων·
ὃς δὲ δασυστέρνων ῥαχίης ἐπέβαινε λεόντων
αὐχενίων πλοκάμων δεδραγμένος ἀντὶ χαλινοῦ.
Καὶ μέγαρον πατρῷον ὁμοῦ καὶ κλῆρον ἐάσας
Βότρυς ἐρευθήεις, τετράζυγον ἅρμα τιταίνων,
σύνδρομος ἡνιόχευε φιλοσταφύλῳ Διονύσῳ,
δμῶας ἔχων κατόπισθε· Μέθη δ' ἅμα μητέρι νύμφῃ
λευκοχίτων ἀνέβαινεν ἐς ἀργυρόκυκλον ἀπήνην,
καὶ ζυγίων Φασίλεια κυβερνήτειρα λεπάδνων
εἰς λόφον ἡμιόνων χρυσέην ἐλέλιζεν ἱμάσθλην·
καὶ Πίθος εὐρυκάρηνος, ὀπίστερον ἅρμα τιταίνων,
ἕσπετο θητεύων καὶ Βότρυι καὶ Διονύσῳ.
οὐ μὲν ἔην ἀγέραστος· ἑλὼν δέ μιν εἰς χθόνα Λυδῶν
Βάκχος ἄναξ ἔστησε μέθης ἐγκύμονι ληνῷ,
δεχνύμενον χυτὸν ὄγκον ἐυρραθάμιγγος ὀπώρης
ἄγγεσιν οἰνοδόκοις, ὅθεν οὔνομα τοῦτο φυλάσσων
πορφυρέῳ κενεῶνι πίθος παρὰ γείτονι ληνῷ
ἵσταται Εὔια δῶρα δεδεγμένος εἰσέτι Βάκχου,
σῆμα Πίθου προτέροιο· καὶ εἰ βροτέην λάχε φωνήν,
τοῖον ἔπος Σατύροισιν ἐρεύγετο κῶμον ἀκούων·
“ Εἰμὶ Πίθος, προτέροιο φερώνυμος, ἄγχι δὲ ληνοῦ

his hand. Satyrs yoked the panthers to the red car at the urgent bidding of Dionysos, Seilenoi uttered the warcry, Bacchant women roared, thyrsus in hand. The hosts gathered and marched line after line to the Indian War: Enyo's pipes resounded, the leaders arranged the battalions in their places. One mounted with an agile leap on the back of a furious bear, whipping the hairy neck as it rushed on its course; another astride on a wild bull gripped his two flanks with hanging feet, and pricked his hairy belly with his crook to guide the wandering course; a third rode on the back of a shaggy lion, and pulled the hair of his mane instead of a bridle.

120 So Botrys quitted his father's palace and estate, clad in his purple, and driving his chariot-and-four by the side of grapeloving Dionysos, with slaves following behind. Methe his mother was in a mule-cart with silver wheels, and beside her was a white-robed maiden Phasyleia, who guided the team, flicking a golden whip over the mules' necks. Pithos the broadhead followed behind in his own car, to serve both Botrys and Dionysos. Nor was he left without reward. Lord Bacchos took him away into Lydia, and there set him over a winepress teeming with the heady liquor, to receive the poured produce of the juicy vintage in vessels fit to hold wine. And so the name Pithos was given to the purple hollow of the vat, which to this day stands close to a winepress to receive the Euian gifts of Bacchos, a memorial of the ancient Pithos. If it had human voice it would bellow such words as these to the Satyrs when it heard the revel:

137 "I am Pithos, named after the old one, and here beside the winepress I receive the sweet juice

δέχνυμαι ἡμερίδων γλυκερὸν ῥόον· Ἀσσυρίου δὲ
λάτρις ἐγὼ Σταφύλου καὶ Βότρυος, ἀμφοτέρους δὲ
νηπιάχους ἔθρεψα γέρων τροφός· εἰσέτι δ' ἄμφω,
οἷα πάλιν ζώοντας, ἐμαῖς λαγόνεσσιν ἀείρω."

Καὶ τὰ μὲν ὣς ἤμελλε μετὰ χρόνον ὀψὲ τελέσσαι
Βάκχος ἄναξ. περόων δὲ Τύρον καὶ Βύβλον ὁδεύων
καὶ ποταμοῦ θυόεντος Ἀδώνιδος εὔγαμον ὕδωρ
καὶ σκόπελον Λιβάνοιο καὶ ἔνδια Κυπρογενείης,
Ἀρραβίης ἐπέβαινε, καὶ εὐόδμων ὑπὸ δένδρων
Νυσιάδος τανύφυλλον ἐθάμβεε δειράδα λόχμης
καὶ πόλιν αἰπύδμητον, ἀκοντοφόρων τροφὸν ἀνδρῶν.

Ἔνθά τις, Ἄρεος αἷμα, μιαιφόνος ᾤκεεν ἀνήρ,
ἤθεσι ῥιγεδανοῖσιν ἔχων μίμημα τοκῆος,
ὀθνείους ἀθέμιστος ἀμεμφέας εἰς μόρον ἕλκων,
αἰνομανὴς Λυκόοργος· ἀποκταμένων δὲ σιδήρῳ
ἔστεφεν ἀνδρομέοισιν ἑοῦ πυλεῶνα καρήνοις
εἴκελος Οἰνομάῳ καὶ ὁμόχροος, οὗ ποτε δειλὴ
πατρὸς ἀνυμφεύτοισι δόμοις ἐφυλάσσετο κούρη
χήρη, γηραλέη, γαμίων ἔτι νῆις Ἐρώτων,
εἰσόκε Ταντaλίδης, ἱππήλατον οἶδμα χαράσσων,
ἄβροχον ἅρμα φέρων τετράζυγον ἐννοσιγαίου
νυμφίδιον δρόμον εἶχεν, ὅτε τροχοειδέι κύκλῳ
Μυρτίλος αἰολόμητις ἐπίκλοπον ἤνυσε νίκην
μιμηλῷ τελέσας ἀπατήλιον ἄξονα κηρῷ,
οἶκτον ἔχων καὶ ἔρωτα γοήμονος Ἱπποδαμείης·
καὶ δρόμος ἦν ἀνόητος· ὑπ' Ἠελίοιο δὲ δίφρῳ
κηροπαγὴς φλογόεντι τύπος θερμαίνετο πυρσῷ,
καὶ τροχὸν ἠκόντιζε λυθεὶς μινυώριος ἄξων.
τοῖος ἔην Λυκόοργος ὁμότροπος· ἀχθοφόρους δὲ

[a] They straddle across the hips, like Indian babies.
[b] See i. 30, xviii. 176. [c] See xi. 271 ff.
[d] Pelops. See x. 261, xi. 271 ff.

of the garden-grapes. I was the servant of Assyrian Staphylos and Botrys; I was the old nurse who cared for them both as children, and I still carry them both upon my hips, as if they were still alive."[a]

142 But this Lord Bacchos was not to do for a long time to come. Now he marched past Tyros and Byblos, and the wedded water of the scented river of Adonis, and the rocks of Libanos where Cyprogeneia loves to linger. He climbed into Arabia, and under the frankincense trees he wondered at the ridge of Nysa with its dense forest, and the city built on the steep, the nurse of spearmen.

149 There lived a bloodthirsty ruffian, the ferocious Lycurgos,[b] a son of Ares and like his father in his own horrid customs. He used to drag innocent strangers to death against all right, and cut off with steel human heads, which he hung over his gateway in festoons. He was like Oinomaos [c] and of the same age. Oinomaos kept his unhappy daughter unmarried in his house, without husband, growing old and yet unacquainted with wedded love, until Tantalides [d] came scoring the highroad of the deep in Earthshaker's fourhorse chariot unwetted. Then came his race for a bride; then cunningminded Myrtilos [e] got him a stolen victory, by making for the wheel a sham axle of wax to deceive—for he was himself in love with sorrowful Hippodameia and pitied her. So the race was useless: under the burning chariot of Helios the waxmoulded model grew warm in the heat, the shortlasting axle melted and shot off the wheel.

166 Lycurgos was one of the same kind. Often

[e] Oinomaos's charioteer, who was bribed by Pelops either with a material reward or the promise of Hippodameia's favours.

πολλάκις ἐν τριόδοισιν ἀλήμονας ἄνδρας ὁδίτας
δήσας εἰς δόμον εἷλκεν, Ἐνυαλίῳ δὲ τοκῆι
δαιτρεύων ἱέρευε· δαιζομένων δὲ μαχαίρῃ
ἄκρα λαβὼν ἐπύκαζε κακοξείνους πυλεῶνας.
ὡς δ᾽ ὅτε δυσμενέων μετὰ φύλοπιν ὀψὲ μολόντος
ἀνδρὸς ἀκοντοφόροιο νέης ἀναθήματα νίκης,
ἀσπίδες ἢ πήληκες, ἐπεκρεμόωντο μελάθρῳ,
οὕτω καὶ φονίοιο παρὰ προπύλαια Λυκούργου
ἄκρα ποδῶν καὶ χεῖρες ἐπῃώρητο θανόντων.
καὶ φόνος ἦν· ξενίου δὲ Διὸς παρὰ γείτονι βωμῷ
ὀθνεῖοι στενάχοντες ἐμιστύλλοντο μαχαίρῃ,
οἷα βόες καὶ μῆλα, περιρραίνοντο δὲ βωμοὶ
σφαζομένων, στικτὴ δὲ κόνις φοινίσσετο λύθρῳ
δώματος ἀμφὶ θύρετρα· βιαζόμενοι δὲ πολῖται
ἀντὶ Διὸς σπεύδοντο θυηπολέειν Λυκοόργῳ.
Οὐδ᾽ ἔλαθες, Διόνυσε, δολορραφέος φθόνον Ἥρης·
ἀλλὰ πάλιν κοτέουσα τεῇ θεόπαιδι γενέθλῃ
ἄγγελον Ἶριν ἔπεμπε δυσάγγελον, ὄφρα σε θέλξῃ
κλεψινόῳ κεράσασα δόλῳ ψευδήμονα πειθώ·
δῶκε δέ οἱ βουπλῆγα θεημάχον, ὄφρα κομίσσῃ
Ἀρραβίης μεδέοντι, Δρυαντιάδῃ Λυκοόργῳ.
Οὐδὲ θεὰ δήθυνεν· ἀμειβομένῳ δὲ προσώπῳ
Ἄρεος ἀντιτύποιο νόθην ἐψεύσατο μορφήν·
καὶ λόφον εὐπήληκα διαιθύσσουσα καρήνου,
δαιδαλέους κροκόεντας ἑοὺς ῥίψασα χιτῶνας,
κερδαλέῳ θώρηκι καλύπτετο, μαῖα κυδοιμοῦ,
αἱμαλέῳ θώρηκι, καὶ ἐγρεκύδοιμον ἀπειλὴν
ἄρσενα κερδαλέῃ βλοσυρῷ πέμπουσα προσώπῳ
γλῶσσαν Ἐνυαλίου τροχαλῇ μιμήσατο φωνῇ·
"Τέκνον, ἀνικήτου σπόρος Ἄρεος, ἦ ῥα καὶ αὐτὸς

ᵃ They were heads in 158.

when he met wandering wayfarers at the crossroads with loads on their backs, he had them bound and dragged to his house, and then sacrificed them to Enyalios his father; they were cut to pieces with knives, and he took their extremities [a] to decorate his inhospitable gates. As a man who returns at last spear in hand from war with his enemies, and hangs up in the hall shields or helmets as trophies of a new victory, so on the blood-stained portals of Lycurgos the feet and hands of dead men were hung. It was massacre: at the neighbouring altar of Zeus, the Strangers' God, groaning strangers were cut piecemeal like so many oxen and sheep, and the altars were drenched in the blood of the slain, the dust was spotted with red gore about the gates of the dwelling. The people under this tyranny made haste to sacrifice to Lycurgos instead of Zeus.

182 But you, Dionysos, did not escape the jealousy of trickstitching Hera. Still resentful of your divine birth, she sent her messenger Iris on an evil errand, mingling treacherous persuasion with craft, to bewitch you and deceive your mind; and she gave her an impious poleaxe, that she might hand it to the king of Arabia, Lycurgos Dryas' son.

188 The goddess made no delay. She assumed a false pretended shape of Ares, and borrowed a face like his. She threw off her embroidered saffron robes, and put on her head a helmet with nodding plume, donned a delusive corselet, as the mother of battle, a corselet stained with blood, and sent forth from her grim countenance, like a man, battlestirring menaces, all delusion. Then with fluent speech she mimicked the voice of Enyalios:

196 "My son, scion of invincible Ares, can it be

Βασσαρίδων τρομέεις ἁπαλόχροα θῆλυν ἀπειλήν;
οὐκ ἀπὸ Θερμώδοντος Ἀμαζόνες εἰσὶ καὶ αὐταί,
οὐκ ἀπὸ Καυκασίοιο μαχήμονές εἰσι γυναῖκες·
οὐ θοὰ τόξα φέρουσι καὶ οὐ δονέουσιν ὀιστούς·
οὐ θρασὺν ἵππον ἔχουσιν Ἀρήιον· οὐδ' ὑπὲρ ὤμων
βάρβαρον ἡμιτέλεστον ἐλαφρίζουσι βοείην.
αἰδέομαι καλέων σε ποτὶ κλόνον, ὅττι γυναῖκες
δῆριν ἀπειλείουσιν ἀδηρίτῳ Λυκοόργῳ.
ἠρεμέεις, Λυκόοργε, κορυσσομένου Διονύσου;
θνητὸς ἀνὴρ πέλει οὗτος ἀώριος, οὐκ ἀπὸ φύτλης
οὐρανίης βλάστησε· Διὸς δέ μιν Ἑλλάδι φήμῃ
ἔμμεναι ἔπλασε μῦθος· ἐγὼ δ' οὐκ οἶδα πιθέσθαι
ἀμφὶ τόκου Κρονίωνος, ὅτι βροτὸν ἄρσενι μηρῷ
υἱέα θῆλυν ἔτικτε πατὴρ ἐμὸς ὑψιμέδων Ζεύς·
μύθοις ψευδαλέοις οὐ πείθομαι, εἰ βροτὸς ἀνὴρ
Ζηνὸς ἐμοῦ τόκον ἔσχεν, ὅθεν βλάστησεν Ἀθήνη·
Ζεὺς ἐμὸς οὐ δεδάηκεν ἀνάλκιδα παῖδα λοχεῦσαι·
Ἄρεα σὸν γενέτην ἔχε μάρτυρον· εἶδες Ἀθήνην
παῖδα Διὸς θήλειαν ἀρειοτέρην Διονύσου.
τέκνον ἐμόν, μεθέπεις ἴδιον σθένος, οὐδὲ χατίζεις
πατρὸς Ἐνυαλίοιο, καὶ εἰ πολέμοισιν ἀνάσσει·
ἔμπης δ', ἢν ἐθέλῃς, θωρήξομαι, οὐδέ σε λείψω
μοῦνον ἐνὶ πτολέμοισι· θεὰ δέ σοι, εἰ χρέος εἴη,
γνωτὴ Ζηνὸς ἄκοιτις ὁμόστολος εἰς μόθον Ἥρη
ἕσπεται υἱωνοῖο προασπίζουσα Λυκούργου" . . .
" . . . στήσω δ' ὑμετέρου θεοδέγμονος ἔνδοθι νηοῦ
θύρσους Βασσαρίδων, νόθα δούρατα· βουκεράων δὲ
Κενταύρων ἀτίνακτα κεράατα μακρὰ δαΐξας
τοξοφόρων Ἀράβων κεραελκέα τόξα τελέσσω,

---

[a] A river in Cappadocia.

that you too fear Bassarids and their tenderskin womanish threats? This is no new troop of Amazons from Thermodon,[a] these are no warrior women of the Caucasos. They carry no swift arrows, they speed no shafts, they have no bold warhorse, nor over their shoulders do they hold the oxhide halfbuckler of the barbarians.[b] I am ashamed to summon you to battle, when women cry havoc against Lycurgos who fears no havoc! Are you quiet, Lycurgos, while Dionysos is arming? He is a mortal abortion, not one sprung from heavenly stock. Son of Zeus—that is a fairy-tale of the Hellenes! I can't believe all that about Cronion's childbearing, how my father Zeus ruling on high brought forth a womanish son from his manly thigh! I believe no lying tales, that my Zeus who bore Athena has brought forth a mortal man! My Zeus never learnt how to give birth to a weakling son. Take the word of Ares your father. You have seen that Athena, the female child of Zeus, is stronger than Bacchos.

216 "My son, you possess your own strength; you need not your father Enyalios even if he is lord of war. Yet I will arm, if you wish, and I will not leave you in war alone; you shall have a goddess, if need be; Hera, sister and wife of Zeus, will go with you into battle to hold a shield before Lycurgos her grandson.[c] . . ."

222 "I will set up in your divine temple the rods of the Bassarids, their bastard spears. I will shear off the long horns unshaken from the oxhorned Centaurs, and make stronghorn bows for Arab archers, as it

[b] The crescent-shaped shield traditionally carried by Amazons.

[c] What follows is part of the answer of Lycurgos; a passage has fallen out of the text.

ὡς θέμις· ἐκταδίην δὲ ταμὼν δολιχόσκιον οὐρὴν
Σειληνῶν λασίην τελέσω πλήξιππον ἱμάσθλην.
ταῦτα μὲν εἰς σὲ φέρω μετὰ φύλοπιν· ἀπτολέμου δὲ
Βάκχου ξανθὰ πέδιλα γυναικείους τε χιτῶνας
πορφυρέους καὶ θῆλυν ἐπ' ἰξύι κυκλάδα μίτρην
γνωτῇ σεῖο δάμαρτι φυλάξομεν ἀφρογενείῃ,
ἄρμενα θήλεα δῶρα· γυναιμανέος δὲ Λυαίου
ἀμφιπόλων στίχα πᾶσαν ἐμοῖς δμώεσσι συνάψω
εἰς εὐνὴν ἀνάεδνον ἀναγκαίων ὑμεναίων,
οἷα δορικτήτοισι πέλει θέμις· οὐτιδανοὺς δὲ
ἡμερίδων ὅρπηκας, ἐτήσια δῶρα Λυαίου,
θερμοτέρῳ σπινθῆρι δεδέξεται Ἀρραβίη φλόξ.
καὶ βριαρὴ θεράπαινα χοροπλεκέος Διονύσου
Βασσαρὶς ἀλλοίην ἐχέτω καὶ ἀήθεα τέχνην
δώματα ναιετάουσα μετ' οὔρεα, δαιδαλέην δὲ
νεβρίδα καλλείψασα δέμας κρύψειε χιτῶνι,
καρπὸν ἀλετρεύουσα μύλης τροχοειδέι πέτρῳ·
καὶ στεφάνους ῥίψασα, καὶ ἣν καλέουσιν ὀπώρην,
ξυνὰ διδασκέσθω μελεδήματα δίζυγι θεσμῷ,
δμωὶς ἀναγκαίῃ καὶ Παλλάδι καὶ Κυθερείῃ
ἠματίοις ταλάροισι καὶ ἐννυχίοις ὑμεναίοις,
κερκίδα κουφίζουσα καὶ οὐκέτι κύμβαλα Ῥείης.
Σειληνοὶ δὲ γέροντες ἐμῆς παρὰ δαῖτα τραπέζης
Εὔιον ἀείσωσι, καὶ ἠθάδος ἀντὶ Λυαίου
κῶμον ἀνακρούσωσι καὶ Ἄρει καὶ Λυκοόργῳ."
"Ὣς φαμένου μείδησε θεὰ χρυσόπτερος Ἶρις,
ψευδαλέην ἴρηκος ἐρετμώσασα πορείην.
Καί μιν ἰδὼν Λυκόοργος ἑὴν μαντεύσατο νίκην,

a Aphrodite, his paramour, daughter of Zeus and Dione

ought to be. I will cut off the long stretching tail from the Seilenoi, and make a hairy whip to beat horses. All these I will bring for you after the battle. But the yellow shoes of unwarlike Bacchos, and his woman's dress of purple, and the woman's girdle that goes round his loins, these I will keep for your sister-consort the seafoamborn,[a] proper gifts for a woman. All the troop of attendants about womanmad Lyaios I will mate with my slaves in forced wedlock, without asking a brideprice, as it ought to be with captives of the spear. Those worthless plants of the gardenvine, the gentle gifts of Lyaios, fires of Araby shall receive with its hottest sparks!

238 "Let the sturdy Bassarid, who served Dionysos in the mazes of the dance, learn a new and unfamiliar art: leaving the hills for a house, dropping the dappled fawnskin and covering her body with a shift, grinding corn with a round millstone. Let her throw off her garlands and the fruitage as they call it; let her learn to combine two common services, as bond-slave both to Pallas [b] and Cythereia, with workbasket by day and the bed by night, handling the shuttle instead of Rheia's cymbals. Let the old Seilenoi sing Euoi beside my festal board, and instead of their usual Lyaios let them strike up a revel for Ares and Lycurgos."

251 So he spoke, and goldenwing Iris divine smiled to hear; then went her way, paddling in the false shape of a falcon.

253 Lycurgos took this vision as an omen of his

according to one story, born from seafoam according to another: Nonnos accepts both.

[b] As patron of women's work.

γινώσκων ταχὺν ὄρνιν, ὅτι πτερὰ φοίνα πάλλων
ἀδρανέας δεδάηκε πελειάδας εἰς φόβον ἕλκειν·
εἶδε γάρ, εἶδεν ὄνειρον ὁμοίιον, ὡς παρὰ λόχμῃ
χαιτήεις κεκόρυστο λέων λυσσώδεϊ λαιμῷ
καὶ βαλίων ἐλάφων κεραὴν ἐδίωκε γενέθλην.
τοῖον ὄναρ νοέων ἐκορύσσετο θυιάσι Βάκχαις,
Βασσαρίδας κεμάδεσσιν ἀπειρομόθοισιν ἐίσκων,
καὶ πλέον ἔλλαβε θάρσος. ἀναΐξασα δὲ δαίμων
νεύμασιν Ἡραίοισι προάγγελος ἦλθε Λυαίῳ,
ταρσὰ ποδῶν πτερόεντι περισφίγξασα πεδίλῳ,
ῥάβδον ἐλαφρίζουσα, καὶ ὡς Διὸς ἄγγελος Ἑρμῆς
Βάκχῳ χαλκοχίτωνι δολοπλόκον ἴαχε φωνήν·
"Γνωτέ, περισσονόοιο Διὸς τέκος, ἔκτοθι χάρμης
ὄργια σεῖο κόμιζε φιλοξείνῳ Λυκοόργῳ.
λεῖπε μόθον, μὴ κτεῖνε φίλους, μὴ φεῦγε γαλήνην,
ἵλαθι μειλιχίοισι· τίς ἤπιον ἄνδρα δαμάσσει;
μηδὲ τεοῖς ἱκέτῃσιν ἀναστήσειας Ἐνυώ·
μὴ τεὸν ἀστερόεντι δέμας θώρηκι καλύψῃς·
μὴ κεφαλὴν σφίγξειας ἀερσιλόφῳ τρυφαλείῃ·
μὴ τρίχα μιτρώσειας ἐχιδνήεντι κορύμβῳ·
ἀλλὰ λιπὼν σέο θύρσα μιαιφόνα, καὶ κέρας οἴνου
ἔμπλεον ἡδυπότοιο καὶ ἠθάδα ῥάβδον ἀείρων,
Εὔια δῶρα τίταινε φιλοσταφύλῳ Λυκοόργῳ·
ἄρτι δέμας κόσμησον ἀναιμάκτῳ σέο πέπλῳ,
ἄρτι μέλος πλέξωμεν ἀθωρήκτοιο χορείης,
καὶ στρατὸς ἠρεμέων μενέτω παρὰ δάσκιον ὕλην,
μὴ μόθον ἐντύνειε γαληναίῳ βασιλῆι·
ἀλλά, βαλὼν πλοκάμοισι φίλοι στέφος, ἔρχεο χαίρων
εἰς δόμον ἀκλήιστον ἑτοιμοτάτου Λυκοόργου,
ἔρχεο κωμάζων ἅτε νυμφίος· Ἰνδοφόνους δὲ
θύρσους σεῖο φύλαξον ἀπειθέι Δηριαδῆι.

victory; for he recognized that the swift bird beating murderous wings knew how to scare away the feeble doves. For he had seen, he had seen another such dream, how a maned lion in the woods with ravening throat all ready gave chase to the horned generation of swift deer. With this dream in his mind he made ready against the frenzied Bacchants, thinking the Bassarids to be like prickets unacquainted with battle, and felt greater boldness than before. And Iris, by Hera's command, put the winged shoe on her feet, and holding a rod like Hermes the messenger of Zeus, flew up to warn Lyaios of what was coming. To Bacchos in corselet of bronze she spoke deceitful words:

266 "Brother, son of Zeus Allwise, put war aside, and celebrate your rites with Lycurgos, a willing host. Let battle be, slay not your friends, do not refuse peace! Be gracious to the gentle; who will vanquish a humble man? Do not stir up strife against those who ask you for mercy. Do not cover your body with a starspangled corselet; do not enclose your head in a crestlifting helmet; do not entwine your hair with a garland of serpents. Leave your bloodstained rods behind; take your familiar staff and a horn full of your delicious wine, and offer Euian gifts to Lycurgos who loves the grape! Now dress your body in your unblooded tunic, now let us make melody for a dance without corselet, and let your army remain quiet near the shady wood that it may not offer battle to a peaceful king. No, put on your head the garland that you love; go in joy to the open house of Lycurgos ready to welcome, go in revel like a bridegroom, and keep your Indian-slaying rods for disobedient Deriades. You know

οὐ μὲν ἄναξ Λυκόοργος ἀνάλκιδα θυμὸν ἀέξει·
ἔστι γὰρ Ἄρεος αἷμα Διιπετές, ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
πατρὸς Ἐνυαλίοιο φέρων ἐμφύλιον ἀλκὴν
οὐδὲ τεοῦ Κρονίωνος ὑποπτήξειεν Ἐνυώ."
Ὣς φαμένη παρέπεισε, μεταχρονίῳ δὲ πεδίλῳ
αἰθέρος ἔνδον ἵκανε. δολοφροσύνῃ δὲ θεαίνης
ἐγρεμόθους Διόνυσος ἑοὺς ἀπεσείσατο θύρσους
καὶ κυνέην λοφόεσσαν ἑῶν ἀνέλυσε κομάων
καὶ σάκος ἀστερόνωτον ἐθήκατο· χειρὶ δὲ γυμνῇ
πορφυρέης ἤειρε βεβυσμένον ἄγγος ἐέρσης,
ὀξὺ κέρας καὶ βότρυν ἀπειθέα· μηκεδανὴν δὲ
ἄπλοκον ἀμπελόεντι κόμην ἐστέψατο κισσῷ.
καὶ στρατιὴν εὔοπλον ἐγερσιμόθους τε γυναῖκας
ἐγγύθι Καρμήλοιο λιπὼν καὶ δίφρα λεόντων
ἀβροχίτων ἀσίδηρος ἐκώμασε πεζὸς ὁδίτης·
καὶ μέλος εὐφροσύνης ἐπιδόρπιον ἴαχε σῦριγξ,
καὶ φίλιον σύριγμα συνωρίδες ἔβρεμον αὐλῶν·
χερσὶ δὲ δινεύουσα φιλεύια ῥόπτρα Λυαίου
Βασσαρὶς ἐσκίρτησε παρὰ προπύλαια Λυκούργου.
Καὶ θρασὺς ὡς ἤκουσεν ἄναξ ἀλάλαγμα χορείης,
αὐλοῦ μελπομένοιο μέλος Βερεκυντίδος ἠχοῦς
καὶ καναχὴν σύριγγος, ἀρασσομένης δὲ καὶ αὐτῆς
μαίνετο παπταίνων διδυμόκτυπα κύκλα βοείης·
καὶ θεὸν ἀμπελόεντα παρὰ προθύροισι δοκεύων,
σαρδόνιον γελόων, φιλοκέρτομον ἴαχε φωνήν,
Βασσαρίδων ἐλατῆρι χέων ἄσπονδον ἀπειλήν·
"Ἡμετέρων ὁράᾳς ἀναθήματα ταῦτα μελάθρων;
καὶ σύ, φίλος, κόσμησον ἐμὸν δόμον ἢ σέο θύρσοις
ἢ ποσὶν ἢ παλάμῃσιν ἢ αἱματόεντι καρήνῳ.
εἰ κεραοῖς Σατύροισι, κερασφόρε Βάκχε, κελεύεις,
ὑμέας ἶσα βόεσσιν ἐμῷ βουπλῆγι δαμάσσω.
τοῦτό σοι ἐξ ἐμέθεν ξεινήιον, ὄφρα τις εἴπῃ,

King Lycurgos has no coward soul. He is the son of Ares with the blood of Zeus in him; in battle he shows the inborn prowess of Enyalios his father, nor would he shrink from combat with your Cronion himself."

289 So she cajoled him, and the shoes carried her high into the air. Dionysos deceived by the goddess threw aside his battlestirring rods, and doffed the plumed helmet from his hair, and laid down his star-spangled shield. In one bare hand he carried a vessel full of the purple juice, his pointed horn with the cheerful grape; he twined his unplaited hair with vine-leaves and ivy. His host under arms and his battlestirring women he left near Mount Carmel with the team of lions, and himself walked on foot to the festival in holiday garb without weapon. The panspipes sounded a cheeryheart melody of banquet, the double pipes whistled a friendly note, the Bassarid waved the Euian tambourines of Lyaios and skipped before the gateway of Lycurgos.

304 The bold king heard the jubilation of the dance, the hoboy's note and the Berecynthian tune and the noise of the panspipes, he saw the round tambourine beaten on both sides, and he was furious. When he beheld the vinegod near his porch, he laughed in scorn, and hurled an implacable threat against the leader of the Bassarids, in mocking words:

311 "Do you see these offerings hung up before my mansion? You too, my friend, give me some decoration for my house, your thyrsus or feet or hands or bloody head. If you have horned Satyrs at your command, horned Bacchos, I will strike you all down with my poleaxe like cattle! There is my hospitable gift for you, that gods and men may tell

ἢ θεὸς ἢ μερόπων τις, ὅτι προπύλαια Λυκούργου
ἡμιτόμοις μελέεσσιν ἐμιτρώθη Διονύσου.
οὐ παρὰ Βοιωτοῖσιν ἀνάσσομεν, οὐ τάδε Θῆβαι,
οὐ Σεμέλης δόμος οὗτος, ὅπῃ νόθα τέκνα γυναῖκες
ἀστεροπῇ τίκτουσι καὶ ὠδίνουσι κεραυνῷ.
σείεις οἴνοπα θύρσον, ἐγὼ βουπλῆγα τινάσσω,
καί σε διατμήξας βοέου κατὰ μέσσα μετώπου
ὑμετέρην ἐπίκυρτον ἀναρρήξαιμι κεραίην."
Ὣς εἰπὼν ἐδίωκε Διωνύσοιο τιθήνας
θεινομένας βουπλῆγι· φιλοσκάρθμων δὲ γυναικῶν
ἡ μὲν ἑῆς παλάμης ἀπεσείσατο κύμβαλα Ῥείης,
ἡ δὲ φιλοκροτάλων ἀπεθήκατο τύμπανα χειρῶν,
ἄλλη βοτρυόεσσαν ἀνηκόντιζεν ὀπώρην,
ἄλλη νεκταρέοισι συνωλίσθησε κυπέλλοις·
πολλαὶ δ' αὐτοκύλιστον ἀπερρίψαντο κονίῃ
ἡδυμελῆ σύριγγα καὶ ἔμπνοον αὐλὸν Ἀθήνης.
ὡς δ' ὅτε τις μετὰ χεῖμα γαληναίῃ παρὰ λόχμῃ
ἀννεφέλου Φαέθοντος ἰδὼν τερψίμβροτον ὥρην[1]
ποιμὴν κῶμον ἔγειρε, συνωρχήσαντο δὲ Νύμφαι·
ἄφνω δ' ἐκ σκοπέλοιο χύθη κυκλούμενον ὕδωρ
κύμασι πυργωθέντος ὀρεσσιχύτου ποταμοῖο·
αὐτὰρ ὁ συρίζων ἀπεσείσατο πηκτίδα χειρῶν
δειμαίνων θρασὺ χεῦμα χαραδραίου ποταμοῖο,
οἰδαλέῳ μὴ μῆλα κατακρύψειε ῥεέθρῳ·
ὣς ὅ γε τερψινόου σκεδάσας ἀλάλαγμα χορείης
εἰς ὄρος ὑψικάρηνον ἀνάμπυκας ἤλασε Βάκχας·
καὶ κλονέων ἀχόρευτος ἀλήμονα θῆλυν Ἐνυώ,
θηγαλέον βουπλῆγα φέρων, κειμήλιον Ἥρης,
χαλκοχίτων Λυκόοργος ἀτευχέι μάρνατο Βάκχῳ·

[1] τερψίμβροτε ποιμὴν MSS., the text from a correction in F.

how the gates of Lycurgos were festooned with the mutilated limbs of Dionysos. I am no Boiotian king, this is not Thebes, this is not Semele's house, where women have labour by thunderclap and bring forth their baseborn children by lightning. You brandish a vinebound thyrsus, I wield a poleaxe ; and I will cleave your oxforehead down the middle, and break off your curved horns ! "

With these words, he beat the nurses of Dionysos with his poleaxe [a] and chased them away ; and the dancing women—one shook Rheia's cymbals from her palm, one put down the tambourine from her rattle-loving hands, another shot away her bunches of grapes, another fell with the cups of nectar ; many threw down melodious panspipes and Athena's breathing hoboy to roll over each other in the dust. As after storm, near the peaceful woods, a shepherd sees the delightful season of cloudless Phaëthon,[b] and wakes a revel while the Nymphs join his dance ; then suddenly the water comes rolling from the rocks and the waves are piled up as the river pours down from the mountains, the whistler throws the pipes out of his hands, fearing the bold flood of the river in torrent lest it overwhelm the sheep with swollen stream—so Lycurgos scattered the happy jubilant dancers, and drove the Bacchants unchapleted to the high hills ; he pursued them in no dancing fashion, that disbanded army of women ; and in his armour of bronze, carrying the sharp poleaxe, Hera's treasure, he made war upon Bacchos unarmed. Now

[a] A half quotation of *Il.* vi. 135.

[b] The text is confused here ; as there is no clear indication what is right, a reading is chosen which makes sense.

καὶ κέλαδον βρονταῖον ἐπέκτυπε δύσμαχος Ἥρη,
μητρυιὴ βαρύδουπος ἐπιβρίθουσα Λυαίῳ,
καί μιν ἀνεπτοίησε· βαρυζήλου δὲ θεαίνης
ὕψι κορυσσομένης ἐλελίζετο γούνατα Βάκχου·
ἔλπετο γὰρ Κρονίωνα προασπίζειν Λυκοόργου,
αἰθερίου πατάγοιο τύπον βρονταῖον ἀκούων·
ταρβαλέοις δὲ πόδεσσι φυγὼν ἀκίχητος ὁδίτης
γλαυκὸν Ἐρυθραίης ὑπεδύσατο κῦμα θαλάσσης.
Τὸν δὲ Θέτις βυθίη φιλίῳ πήχυνεν ἀγοστῷ,
καί μιν ἔσω δύνοντα πολυφλοίσβοιο μελάθρου
χερσὶ φιλοξείνοισιν Ἄραψ ἠσπάζετο Νηρεύς·
τὸν δὲ παρηγορέων φιλίῳ μειλίξατο μύθῳ·
"Εἰπέ, τί σοι, Διόνυσε, κατηφέες εἰσὶν ὀπωπαί;
οὔ σε χαμαιγενέων Ἀράβων στρατός, οὔ σε διώκων
θνητὸς ἀνὴρ νίκησε, καὶ οὐ βροτέην φύγες αἰχμήν·
ἀλλὰ Διὸς Κρονίδαο κασιγνήτη δάμαρ Ἥρη
οὐρανόθεν κεκόρυστο συναιχμάζουσα Λυκούργῳ,
Ἥρη καὶ μενέχαρμος Ἄρης καὶ χάλκεος αἰθήρ,
τέτρατος ἦν Λυκόοργος ὁ τηλίκος· ὑψιμέδων δὲ
πολλάκι σὸς γενέτης πρόμος αἰθέρος εἴκαθεν Ἥρῃ.
σοὶ πλέον ἔσσεται εὖχος, ὅταν μακάρων τις ἐνίψῃ,
ὅττι Διὸς μεγάλοιο δάμαρ καὶ σύγγονος Ἥρη
χεῖρας ἑὰς θώρηξεν ἀθωρήκτῳ Διονύσῳ."
Τοῖα παρηγορέων Βρομίῳ μυθήσατο Νηρεύς.
καὶ χαροποῖς ῥοθίοισι καλυπτομένου Διονύσου
ἀσχαλόων Λυκόοργος ἐς ὕδατα ῥῆξεν ἰωήν·
"Αἴθε πατήρ με δίδαξε
μετὰ κλόνον ἔργα θαλάσσης,
ὥς κεν ἀεθλεύσαιμι καὶ ἰχθυβόλων ἐς ἀγῶνα

the cruel stepmother bore hard on Lyaios—invincible Hera thundered loud[a] and made him quake; the knees of Bacchos trembled, as the jealous resentful goddess armed herself on high. For he thought Cronion was fighting for Lycurgos, when he heard the thunderclaps rolling in the heavens. He took to his heels in fear and ran too fast for pursuit, until he plunged into the gray water of the Erythraian sea.

354 But Thetis in the deeps embraced him with friendly arm, and Arabian Nereus received him with hospitable hands, when he entered within the loud-resounding hall. Then he comforted him with friendly words, and said:

358 "Tell me, Dionysos, why are your looks despondent? No army of earthborn Arabs has conquered you, no pursuing mortal man, you fled from no human spear; but Hera, sister and consort of Zeus Cronides, has armed herself in heaven and fought on the side of Lycurgos—Hera and stubborn Ares and the brazen sky: Lycurgos the mighty was only a fourth. Often enough your father himself, the lord of heaven ruling on high, had to give way to Hera! You will have all the more to boast of, when one of the Blessed shall say—Hera consort and sister of mighty Zeus took arms herself against Dionysos unarmed!"

369 So speaking, Nereus tried to console Bacchos. And while Dionysos was hiding in the bright waves, Lycurgos indignant shouted aloud to the water—

372 "I wish my father had taught me not war alone, but how to deal with the sea! Then I would take a

[a] Absurd: only Zeus, and occasionally by his permission, Athena ever thunders.

ἀγρεύσας Διόνυσον, ὑποβρυχίων δ' ἀπὸ κόλπων
Λυδὸν ἐμὸν θεράποντα τὸ δεύτερον εἰς χθόνα σύρω.
ἀλλ', ἐπεὶ οὐ μάθον ἔργα θαλασσοπόρων ἁλιήων
καὶ βυθίης οὐκ οἶδα δολορραφέος δόλον ἄγρης,
Λευκοθέης ἔχε δῶμα βαθύρροον, εἰσόκε πόντου
καὶ σὲ καὶ ὃν καλέουσι μεταστήσω Μελικέρτην,
σύγγονον αἷμα φέροντα· καὶ οὐ χρέος ἐστὶ σιδήρου,
οὐ χθονίου βουπλῆγος ἀφειδέος, ἀλλὰ χατίζω
ἰχθυβόλων, ἵνα δύντες Ἐρυθραίης βυθὸν ἅλμης
ἐνδόμυχον Διόνυσον ἀφαρπάξωσι θαλάσσης·
ἰχθυβόλοι, Νηρῆος ἐρευνητῆρες ἐναύλων,
δίκτυα μὴ νεπόδεσσιν ἐφαπλώσητε θαλάσσης,
ἀλλὰ λίνοις Διόνυσον ἐρύσσατε· Λευκοθέη δὲ
εἰς χθόνα νοστήσειε συναγρευθεῖσα Λυαίῳ,
καὶ θρασὺς εἰς ἐμὸν οἶκον ὁμαρτήσειε Παλαίμων
ἀβρέκτοις μελέεσσιν ὑποδρήσσων Λυκοόργῳ,
ὄφρα λιπὼν Ἐφύρειον ἀλιτρεφέων δρόμον ἵππων
δίφρον ἐμὸν ζεύξειεν ἐπιχθονίῃ παρὰ φάτνῃ,
αὐτὸς ὁμοῦ καὶ Βάκχος ὀπάονες· εἷς δόμος ἔστω,
εἷς δόμος ἀμφοτέροισι, Παλαίμονι καὶ Διονύσῳ."
Ὣς εἰπὼν κεχόλωτο, καὶ ἠπείλησε θαλάσσῃ
καὶ πολιῷ Νηρῆι, καὶ ἤθελε πόντον ἱμάσσειν.
Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ ἰάχησεν ἀμαιμακέτῳ Λυκοόργῳ·
" Ἀφραίνεις, Λυκόοργε, μάτην ἀνέμοισιν ἐρίζων·
χάζεο σοῖσι πόδεσσιν, ἕως ὀρόωσιν ὀπωπαί.
ἔκλυες, ὡς τὸ πάροιθεν ὀρεσσιχύτῳ παρὰ πηγῇ
γυμνὴν Τειρεσίας θηήσατο μοῦνον Ἀθήνην,

[a] See x. 122.
[b] See v. 556 ff.
[c] See v. 561.

turn at the fishermen's game, and fish for Dionysos, and drag this Lydian out of the bosom of the deep to land again for my servant! But since I have not learnt the work of seafaring fishers, and know nothing of the tricks of hunting in the deep with a cunning mesh of nets, you may have Leucothea's house in the watery deep,[a] until I can dislodge both you and Melicertes [b] as they call him, another of your kin. I want no steel for that, or this merciless poleaxe which belongs to the land. I want fishermen, to dive into the depth of the Erythraian brine and drag Dionysos from his refuge in the sea.

384 "Ho Fishermen! searchers of the haunts of Nereus! Spread not your nets for the denizens of the deep, but haul out Dionysos in the meshes! Let Leucothea be caught along with Lyaios, and let her come back to the land; let bold Palaimon [c] come with them to my house, let him dry his body and be slave to Lycurgos! Then he may leave the courses of his seabred horses round Ephyreia,[d] and yoke my car beside a terrestrial manger, he and Bacchos grooms together. Let there be one house—one house for both, Palaimon and Dionysos."

394 Thus full of fury he railed at the sea, and hoary Nereus, and wished to flog the deep.[e] But Father Zeus cried aloud to Lycurgos in his raging—

397 "You are mad, Lycurgos, you challenge the winds in vain! [f] Away on your feet, while your eyes can still see! You have heard how a while ago by a trickling spring in the mountains Teiresias only

[d] Corinth. The Isthmian Games on the Isthmus of Corinth were established in honour of Palaimon.

[e] Like Xerxes.

[f] From Callim. *Hymn to Delos* 112.

οὐ δόρυ θοῦρον ἄειρε καὶ οὐ πολέμιζε θεαίνῃ,
ἔμπης μοῦνον ὄπωπε καὶ ὤλεσε φέγγος ὀπωπῆς."
Τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε δι' ἠέρος ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς
δυσσεβίην ὑπέροπλον ὀπιπεύων Λυκοόργου.

---

* The story is from Callim. *Hymns* v. 57 ff.

saw Athena naked—he lifted no furious spear and made no attack on the goddess, he only saw, and yet lost the sight of his eyes." [a]

403 Such was the rebuke of Zeus who rules on high, spoken through the air when he saw the outrageous impiety of Lycurgos.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΕΙΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΠΡΩΤΟΝ

Εἰκοστὸν πρώτιστον ἔχει χόλον ἐννοσιγαίου
καὶ μόθον Ἀμβροσίης ῥηξήνορα καὶ λόχον Ἰνδῶν.

Οὐδὲ Δρυαντιάδης προτέρης ἐπελήσατο χάρμης·
ἀλλὰ λαβὼν βουπλῆγα
τὸ δεύτερον ἔνδοθι λόχμης . . .
ἔθνεα Βασσαρίδων διζήμενος. Ἀμβροσίῃ δὲ
δῶκε μένος καὶ θάρσος ἀρειμανὲς οὐράνιος Ζεύς,
ἣ τότε βακχευθεῖσα κατάσχετος οἴδματι λύσσης
μάρμαρον ἠέρταζε, καταιχμάζουσα Λυκούργου,
καὶ βριαρὴν τρυφάλειαν ἀπεστυφέλιξε κομάων.
αὐτὰρ ὁ θαρσήεις ἐπεμάρνατο μείζονι πέτρῳ
τρηχαλέῳ, καὶ στέρνα βοώπιδος ἤλασε Νύμφης·
οὐδέ μιν ἐπρήνιξε, χόλῳ δ' ἀνενείκατο φωνήν·
"Ἄρες, ἄναξ πολέμοιο,
πάτερ κρατεροῖο Λυκούργου,
αἰδόμενος σκοπίαζε τεὸν γόνον ἀντὶ Λυαίου
οὐτιδανὴν ἀσίδηρον ὀιστεύοντα γυναῖκα.
πόντος ἐμὸν βουπλῆγα βιάζεται· ἐν ῥοθίοις γὰρ
κρύπτετο μὲν Διόνυσος, ἐγὼ δ' ἄπρηκτος ὀδεύων
ἵξομαι εἰς ἐμὸν ἄστυ, πόνον δ' ἀτέλεστον ἀνύσω."
Ἔννεπεν· Ἀμβροσίην δὲ μέσην γυιαλκέι δεσμῷ
χειρὶ λαβὼν ἐπίεζε· καὶ ἤθελε δεσμὰ καθάψαι,
οἷα δορικτήτην μετανάστιον εἰς δόμον ἕλκων,

BOOK XXI

The twenty-first contains Earthshaker's wrath, and the man-breaking battle of Ambrosia, and the Indian ambush.

Nor did Dryas' son forget the first combat. He seized the poleaxe, and a second time went in search of the troops of Bassarids in the forest. But heavenly Zeus gave courage and warlike boldness to Ambrosia, and then possessed of a wave of wild madness she raised a stone and hurled it at Lycurgos, knocking off the ponderous helmet from his locks. But he boldly attacked with a larger stone all jagged, and drove at the chest of the soft-eyed nymph. He did not overthrow her however, and he cried out in rage—

11 "Ares, lord of war, father of strong Lycurgos! Can you see without shame your son attacking a weak unarmed woman, instead of Lyaios? The sea is too strong for my poleaxe, for Dionysos was hidden in the waves; I have had my journey in vain, and I will return to my own city, and leave my task unfinished."

17 He spoke, and seizing Ambrosia round the waist he held her fast in his limb-compressing hands; he wished to throw her into bonds and to drag her to his

παιδοκόμον Βρομίοιο φέρων θιασώδεα Νύμφην,
ἀμφιτόμῳ βουπλῆγι μετάφρενα δούλια νύσσων.
οὐδέ μιν ἱσταμένην ἀνεσείρασεν, οὐδέ ἑ λύθρῳ
ἀρτιχύτῳ φοίνιξεν ἀρασσομένοιο καρήνου·
ἀλλὰ φύγε θρασὺν ἄνδρα καὶ εὔξατο μητέρι Γαίῃ
Ἀμβροσίη κροκόπεπλος, ὅπως Λυκόοργον ἀλύξῃ.
Γαῖα δὲ καρποτόκεια πετασσαμένη κενεῶνα
ἀμφίπολον Βρομίοιο φιλήτορι δέξατο κόλπῳ
Ἀμβροσίην ζώουσαν· ἀιστωθεῖσα δὲ Νύμφη
εἰς φυτὸν εἶδος ἄμειψε καὶ ἀμπελόεις πέλεν ὅρπηξ·
σειρὴν δ' αὐτοέλικτον ἐπιπλέξασα Λυκούργου
ἀγχονίῳ σφήκωσεν ὁμόζυγον αὐχένα δεσμῷ,
μαρναμένη μετὰ θύρσον ἀπειλητῆρι κορύμβῳ.
Καὶ φυτὸν αὐδῆεν ζαμενὴς ποιήσατο Ῥείη
ἡμερίδων βασιλῆι χαριζομένη Διονύσῳ·
Ἀμβροσίη δ' ὀλόλυξε καὶ ἔμπνοον ἴαχε φωνήν·
"Οὐδέ, φυτόν περ ἐοῦσα, τεὴν ποτε δῆριν ἀλύξω,
σὸν δέμας οὐτήσω καὶ ἐν ἔρνεσιν, ἀντὶ δὲ σειρῆς
χαλκείης ἀλύτοις σε περισφίγξαιμι πετήλοις·
εἰς σὲ καὶ ἀμπελόεσσα κορύσσομαι, ὄφρα τις εἴπῃ·
'Βασσαρίδες κτείνουσι καὶ ἐν πετάλοισι φονῆας.'
φυταλιὰς πεφύλαξο μαχήμονας· ἀντιβίους γὰρ
ἡμερίδες βάλλουσι καὶ αἰχμάζουσιν ὀπῶραι.
σοὶ μαχόμην ζώουσα καὶ ὀλλυμένη σε δαμάσσω·
οὕτω ἀριστεύουσι Διωνύσοιο τιθῆναι.
ἔκλυες εἰναλίην ἐχενηίδα, πῶς ἐνὶ πόντῳ
ἰχθὺς βαιὸς ἄναλκις ἐπέχραε πολλάκι ναύταις

---

[a] Plainly modelled on the story of Daphne, for which *cf.* on ii. 108.

house like a captive foreigner, to drive off a nymph from the company of Bromios's nurses, pricking her slave's back with the doubleheaded poleaxe. But she stood, and he could not drag her away, nor could he smash her skull in a mess of blood. Saffronrobe Ambrosia fled the bold man and prayed to Mother Earth to save her from Lycurgos. And the Earth, mother of all fruits, opened a gulf, and received Ambrosia the nurse of Bromios alive in a loving embrace.[a] The nymph disappeared and changed her shape to a plant—she became a vine-shoot, which of itself coiled its winding cord round the neck of Lycurgos and throttled him with a tight noose, battling now with threatening clusters as once with the thyrsus.

33 Rheia indignant gave a voice to the plant, that she might show her favour to Dionysos king of gardenvines ; so Ambrosia uttered a breathing voice and shrilled high and loud :

36 " Never will I cease to fight with you, plant though I am ! Even as one of the world of plants I will wound you ! I have no brazen chain, but I will choke you with inextricable leaves ! I will attack you although a vine, that people may say—'Bassarids kill murderers, even when they are part of the world of leaves ! ' You have to fear even vegetable warriors, for vines can shoot their enemies, and grapes can stab them ! I fought you alive, and dead I will vanquish you. See how the nurses of Dionysos play the heroes ! Have you heard of the seafish called holdtheship,[b] how in the sea a little weak

[b] The "sucking fish," Arist. *Hist. An.* ii. 14. 4, Latin *remora*. Oppian, *Halieutica* i. 212, says it is like an eel, a cubit long, and able to stop any ship, which is false.

ἂψ ἀνασειράζων, ὀλίγῳ δ' ὑπὸ χάσματι λαιμοῦ
μηκεδανὴν ἀνέκοψε κατάσχετον ὁλκάδα δεσμῷ;
δέξο με χερσαίην ἐχετλίδα, δέξο πετήλων
αὐτοπέδην ἀσίδηρον ἐρισταφύλοιο κυδοιμοῦ.
μίμνε μοι, αὐτόθι μίμνε δεδεγμένος υἷα Θυώνης,
εἰσόκε νοστήσειε θαλασσαίων ἀπὸ κόλπων."
Τοῖα μὲν ἀμπελόεσσα κορυμβοφόρῳ φάτο φωνῇ
Ἀμβροσίη τανύφυλλος, ἀρασσομένοιο Λυκούργου·
καὶ χλοεροῖς δεσμοῖσι κατάσχετος ἄγριος ἀνὴρ
ἀρραγέων ἀτίνακτος ἀλυκτοπέδῃσι πετήλων
ἀμφιπαγὴς ἀλάλαζεν ἀπειλείων Διονύσῳ·
οὐδὲ φυγεῖν σθένος εἶχε, μάτην δ' ἐτίνασσεν ἀνάγκῃ
οὐτιδαναῖς ἑλίκεσσι περίπλοκον ἀνθερεῶνα·
οὐδὲ δι' ἀσφαράγοιο μέσῃ πορθμεύετο φωνὴ
θλιβομένου στεφανηδόν· ἐκυκλώσαντο δὲ Βάκχαι
αὐχένα μιτρωθέντα μέσον πνικτῆρι κορύμβῳ.
καὶ πέλεκυν δασπλῆτα δορυσσόος ἥρπασεν Ἄρης
παιδὸς ἑοῦ· Βρομίην γὰρ ἐδείδιε λυσσάδα Βάκχην,
μὴ φονίῳ βουπλῆγι δέμας πλήξειε Λυκούργου·
οὐδὲ Δρυαντιάδην χλοερῶν ἀπελύσατο δεσμῶν,
καὶ μάλα περ ποθέων, στεροπῇ δ' ὑπόειξε τοκῆος
δοῦπον ἀπειλητῆρα Διὸς βρονταῖον ἀκούων.
καὶ δολιχὴν προθέλυμνον ἐπιπροχυθεῖσα καρήνῳ
ἀνδρὸς ἀμαιμακέτοιο κόμην ὤλοψε Πολυξώ·
γαστέρι δ' ἀντιβίου μανιώδεα χεῖρα βαλοῦσα,
ἀπτομένη θώρηκος, ἀνέσπασεν ἅρπαγι παλμῷ,
χωομένη δ' ἔρρηξε—μαχήμονες, εἴπατε, Μοῦσαι,

---

* These names are mostly invented, but some are known elsewhere in legend. Ambrosia, Phasyleia and Polyxo are

creature has often attacked a crew, pulls back their vessels, and with a small gaping mouth holds up a long freightship firm and fast? Here I am, your holdtheship on land! Here are my leaves, with a selfacting fetter not made of steel, for the battle of the valiant vine! Stand, I say, stand and wait for the son of Thyone, when he shall return from the bosom of the sea!"

53 So cried Ambrosia out of the vine with her grapy voice, whipping Lycurgos with her long foliage; and the wild man caught in the fresh green bonds, immovable, smothered all round in the galling fetters of leaves which he could not tear, roared defiance against Dionysos. He had no strength to escape; in vain he shook his throat wound about with the tiny tendrils in strong constraint. His voice could find no ferry through the gullet throttled with wreathing growths. The Bacchant women thronged round him, his neck confined in the middle of the stifling clusters.

63 Spearmaster Ares caught up his son's frightful axe; for he feared that the mad Bacchants might strike the body of Lycurgos with that bloody poleaxe; but he did not release Dryas' son from the leafy bonds, much as he desired to do it—he gave way on hearing the threatening sound of Zeus's thunder, and at the flash of his father's lightning.

69 Polyxo [a] threw herself upon the head of the raving man, and tore out long locks of hair by the roots. She laid a furious hand on the belly of her foe, seized the corselet, wrenched it off with predatory force, burst it in her rage—declare, O warrior

names of Hyades, Hyginus, *Fab.* 192. 2. Gigarto is Grapeseed-woman; Eriphe, kid.

οἷον ἔην τότε θαῦμα δαϊζομένοιο χιτῶνος[1]
θηλυτέροις ὀνύχεσσι, σιδηρείου περ ἐόντος—·
καὶ ταναοῖς πλέξασα λύγοις ἑλικώδεα σειρὴν
Κλείτη λυσιέθειρα καὶ ἀμπελόεσσα Γιγαρτὼ
εὐπετάλῳ μάστιγι δέμας φοίνιξε Λυκούργου
αἱμαλέῃ σμώδιγγι χαρασσομένων ἐπὶ νώτων·
Φλειὼ δ' εὐρυτέρῃσι κατέγραφε ταρσὸν ἀκάνθαις
αἰνομανής· Ἐρίφη δὲ συνέμπορος Εἰραφιώτῃ
δραξαμένη μέσσοιο δασύτριχος ἀνθερεῶνος
ἄνδρα βαλεῖν μενέαινεν ἐπὶ χθονί· μαρναμένη δὲ
Βακχείης Φασύλεια κυβερνήτειρα χορείης
δυσμενέος κενεῶνα κατέγραφεν ὀξέι κέντρῳ·
καὶ Θεόπη κεκόρυστο, τιθηνήτειρα Λυαίου,
ῥινοτόρῳ νάρθηκι· δέμας δ' ἤρασσε Λυκούργου
καὶ Βρομίη Βρομίοιο φερώνυμος· αἷς ἅμα Νύμφη
Κισσηὶς φιλόβοτρυς ἐμάστιεν ἀνέρα κισσῷ.
Καὶ πολέμῳ δρυόεντι βιαζομένου Λυκοόργου
πῆμα φάνη πάλιν ἄλλο κακώτερον· Ἀρραβίῃ γὰρ
πόντιον ἐννοσίγαιον ὀρεστιὰς ὥπλισε Ῥείη,
σχιζομένων καναχηδὸν ἀκοντιστῆρα θεμέθλων·
καὶ δαπέδου βαθύκολπον ἀπεστυφέλιξεν ὀχῆα
αἰχμάζων τριόδοντι θαλασσομέδων ἐνοσίχθων,
ἐνδομύχοις ἀνέμοισιν ἱμασσομένων κενεώνων,
γειοπόνοις ἀνέμοισιν, ἐπεὶ νωμήτορι παλμῷ
χάσματα κοιλαίνουσι σεσηρότα φωλάδες αὖραι·
Ἀρραβίης δ' ἀτίνακτος ἐσείετο κόλπος ἀρούρης,
ἀγχινεφῆ δὲ μέλαθρα τινάκτορι λύετο παλμῷ·
καὶ δρύες εἰς χθόνα πῖπτον, ἀρασσόμενος δὲ τριαίνῃ
Νύσιος ἀμφιέλικτος Ἄραψ ὠρχήσατο πυθμήν·

[1] Koechly has interchanged the second halves of these two lines, as given in the MSS.

Muses! what a wonder that a woman's nails should tear apart this gear, made of steel though it was! —Cleite with hair flowing free had plaited a twining rope of withies, and Gigarto of the vines, with the whip of twigs, scored the body of Lycurgos with red bleeding weals over the torn shoulders. Phleio scratched the sole of his foot with bunches of thorns, maddened dreadfully. Eriphe the companion of Eiraphiotes clutched at the man's hairy throat, with a mind to throw him back on the ground. Phasyleia the leader of the Bacchanal dance, fought and scratched the enemy's flank with a sharp spike. Theope Lyaios's nurse armed herself with a skin-tearing fennel. Bromië, who bore the name of Bromios, also beat the body of Lycurgos; and with them Cisseïs, that grapeloving nymph, flogged the man with ivy.

90 So Lycurgos was tormented by the warring plants; but now a trouble appeared worse than any. For Rheia of the mountains armed against Arabia the seagod, Earthshaker who splits the foundations of the earth with a crash, and hurls them about. Then Earthshaker the ruler of the sea struck with his trident, and knocked away the great bar which held up the wide floor of the land, while the caverns of the earth were beaten by internal winds, subterranean winds,[a] for blasts in the hidden parts hollow out grinning chasms with moving shock. The unshakable soil of Arabia quaked, cloudcapt palaces were dissolved by the shattering shock; trees fell to the earth, and the firm ground about Arabian Nysa struck by the trident shook and danced. The elm lay on the

[a] The usual cause of earthquakes, according to ancient theorists.

καὶ πτελέη χθονὶ κεῖτο, κόμην δ' ἐκονίσσατο δάφνη,
καὶ πίτυς αὐτόρριζος ἐκέκλιτο γείτονι πεύκῃ.
Ὄφρα μὲν ἐννοσίγαιος, ὑπὸ χθόνα λάβρος ἀήτης,
νερτερίων κευθμῶνα μετερρίζωσεν ἐναύλων,
τόφρα πέλεν κακὸν ἄλλο νεώτερον· ὑλονόμοι γὰρ
θεινόμεναι μάστιγι δρακοντοκόμοιο Μεγαίρης
Νυσιάδες ταυρηδὸν ἐμυκήσαντο γυναῖκες,
σφωιτέρων τεκέων δηλήμονες· ἐσσυμένη δὲ
ἡ μὲν ἀνηκόντιζεν ἐς ἠέρα κοῦρον ἀλήτην
ἠερόθεν προκάρηνον ὀλισθήσαντα κονίῃ,
ἡ δὲ φίλον βρέφος εἷλκε, καὶ οὐκ ἐμνήσατο μαζοῦ·
ἄλλη παιδοφόνῳ παλάμην φοίνιξε σιδήρῳ
υἱέα δαιτρεύσασα, καὶ ἔπλετο μαινὰς Ἀγαύη.[a]
καὶ σφετέροις τεκέεσσιν ἐπέδραμον, ἀρτιτόκους δὲ
υἱέας, οὓς ἐλόχευσαν, ἐμιστύλλοντο μαχαίρῃ . . .
[1]ἄλλος ὑποπτήσσων μανιώδεα Πανὸς ἱμάσθλην
εἰς ἐνοπὴν ἄγραυλον Ἄραψ βακχεύετο ποιμήν.
Τοῖα μὲν οἰστρήεντι δόλῳ κυμαίνετο βούτης
δαιτρεύων ἑὰ τέκνα, καὶ υἱέας εἰλαπινάζων
παιδοβόροις γενύεσσι· νοοσφαλέων δὲ βοτήρων
ἄτροφον ἀρσενόπαιδα τόκον τυμβεύσατο γαστὴρ . . .[2]
Νυμφάων παλάμῃσι πολυγνάμπτοις δὲ πετήλοις
ἀμφιπαγὴς πεπέδητο, καὶ οὐ γόνυ κάμψε Λυαίῳ,
οὐ Διὶ χεῖρα τίταινεν, ἀλεξήτειραν ἀνάγκης,
οὐ βροντῆς φόβον εἶχεν· ἀπειλήσας δὲ προσώπῳ
χώετο Βασσαρίδεσσιν· ἐπεσσυμένην δὲ καρήνῳ
ἀστεροπὴν ἐνόησε, καὶ οὐχ ὑπόειξε Λυαίῳ.
βάλλετο δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα, πολυσπερέων δὲ βολάων

[1] Marcellus would transpose to follow xvii. 167.
[2] Something has fallen out with the meaning suggested.

[a] Who killed her son Pentheus: see v. 199, x. 6.

ground, the laurel's leaves were in the dust, the pine self-uprooted lay beside the fir.

While Earthshaker with wild subterranean blasts shook the roots of the hollows and caverns below, a new calamity came: the woodranging Nysian women, lashed by the whip of dragonhair Megaira, bellowed like bulls and murdered their children. One would rush forward and throw her boy flying into the air, sliding headlong from the air into the dust. Another dragged her own baby along the ground, and forgot the breast. Another stained her hand with childslaying steel, and carved her son like another mad Agauë.[a] So they rushed on their own children, the newborn sons whom they had brought forth, and cut them piecemeal with the knife.[b] Beside them the Arabian shepherd crouching under Pan's whip ran amok among the animals.

So the oxherd, seething by the god's maddening device, carved up his children, and feasted on his own sons with child-devouring jaws: the belly of delirious drovers was the tomb of their own boys, whom they should have cared for. All the while Lycurgos was beaten by the Nymphs' hands. He was fast bound with many knots of leafage smothering him. Yet he bent not a knee before Lyaios, held not out a hand to Zeus for mercy in his extremity, feared not the thunder, but glared with fury at the Bassarids. He saw the lightning flash against his head, and would not yield to Lyaios. Blows fell on him from all sides, but he stood unmoved

[b] After that a considerable portion is lost, the sense being: "Dionysos cunningly sent insanity among the herdsmen and they too murdered their children."

τοσσατίην ἔστηκε μένων ἀντίξοον ὁρμήν,
Ἄρεα μοῦνον ἔχων χραισμήτορα, μοῦνος ἐρίζων
Ζηνί, Ποσειδάωνι, Ῥέῃ, Χθονί, Νηρέι, Βάκχῳ.
καὶ μογέων ἀχάλινον ἀπερροίβδησεν ἰωήν·
"Ἅψατε πῦρ, φλέξωμεν ὅλον φυτόν,
ἐν πυρὶ κείσθω
Βακχικὰ ταῦτα πέτηλα, καὶ αἰθομένας διὰ πόντου
ἡμερίδας ῥίψωμεν ὑποβρυχίῳ Διονύσῳ,
ἠνορέης Ἀράβων σημήιον· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
δεξαμένη κατὰ κῦμα Θέτις πυρίκαυτον ὀπώρην
τέφρην ἀμπελόεσσαν ἀποσβέσσειε θαλάσσῃ.
λύσατε φάσματα ταῦτα καὶ αἰόλα μάγγανα δεσμῶν·
μάγγανα Νηρεΐδων Ποσιδήια ταῦτα δοκεύω·
λύσατε, καὶ ῥοθίοις με πελάσσατε· μαντιπόλῳ γὰρ
Πρωτέι φαρμακόεντι κορύσσομαι· ἅψατε πεύκην,
ὄφρα μολὼν παρὰ πόντον ἐμῷ ποινήτορι θυμῷ
ξεινοδόκον Βρομίοιο καταφλέξω Μελικέρτην."
Εἶπεν ἀπειλείων καὶ Νηρέι καὶ Διονύσῳ . . .
Ἀρραβίης σχεδὸν ἦλθεν· Ἐνυαλίου δὲ καμόντα
υἱέα δενδρήεντος ἀνεζώγρησε κυδοιμοῦ
Ἄρεος ἆορ ἔχουσα σιδήρεον, ἀμφὶ δὲ Βάκχαις
δαιμονίης γύμνωσε σελασφόρα νῶτα μαχαίρης,
εἰς φόβον αἰθύσσουσα Κυβηλίδα θῆλυν Ἐνυώ·
Ἀμβροσίης δὲ πέτηλα διατμήξασα σιδήρῳ
δεσμοὺς βοτρυόεντας ἀπεσφήκωσε Λυκούργου.
καὶ χθονὸς ἐπρήυνε τινάκτορα κυανοχαίτην
γνωτὸν ἐὸν καὶ Ζῆνα πόσιν καὶ μητέρα Ῥείην,
ῥυσαμένη Λυκόοργον, ὅπως ἐναρίθμιος εἴη
ἀθανάτοις· Ἄραβες δὲ πολυκνίσων ἐπὶ βωμῶν,
ὡς θεόν, υἷα Δρύαντος ἐμειλίξαντο θυηλαῖς,

by all this impetuous onslaught of innumerable blows, facing alone Zeus, Poseidaon, Rheia, Earth, Nereus, Bacchos, with only Ares to help him; and in his pain he shrieked out unbridled defiance:

135 "Make fire, let us burn all this stuff, let all these Bacchic leaves lie in the flames! Let us throw the blazing gardenvines into the sea for Dionysos in the deeps, to show the courage of Arabs! Let Thetis herself catch the scorched fruit in the waves, and quench the burning viny ashes in the sea! Loose these phantasms, this cunning witchery of bonds! I see here witchery of the Nereïds and Poseidon. Loose me and bring me to the sea! I will take arms against this prophet-wizard Proteus. Light a torch, that I may go down to the sea in my avenging wrath, and set fire to Melicertes [a] the entertainer of Bromios!"

147 So he spoke, threatening Nereus and Dionysos.

148 Now Hera [b] came to Arabia, and saved the afflicted son of Enyalios from the leafy battle. She held the iron sword of Ares, and bared the flashing blade of the divine glaive over the Bacchants, scattering in flight the army of Cybelid women. She cut through Ambrosia's leaves with that iron, and untied the bonds of the vine from Lycurgos. She soothed her brother, Seabluehair Earthshaker, and Zeus her husband and Rheia her mother, to save Lycurgos that he might be numbered with the immortals. [c] For the Arabs on heavy-steaming altars propitiated Dryas' son as a god with offerings, pouring to Lycurgos, who

[a] See ix. 85.

[b] A line or more has fallen out, introducing Hera.

[c] Behind this seems to lie the fact that there was a Thracian (not Arabian) god whom the Greeks identified with Lycurgos.

ἀντὶ Διωνύσοιο μελιρραθάμιγγος ὀπώρης
λύθρον ἐπισπένδοντες ἀβακχεύτῳ Λυκοόργῳ.
Καὶ τὰ μὲν ὣς ἤμελλε γέρων χρόνος ὀψὲ τελέσσαι·
Ζεὺς δὲ πατήρ, ἵνα μή τις ἀγηνορέων βροτὸς ἀνὴρ
ἄλλος ἔχων μίμημα δοριθρασέος Λυκοόργου
μῶμον ἀναστήσειεν ἀμωμήτῳ Διονύσῳ,
αἰνομανῆ Λυκόοργον ἐθήκατο τυφλὸν ἀλήτην,
ἄστεος ἀγνώστοιο παλινδίνητον ὁδίτην,
πομπὸν ἀναγκαίης διζήμενον ἀτραπιτοῖο,
πολλάκις αὐτοκέλευθα περιπταίοντα πεδίλοις.
Καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐν σκοπέλοισιν.
Ἐρυθραίῳ δ' ἐνὶ πόντῳ
θυγατέρες Νηρῆος ἔσω βαθυκύμονος αὐλῆς
εἰναλίῃ Διόνυσον ἐμειλίξαντο τραπέζῃ·
καὶ Σεμέλης ῥίψασα Διιπετέος φθόνον εὐνῆς,
οἰνοφύτῳ θρασὺν ὕμνον ἀνακρούουσα Λυαίῳ,
μαῖα Διωνύσοιο μελίζετο, ποντιὰς Ἰνώ·
καὶ Βρομίῳ γλυκὺ νέκταρ ἀπὸ κρητῆρος ἀφύσσων
σύντροφος ἰσοέτηρος ἐῳνοχόει Μελικέρτης.
Ὣς ὁ μὲν αὐτόθι μίμνεν ἔσω βαθυκύμονος αὐλῆς
πόντον ἔχων πλατὺν οἶκον, ὑποβρύχιος μετανάστης·
καὶ Θέτιδος βρυόεντι χυθεὶς ἐπεκέκλιτο κόλπῳ·
Καδμείην δ' ἀκόρητος ἑὴν εὔπαιδα τιθήνην
αὐτοκασιγνήτην προσπτύξατο μητέρος Ἰνώ,
καὶ φιλίῳ πήχυνε Παλαίμονα πολλάκι δεσμῷ
σύντροφον ἰσοέτηρον. ἀδουπήτῳ δὲ πεδίλῳ
οὐκέτι πουλυέλικτον ἀνακρούουσα χορείην,
Βάκχου μὴ παρεόντος, ἀνεπτοίητο Μιμαλλὼν
ἴχνια μαστεύουσα θαλασσοπόροιο Λυαίου·
καὶ Σάτυρος φιλόμοχθος ἔχων ἀγέλαστον ὀπωπὴν
ξείνῳ πένθεϊ κάμνεν, ὀριπλάγκτοισι δὲ χηλαῖς
ἔτρεχον οἰστρήεντες ἀνὰ δρυμὰ Πᾶνες ἀλῆται,

cared nought for Bacchos, libations of blood, instead of the honeydripping vintage of Dionysos.

162 All this Old Time was to accomplish in later days; but now, in order that no other mortal man should be proud like spearbold Lycurgos, and ridicule Dionysos whom none may ridicule, Father Zeus made mad Lycurgos a blind wanderer; to tramp round and round in the city which he no longer knew, to seek some guide for the path where he must tread, or often on lonely travels with stumbling feet.

170 That is what was done on the mountains. But in the Erythraian sea, the daughters of Nereus cherished Dionysos at their table, in their halls deep down under the waves. Mermaid Ino threw off her jealousy of Semele's bed divine, and struck up a brave hymn for winepouring Lyaios. Ino the nurse of Dionysos made music; and Melicertes his foster-brother ladled out nectar from the bowl, and poured the sweet cups for his agemate.

178 So he remained in the hall deep down in the waves, with the broad main for his dwelling, a visitor under the waters, and he lay sprawled among the sea-weed in Thetis's bosom; he embraced never satisfied Cadmos's daughter, Ino his nurse, mother of a noble son, sister of his own mother, and often he held in the loving prison of his arms Palaimon his yearsmate, his foster-brother. The Mimallon with quiet shoe no longer trod the noisy turns of the dance, for Bacchos was not there; she was hunting for tracks of Lyaios now under the sea. The Satyr so full of energy showed a face unsmiling, and languished in sorrow strange to him. The Pans wandered wild through the woods with hillranging hoof, Pans in search of Dionysos,

Πᾶνες, ἐρευνητῆρες ἀκηρύκτου Διονύσου·
Σειληνὸς δ' ἀχόρευτος, ἀκηδέα κύμβαλα ῥίψας,
κεῖτο κατηφιόων· Κρονίη δ' ἐλελίζετο Νύμφη
Μάκρις ἀπενθήτοιο Διωνύσοιο τιθήνη,
Βακχείης ὁμόδιφρος ἐυκνήμιδος ἀπήνης.
ὣς οἱ μὲν δεδόνηντο κατηφέες· ἀχνυμένοις δὲ
Σκέλμις ἀκυμάντοιο λιπὼν κευθμῶνα θαλάσσης
πατρῴην ἀδίαντον ἑὴν ἤλαυνεν ἀπήνην,
νόστον ἐπερχομένοιο προαγγέλλων Διονύσου.
  Ὄφρα μὲν ἄμφεπε Βάκχος
        ἁλίτροφα δεῖπνα τραπέζης,
τόφρα δὲ Καυκασίοιο δι' οὔρεος εἰς πόλιν Ἰνδῶν
οἰνοφύτου Βρομίοιο ποδήνεμος ἵκετο κῆρυξ
ταυροφυής, νόθον εἶδος ἔχων κεραελκέι μορφῇ,
ἀντίτυπον μίμημα Σεληναίῃσι κεραίαις,
αἰγὸς ὀρεσσινόμοιο περὶ χροῒ δέρμα συνάψας,
αὐχενίῃ κληῖδι καθειμένον ἐξ ἑνὸς ὤμου,
δεξιτεροῦ πλευροῖο κατήορον εἰς πτύχα μηροῦ,
ἀμφοτέρης ἑκάτερθε παρηίδος οὔατα σείων,
ὡς ὄνος οὐατόεις, λάσιος δέμας· ἐκ μεσάτης δὲ
ἰξύος αὐτοέλικτος ἐσύρετο σύγγονος οὐρή.
  Ἀμφὶ δέ μιν γελόωντες ἐπέρρεον αἴθοπες Ἰνδοί,
εἰσόκεν ἐγγὺς ἵκανεν, ὅπῃ διδυμόζυγι δίφρῳ
ἕζετο Δηριάδης περιμήκετος, ὄρχαμος ἀνδρῶν,
ἠλιβάτων στατὸν ἴχνος ἀναστέλλων ἐλεφάντων.
καὶ Σατύρῳ γελόων φιλοκέρτομον ἴαχε φωνήν·
  " Οἵους Δηριάδῃ διδυμόχροας ἄνδρας ἰάλλει
ταυροφυὴς Διόνυσος, ἀθύρματα δηιοτῆτος,
ἀλλοφυεῖς, οὐ φῶτας ὅλην βροτοειδέα μορφήν,
θηρῶν εἶδος ἔχοντας, ἐπεὶ διδυμάονι μορφῇ

[a] Otherwise Celmis, one of the Dactyloi, but Nonnos (xiv.

and heard no word of him. Seilenos danced no more, threw away his cymbals unheeded, lay with downcast looks. Cronian Macris the nurse of nevermourning Dionysos trilled her lament, she who used to share the basket of the well-spoked car of Bacchos. So they were all restless and sad. But Scelmis [a] left the caves of the waveless deep, and drove his father's unwetted car, to tell them the tidings in their sorrow that Dionysos was coming back.

200 While Bacchos enjoyed the hospitality of the sea, the windfoot courier of vineplanting Bromios traversed the Caucasos [b] mountains to the Indian city. He had the shape of a bull, a borrowed form bearing horns, the very image of the horns of Selene [c]; the skin of a mountain goat was thrown over his body, and hung over one shoulder from the collar-bone draping his right side down to the fork of the thigh; he shook a pair of long ears like the ears of an ass beside his two cheeks, and he was covered with hair, with a self-wagging tail that grew out from between his loins.

211 The swarthy Indians crowded about him laughing, until he approached the place where huge Deriades, that king of men, sat in his chariot-and-pair. He checked the steps of his towering elephants, and laughing spoke to the Satyr in words of raillery:

216 "What doubleshaped men bullform Dionysos sends to Deriades! what playthings for a soldier! Monsters, not creatures having a wholly human shape! They have the form of beasts! for with a

39) makes him one of the Telchines. His father therefore is Poseidon, *ibid.* 40.

[b] This is the Hindu Kush; when Alexander the Great discovered it, he thought it was the real Caucasus.

[c] See note above, p. 49.

εἰσὶ νόθοι ταῦροί τε καὶ ἀνέρες· ἀμφότερον γὰρ 220
καὶ βοὸς εἶδος ἔχουσι καὶ ἀνδρομέοιο προσώπου." 221
"Εννεπε, καὶ πολέμοιο προάγγελα σήματα φαίνων 227
ἀσπίδα ποικιλόνωτον ἀφειδέι τύψε μαχαίρῃ
μεσσοφανῆ περίκυκλον ἐς ὀμφαλόν· ἐκ δὲ βοείης
χαλκὸς ἀρασσομένης ἐπεβόμβεε λοίγιον ἠχώ. 230
Καὶ βλοσυρῷ βασιλῆι τεθηπότα χείλεα λύσας
ἀγγελίην Βρομίοιο ταχύδρομος ἔννεπε κῆρυξ·
"Δηριάδη, σκηπτοῦχε, θεὸς Διόνυσος ἀνώγει
Ἰνδοὺς δεχνυμένους λαθικηδέος οἶνον ὀπώρης
σπένδειν ἀθανάτοισι, δίχα πτολέμων, δίχα μόχθων· 235
εἰ δέ κε μὴ δέξαιντο, κορύσσεται, εἰσόκε θύρσοις
Βασσαρίδων γόνυ δοῦλον ὑποκλίνειεν Ὑδάσπης.
ἀγγελίης ἤκουσας ἀληθέος· εἰπὲ καὶ αὐτὸς
εἰρομένῳ τινὰ μῦθον, ἵν' ἀγγείλω Διονύσῳ."
῟Ως φαμένου σκηπτοῦχος
ἀνήρυγε λυσσάδα φωνήν· 240
"῏Ω πόποι, οἷον ἔπος
θρασὺς ἔννεπεν ἀνδρόμεος θήρ.
αἰδέομαι κήρυκα μαχήμονι χειρὶ δαμάσσαι,
οὐ δόρυ θοῦρον ἔχοντα καὶ οὐ ψαύοντα βοείης.
ἔκλυον, ὅσσα μόγησε τεὸς πρόμος· ἔκλυε Γάγγης
ἀδρανίην Βρομίοιο καὶ ἠνορέην Λυκοόργου· 245
οἶδα τεὸν βασιλῆα, νόθον θεόν, ὁππότε φεύγων
εἰς βυθὸν ὠλίσθησεν ἀλεξικάκοιο θαλάσσης. 247
καὶ πυρόεις σέο Βάκχος ἀκούεται, ὅττι τεκούσης 222
ἐκ λαγόνων ἀνέτελλε Διοβλήτοιο Θυώνης·
καὶ πυρός ἐστιν ὕδωρ πολὺ φέρτερον· ἢν ἐθελήσῃ,
χεύματι παφλάζοντι πατὴρ ἐμός, Ἰνδὸς Ὑδάσπης, 225
Ζηνὸς ἀποσβέσσειε πυρίπνοον ἄσθμα κεραυνοῦ. 226
ἢν δ' ἐθέλῃς, πόδα κάμψον
ὁμούριον εἰς χθόνα Μήδων· 248

double shape they are bastards, bulls and men at once—they have the bull's body and the man's face."

227 So he spoke, and made the summoning signal for war, by striking a hearty blow with his sword upon the round boss which was seen in the middle of his richly-ornamented shield: the metal struck boomed out a sound of havoc from the oxhide.

231 Then the swiftcoursing herald of Bromios opened his amazed lips, and gave his message to the grim king:

233 "Deriades, sceptred king, the god Dionysos commands the Indians to accept the wine of his care-forgetting vintage, and to pour libations to the immortals, without war, without battle. If they refuse, he takes up arms, until Hydaspes bend a servile knee to the wands of the Bassarids. You have heard a truthful message: now give some answer to my address, which I may deliver to Dionysos."

240 When he had done, the monarch roared in a furious voice:

"Ha, what a word the bold man-beast has spoken! It would be shameful to strike down a herald with violent hand, one who comes without valiant spear and holds no oxhide shield. I have heard the exploits of your chief: Ganges has heard the weakness of Bromios and the manly courage of Lycurgos. I know your king, the bastard god, when he fled and slipt into the deep for refuge from destruction. Yes, your Bacchos is called the fiery, because he rose from flanks of his mother Thyone struck by Zeus; and water is stronger far than fire. My father Indian Hydaspes, if it be his pleasure, could quench the fiery breath of the thunderbolt of Zeus with his bubbling flood.

248 "Turn your foot, if you please, to the marches

κεῖθι μολὼν ἀγόρευε χοροστασίας Διονύσου.
δύεο Βάκτριον οὖδας, ὅπῃ θεὸς ἔπλετο Μίθρης,
Ἀσσύριος Φαέθων ἐνὶ Περσίδι· Δηριάδης γὰρ
οὐ μάθεν οὐρανίων μακάρων χορόν, οὐδὲ γεραίρει
Ἠέλιον καὶ Ζῆνα καὶ εὐφαέων χορὸν ἄστρων.
οὐ Κρόνον, οὐ Κρονίδην ἐδάην ὀλετῆρα τοκῆος,
οὐ Κρόνον ἀγκυλόμητιν, ἑῶν θοινήτορα παίδων,
Αἰθέρος ἀμήσαντα φυτοσπόρον ἑσμὸν Ἐρώτων.
ἀγνώσσω σέο δῶρα καὶ ἣν ὀνόμηνας ὀπώρην·
οὐ δέχομαι ποτὸν ἄλλο μετὰ χρύσειον Ὑδάσπην·
οἶνος ἐμὸς πέλεν ἔγχος, ὁ δ' αὖ πότος ἐστὶ βοείη.
οὐ Σεμέλη με λόχευσε πυριβλήτοις ὑμεναίοις
δεξαμένη θαλάμοις φόνιον φλόγα, χαλκοχίτων δὲ
ἡμέας ἠέξησε μόθων ἀκόρητος Ἐνυώ.
οὐ μακάρων ἀλέγω τεκέων Διός· ἀμφότεροι γὰρ
μοῦνοι ἐμοὶ γεγάασι θεοὶ καὶ Γαῖα καὶ Ὕδωρ.
ταῦτα μολὼν ἀγόρευε φυγοπτολέμῳ Διονύσῳ·
ἔρρε φυγὼν ἀκίχητος, ἕως ἔτι τόξον ἐρύκω,
ἔρρε φυγὼν ἐμὸν ἔγχος· ἐς ὑσμίνην δὲ κορύσσας
ἡμιτελεῖς σέο θῆρας ἀθωρήκτους τε γυναῖκας
Δηριάδῃ πολέμιζε, καὶ Ἰνδῴην μετὰ νίκην
σύνδρομον αὖ ἐρύσω σε δορικτήτῳ Διονύσῳ.
οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ τελέσω σε διάκτορον· οὐ δύνασαι γὰρ
λάτριον ἔργον ἔχειν οἰκοσσόον· ἀλλά σε μακροῖς
οὔασι ῥιπίζοντα παρ' εἰλαπίνῃσιν ἐάσω."
Ὣς εἰπὼν ἀπέπεμψεν ἀπειλείοντι προσώπῳ·
καὶ πίνακος πτυκτοῖο μέσον κενεῶνα χαράξας
τοῖον ἔπος ταχύμυθος ἐπέγραφε δίζυγι δέλτῳ·

---

[a] Perhaps simply "sungod," see Rose in *Rev. hist. rel.* cv. (1932), 98 ; but Cumont thinks otherwise.

[b] Uranos.

[c] Water is not an Indian god.

[d] To a Greek a fan is rather an Oriental invention, *cf.*

of the Median land ; go there and proclaim the dances of Dionysos. Pass into Bactrian soil, where Mithras is a god, the Assyrian Phaëthon [a] of Persia ; for Deriades has learnt no dances of the eternal Blessed, he honours not Helios and Zeus or the company of shining stars. I know nothing of Cronos, or of Cronides who destroyed his father, nor Cronos the master-deceiver, who swallowed his own children, and shore away from Aither [b] the hive of begetting love. I do not acknowledge your gifts, what you call your vintage ; I accept no other drink than golden Hydaspes. My wine is the spear, my potion too the shield ! No Semele brought me forth in firestruck bridal, or received the flames of death in her chamber ; but my breeding came of Enyo in brazen armour, who never has surfeit of battles. I care nothing for the blessed offspring of Zeus ; for me there are only two gods, Earth and Water.[c]

265 " Go and give this answer to battleshy Dionysos. Go untouched, and evil go with you ; go before I draw my bow, go with a curse if you would escape my spear ! Arm for battle your half-and-half beasts and your uncorseleted women, and fight with Deriades ! Then after our Indian victory I will drag you away along with Dionysos, the captive of my spear. But I will not make you my envoy. You cannot do such service in the house for me, but I will allow you to fan me at my table with your long ears." [d]

274 This said, he dismissed him with threatening looks, after quickly scribbling this message within a tablet with two folding sides :

Eur. *Or.* 1426, but both the fan and the sunshade are prerogatives of Indian royalty.

" Εἰ δύνασαι, Διόνυσε, κορύσσεο Δηριαδῆι."
Τοῖα μὲν εἰσαΐων πάλιν ἔδραμεν ἠχέτα κῆρυξ.
Σειληνοὺς δ' ἐκίχησε γεγηθότας· ἐξανιὼν δὲ
ἐκ ῥοθίων Διόνυσος Ὀρειάσι μίγνυτο Νύμφαις·
καὶ Σάτυροι σκίρτησαν, ἐπωρχήσαντο δὲ Βάκχαι,
γηραλέοις δὲ πόδεσσι Μάρων ἡγήσατο μολπῆς
πῆχυν ἐπικλίνων διδυμάονος αὐχένι Βάκχης
μεσσοφανής, εὔοδμον ἀναβλύζων χύσιν οἴνου·
καὶ μέλος ἀκρήδεμνος ἐπεσμαράγησε Μιμαλλών,
ἴχνιον ἀείδουσα παλιννόστου Διονύσου.
Καὶ θεὸς ἀμπελόεις προτέρας ἔρριψε μερίμνας,
τερπωλῆς δ' ἐπέβαινεν, ἐπεὶ μάθεν ἔνδοθι πόντου
πάντα Τορωναίοιο παρὰ Πρωτῆος ἀκούων,
ἀξείνων Ἀράβων ἐνοσίχθονα παλμὸν ἀρούρης,
καὶ σφαλερὸν Λυκόοργον ἑῷ ποδὶ τυφλὸν ἀλήτην·
ἔκλυε καὶ νομίης θανατηφόρον οἶστρον ἀνάγκης,
πῶς χορὸς ἀγρονόμων ἐλελίζετο, πῶς ἐνὶ βήσσαις
σφωιτέρας ὠδῖνας ἐδαιτρεύσαντο γυναῖκες·
ἔκλυε δ' αἰθερίων Ὑάδων χορόν, ἔκλυεν αὐτὴν
Ἀμβροσίην μετὰ γαῖαν ἐπαντέλλουσαν Ὀλύμπῳ,
Ἀμβροσίην ἀκάμαντι κορυσσομένην Λυκοόργῳ,
καὶ μόθον εὐόρπηκα καὶ ἀμπελόεσσαν Ἐνυώ.
Τοῖσι δὲ τερπομένοισι παλίνδρομος ἤιε κῆρυξ,
ἀσκηθὴς πολύευκτος ἀγαλλομένῳ Διονύσῳ,
ἀφροσύνην ἐνέπων ὑψαύχενα Δηριαδῆος,
δίζυγα δέλτον ἔχων ἐγκύμονα δηιοτῆτος.
Οὐ μὲν ἄναξ ἀμέλησεν· ἐς ὑσμίνην δὲ μαχητὰς
θαρσήεις ἐβόησε, προάγγελα Δηριαδῆος
σύμβολα γινώσκων κεχαραγμένα μάρτυρι δέλτῳ.

---

[a] Torone was Proteus's wife, see Lycophron 115-116.
[b] This part is lost, but one of the tales about the Hyades

277 "Take arms against Deriades if you can, Dionysos."

278 Such words as these the loudvoiced herald heard, and departed. He found the Seilenoi in high glee: Dionysos had come up out of the waters and joined the Oread Nymphs. The Satyrs skipt, the Bacchants danced about, Maron with his old legs led the music between two Bacchants, with his arms laid round their necks, and bubbles of fragrant wine at his lips. The Mimallon unveiled trilled a song, how the footstep of Dionysos had come that way again.

287 Then the vinegod threw off his earlier cares, and entered upon rejoicing; for he had heard in the sea the whole story from Torone's lord Proteus,[a] the earthshaking shock in Arabia the inhospitable, and how Lycurgos wandered blind with stumbling feet. He heard also the deathbringing madness of the herdsmen's duress, how the company of countrymen went raging about, how the women in the dells gorged the fruit of their own travail; heard also of the company of Hyades in heaven,[b] heard that Ambrosia had left earth and risen as a star in Olympos, Ambrosia who had attacked undaunted Lycurgos, the battle of the twigs and the war with vines.

299 They were enjoying themselves as the herald came back, safe and sound, and greatly desired by Bacchos rejoicing. He reported the highnecked folly of Deriades, and carried the double tablets pregnant with war.

303 The Lord lost no time. He read the lines engraved on the witnessing tablet, and resolute, he summoned his warriors to the fray. He called the

was that they were Dionysos's nurses, see scholia on Hom. *Il.* v. 486, Hyginus, *Fab.* 192. 3.

καὶ καλέσας Ῥαδαμᾶνας ἀλήμονας, οὓς ποτε γαίης
Κρηταίης ἀέκοντας ἀπὸ χθονὸς ἤλασε Μίνως
Ἀρραβίης ἐπὶ πέζαν, ἐπέφραδε νεύματι Ῥείης
πῆξαι νήια δοῦρα θαλάσσιον εἰς μόθον Ἰνδῶν.
καὶ ταχὺς ἤλασε δίφρον Ἑώιον εἰς κλίμα γαίης
τεύχεσιν ἀστράπτων ἅτε Φωσφόρος·
ἀμφὶ δὲ πέτρην
Καυκασίην λοφόεντα διαστείχων κενεῶνα
Ἠῴης παράμειβε φεραυγέα πέζαν ἀρούρης,
Ἠελίου βαλβῖδα μεσημβρίζουσαν ὁδεύων.
Ὄφρα μὲν εὐθύρσοιο μάχης ἠκούετο φωνὴ
καὶ στρατὸς ἀγχικέλευθος ὀρεσσινόμου Διονύσου,
τόφρα δὲ Δηριάδης πυκινὸν λόχον ἵδρυεν Ἰνδῶν,
γαῖαν ἐς ἀντιπέραιαν ἑὸν στρατὸν ἄζυγα πέμπων,
πᾶσαν ἐπιτρέψας δολομήχανον ἐλπίδα χάρμης
Ἄρεϊ χαλκοχίτωνι· καὶ ἔπλεεν ὑψόθι νηῶν
λαὸν ἐρετμώσας πεπερημένον Ἰνδὸν Ὑδάσπην.
καὶ στρατιαῖς διδύμῃσι μερίζετο φύλοπις Ἰνδῶν
ἀμφοτέρην παρὰ πέζαν ἀκοντοφόρου ποταμοῖο·
Θουρεὺς μὲν Ζεφύροιο παρὰ σφυρά, Δηριάδης δὲ
ἀντιπόρου σχεδὸν ἦλθε παρὰ πτερὸν αἴθοπος Εὔρου.
Ἦν δέ τις αὐτόθι χῶρος εὔσκιος, ὁππόθι πυκνοῖς
ἔρνεσι παντοίοισιν ἐμιτρώθη ῥάχις ὕλης
εὐρυτενής, καὶ κοῖλον ἔην σπέος· ἱπτάμενος δὲ
οὔ ποτε δένδρεα κεῖνα κατέγραφεν ἰὸς ἀλήτης,
εἴ τις ὀιστεύσειε, καὶ οὔ ποτε μεσσόθι θάμνων
ἠέλιος πεφόρητο κατάσσυτος ὀξέι παλμῷ
ἐνδομύχοις ἀκτῖσιν ὁμόπλοκα φύλλα χαράξας,
οὐ χύσις ἠερόφοιτος ἐδύσατο δάσκιον ὕλην
ἐκ Διὸς ὑετίοιο, μόγις δέ οἱ ὕδατος ὁλκῷ
ὑψιφανὴς Διὸς ὄμβρος ἐπέβρεχεν ἄκρα πετήλων.
κεῖθι τανυπρέμνοισιν ἐν ἄλσεσι φώριος Ἄρης

Rhadamans, whom Minos once sent on their wanderings unwilling from the land of Crete to the Arabian soil; and bade them by Rheia's advice to build wooden ships for an attack upon India by sea. Quickly he drove his car to the eastern clime of the earth, gleaming in his armour like the Morning Star, crossed over the rocky crest of Caucasos[a] and through the valleys, and over the lightbringing region of the dawnland he went on towards the midday goal of the sun.[b]

315 When Deriades heard the rumour of battle with the thyrsus, that the army of mountainranging Dionysos was near at hand, he stationed in ambush his Indians in serried ranks, and sent a detached force across the river, resting all hope for the conflict in the craft and skill of bronze-armoured war. He rowed all these men on shipboard across Indian Hydaspes. So the Indian host was divided into two armies, one on each bank of the river bristling with lances. Thureus was on the edge of the West Wind, Deriades opposite by the wing of the burning East Wind.

326 There was on the spot a shady place, where the rocks were surrounded by a wide mass of all kinds of trees and left an empty hollow. No wandering arrow in flight could pierce those trees, if one were shot, and the sun never came down through the midst of those thick branches with sharp thrust, cutting the closewoven leaves with penetrating rays; no deluge of rain from heaven falling through the air passed into those woodland shades, but the showers of Zeus on high scarce wetted the surface of the leaves with their rushing water. There in the spinneys an ambush was hidden among the tall

[a] The Hindu Kush. [b] *i.e.* southwards, *vers le midi.*

ἠλιβάτων χλοεροῖσι φυτῶν κεκάλυπτο κορύμβοις,
ἀπροϊδής, ἀτίνακτος, ἐνὶ δρυόεντι δὲ κόλπῳ
εἶχεν ἀδουπήτων πεφυλαγμένον ἴθμα πεδίλων,
οὐδὲ διαξαίνων κρυφίῳ ποδὶ φυλλάδα λόχμην,
οὐ ποδὸς ὀκλάζοντος ἔχων φόβον, οὐ λάλον ἠχὼ
χείλεϊ βαμβαίνοντι, καὶ οὐ χλόον ἀμφὶ προσώπῳ·
ἀλλὰ νόον θρασὺν εἶχε καὶ ἔμπεδον, ἐν δὲ χαμεύναις
μετρητὸν βλεφάροισιν ἐνόπλιον ὕπνον ἰαύων . . .
δέγμενος ἐρχομένης στρατιῆς εὔρυθμον Ἐνυώ.

trunks covered with green clusters of highgrowing leafage, unexpected, unshaken, and in the bosom of the forest kept noiseless its moving shoes. No hidden foot tore the leafy bushes, none feared a crouching foot, or sounds of words upon a chattering lip, or pallor on the face; but each had a mind bold and firm, and enjoyed his measured sleep on the ground in his armour with eyelids . . .,[a] waiting for the march in step of the enemy at hand.

[a] Here at least one line is lost.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΕΙΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΔΕΥΤΕΡΟΝ

Δεύτερον εἰκοστὸν Βρομίου μόθον ἔργά τε μέλπει,
Αἰακὸς ὅσσα τέλεσσε καὶ ἐν πεδίῳ καὶ Ὑδάσπῃ.

Ἀλλ' ὅτε δὴ πόρον ἶξον ἐυκροκάλου ποταμοῖο
Βάκχου πεζὸς ὅμιλος, ὅπῃ βαθυδίνεϊ κόλπῳ
πλωτὸν ὕδωρ, ἅτε Νεῖλος,
ἐρεύγεται Ἰνδὸς Ὑδάσπης,
δὴ τότε Βασσαρίδων ἐμελίζετο θῆλυς ἀοιδὴ 4
Νυκτελίῳ Φρύγα κῶμον ἀνακρούουσα Λυαίῳ, 6
καὶ λασίων Σατύρων χορὸς ἔβρεμε μύστιδι φωνῇ· 5
γαῖα δὲ πᾶσα γέλασσεν, ἐμυκήσαντο δὲ πέτραι, 7
Νηιάδες δ' ὀλόλυξαν, ὑπὲρ ποταμοῖο δὲ Νύμφαι
σιγαλέοις ἑλικηδὸν ἐμιτρώσαντο ῥεέθροις
καὶ Σικελῆς ἐλίγαινον ὁμόζυγα ῥυθμὸν ἀοιδῆς,
οἷον ἀνεκρούοντο μελιγλώσσων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
ὑμνοπόλοι Σειρῆνες· ὅλη δ' ἐλελίζετο λόχμη,
καὶ μέλος ἐφθέγξαντο σοφαὶ δρύες εἴκελον αὐλῷ,
Ἀδρυάδες δ' ἀλάλαζον, ἐπ' εὐπετάλοιο δὲ Νύμφη
ἡμιφανὴς ᾔειδεν ὑπερκύψασα κορύμβου.
Χιονέῳ δὲ γάλακτι χυτὴ λευκαίνετο πηγή,
ὑδρηλή περ ἐοῦσα, χαραδραίῳ δ' ἐνὶ κόλπῳ

---

[a] Either they sang like Sicilian shepherds, renowned for

BOOK XXII

The twenty-second celebrates the battle and feats of Bromios, all the deeds of Aiacos both on the plain and in the Hydaspes.

When the footforces of Bacchos came to the crossing of the pebbly river, where, like the Nile, Indian Hydaspes pours his navigable water into a deep-eddying hollow, then sounded the womanish song of the Bassarids, making Phrygian festival for Lyaios of the Night, and the hairy company of Satyrs rang out with mystic voice. All the earth laughed, the rocks bellowed, the Naiads sang alleluia, the Nymphs circled in mazes over the silent streams of the river, and sang a melody of Sicilian tune, like the hymns which the minstrel Sirens [a] pour from their honeytongued throats. All the woodlands rang thereat: the trees found skill to make music like the hoboy, the Hadryades cried aloud, the Nymph sang, peeping up halfseen over her leafy cluster.

16 The fountain, though but water, turned white and poured a stream of snowy milk [b]; in the hollow

their singing since Theocritos, and as sweetly as the Sirens, or else they sang like the Sirens, whose island in post-Homeric geography is somewhere near Sicily.

[b] Streams of milk are a stock Dionysiac miracle, *cf.* Eur. *Bacch.* 708.

Νηιάδες λούσαντο γαλαξαίοισι ῥεέθροις,
καὶ γάλα λευκὸν ἔπινον· ἐρευθιόωντι δὲ μαζῷ
οἶνον ἐρευγομένη κραναὴ πορφύρετο πέτρη,
γλεῦκος ἀμοσχεύτοιο διαβλύζουσα κολώνης
ἡδυπότοις λιβάδεσσι· καὶ αὐτοχύτων ἀπὸ κόλπων
λαρὰ μελιρραθάμιγγος ἐλείβετο δῶρα μελίσσης,
σίμβλων οὐ χατέοντα· καὶ ἀρτιτόκων ἀπὸ θάμνων
ἄγχνοον ὀξυέθειρος ἀνέδραμε μῆλον ἀκάνθης·
αὐτομάτου δὲ χυθέντος ἐπ' ἀκρεμόνεσσιν ἐλαίου
ἰκμάσιν ἀθλιβέεσσιν ἐλούετο δένδρον Ἀθήνης.
 Καὶ κύνας ὀρχηστῆρας ἐπηχύνοντο λαγωοί·
μηκεδανοὶ δὲ δράκοντες ἐβακχεύοντο χορείῃ
ἴχνια λιχμώοντες ἐχιδνοκόμου Διονύσου,
αὐχένα δοχμώσαντες, ἀνήρυγε δ' ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
μειλίχιον σύριγμα γεγηθότος αἰθερεῶνος·
τερπομένου δὲ δράκοντος ἔην τότε ῥυθμὸς ἐχέφρων,
καὶ δολιχῆς ἐλέλικτο περίπλοκος ὁλκὸς ἀκάνθης
ποσσὶν ἀδειμάντοισι περισκαίρων Διονύσου·
Ἰνδῴην δ' ἑλικηδὸν ἐπισκαίροντες ἐρίπνην
τίγριδες ἐψιόωντο· πολὺς δέ τις ἔνδοθι λόχμης
ἑσμὸς ἀνεσκίρτησεν ὀρεσσινόμων ἐλεφάντων.
 Καὶ τότε παιπαλόεντα κατ' ἄγκεα Πᾶνες ἀλῆται
δύσβατα λεπταλέῃσι διέτρεχον οὔρεα χηλαῖς
φρικτά, τὰ μὴ θρασὺς ὄρνις
 ἐπέπτατο κοῦφος ὁδίτης . . .
ὑψιπόρων πτερύγων διεμέτρεε δίζυγι παλμῷ.
καὶ δονέων πλοκαμῖδα παρήορον αἰθερεῶνος
σύννομος ἀντεχόρευε λέων βητάρμονι κάπρῳ·
ἀνδρομέης δ' ὄρνιθες ἀνέκλαγον εἰκόνα μολπῆς
μιμηλὴν ἀτέλεστον ὑποκλέπτοντες ἰωήν,
νίκην Ἰνδοφόνοιο προθεσπίζοντες ἀγῶνος,
καὶ χλοεροῖς μελέεσσι παρήορον ὄρθιον οὐρὴν

of the torrent the Naiads bathed in milky streams and drank the white milk. The rough rock spilled out wine from red nipples, and stained itself deep, as the must welled over the unplanted hill in showers sweet to drink; the pleasant gifts of the honey-dropping bee dribbled from holes of themselves without need of hives; from newsprouting bushes of spikyhair thorn sprang up softbloom apples; oil poured of itself on the twigs of Athena's tree, and bathed it in unpressed drops.

28 Hares embraced the dancing dogs; long serpents joined in the merry dance, curving down their heads and licking the footprints of snake-hair Dionysos, and one after another blew out gentle hisses from glad throats; there was method in the movements of the happy reptiles, as the interlacing coils of their long spines skipt about Dionysos on fearless feet. Tigers jumped round and round in play on the Indian precipices; a great swarm of hillranging elephants went skipping in the forest glades.

39 The Pans then, roaming about the craggy ravines sped on nimble hooves through the trackless hills; in terrible places, where even that light traveller the bird would not dare to fly, or traverse with his pair of beating wings in his lofty course.[a] The lion shook the mane hanging about his jaws, and danced in partnership with the tripping boar. Birds squawked an image of human speech, and borrowing the war-cry half mimicked, they prophesied victory in the Indian struggle, and shook the tail straight out along

[a] Something is omitted here; below the mention of some bird is needed after 41.

ἐκταδὸν αἰθύσσοντες· ὁμοζήλῳ δὲ χορείῃ
πόρδαλις ὑψιπότητος ἐπέτρεχε σύνδρομος ἄρκτῳ.
καὶ βαλίων σκυλάκων ἀνεσείρασεν Ἄρτεμις ὁρμὴν
μειλιχίης ὁρόωσα χοροίτυπον ἅλμα λεαίνης·
αἰδομένη δ' εὔκυκλον ἑὴν ἀνελύσατο νευρήν,
τερπομένους μὴ θῆρας ὀιστεύσειε βελέμνοις.
  Καί τις ἐσαθρήσας ἑτερότροπα θαύματα Βάκχου,
ὄμμα βαλὼν πυκινοῖο δι' ἀκροτάτοιο κορύμβου,
φύλλα περιστείλας θηήτορα κύκλον ὀπωπῆς,
τόσσον ἰδεῖν μεθέηκεν, ὅσον περιδέρκεται ἀνὴρ
ὄμμασι ποιητοῖσι διοπτεύων τρυφαλείης,
ἢ ὁπότε τραγικοῖο χοροῦ δεδαημένος ἀνήρ,
φρικτὸν ἔχων μύκημα τανυφθόγγων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν,
ἐνδόμυχον τυκτοῖο δι' ὄμματος ὄμμα τιταίνει,
ψευδαλέον βροτέοιο φέρων ἴνδαλμα προσώπου·
ὣς ὅ γε θαύματα πάντα λαθὼν ὑπὸ δάσκιον ὕλην
ἀπροϊδὴς ἐδόκευεν ὑποκλέπτοντι προσώπῳ·
ἀντιβίοις δ' ἤγγειλε· φόβῳ δ' ἐλελίζετο Θουρεὺς
μεμφόμενος Μορρῆι καὶ ἄφρονι Δηριαδῆι.
ἔτρεμε δ' Ἰνδὸς ὅμιλος, ἀφειδήσας δὲ κυδοιμοῦ
χάλκεα ταρβαλέων ἀπεσείσατο τεύχεα χειρῶν,
δένδρεα παπταίνων δεδονημένα θυιάδι ῥιπῇ.
  Καί νύ κεν Ἰνδὸς ὅμιλος
                ἑλὼν ἀπὸ γείτονος ὄχθης
μάρτυρον ἱκεσίης γλαυκόχροα θαλλὸν ἐλαίης
αὐχένα δοῦλον ἔκαμψεν ἀδηρίτῳ Διονύσῳ·
ἀλλὰ μεταλλάξασα δέμας πολυμήχανος Ἥρη
δυσμενέας θάρσυνε καὶ ἥπαφεν ὄρχαμον Ἰνδῶν,
Θεσσαλίδων μάγον ὕμνον ἐφαψαμένη Διονύσῳ,

---

[a] Nonnos means parrakeets: he had evidently seen them and noted their long straight tails.

their green bodies.[a] The panther dancing with equal spirit, leapt high with a bear for partner. Artemis checked the rush of her swift hounds, when she saw the romping leaps of a lioness now tame, and slackened for very shame the string of her bended bow, that she might not shoot the happy beasts with her arrows.

55 One there was watching the strange miracles of Bacchos, as he peered out through the top of a thick cluster. He made a round spyhole through the leaves; he let himself see just so much as a man sees when he looks out of the eyeholes made in his helmet; or when a man trained in the tragic chorus[b] utters a terrific roar from his far-resounding throat, and strains his eyesight within through the eyepiece made in the mask which he carries as a deceitful likeness of a man's face. So this man hiding under the dark bushes watched all the miracles unseen with furtive gaze. He told all to the enemy. Thureus shook with fear, and blamed Morrheus and Deriades for their thoughtlessness: the Indian host trembled, and thinking no more of combat, threw the bronze weapons from frightened hands when they saw the trees moving under the maddening influence.

71 And now the Indian host would have plucked from the neighbouring banks green shoots of olive in token of supplication, and bent a servile neck before Dionysos unconquerable. But Hera ever ready took another shape, and gave courage to the enemy. She deceived the Indian leader; she fastened on Dionysos a song of magical Thessalian spells, and

[b] He means an actor speaking through his mask; tragic choruses had long ceased to exist.

καὶ Κίρκης κυκεῶνα θεοκλήτοις ἐπαοιδαῖς,
οἷά τε φαρμακτῆρος ἀφαρμάκτου ποταμοῖο.
καὶ πίθεν ἀντιβίους ταχυπειθέας· εἶπε δ' ἑκάστῳ,
μή ποτέ τις σφάλλοιτο κατάσχετος αἴθοπι δίψῃ
κλεψινόου ποταμοῖο πιὼν δεδολωμένον ὕδωρ.
Καί νύ κεν ἀφράστοιο διαθρώσκοντες ἐναύλου
δαινυμέναις στρατιῇσιν ἐπέχραον αἴθοπες Ἰνδοί·
ἀλλά τις ἠνεμόεντος ὑπερκύψασα κορύμβου
ἐκ λασίου κενεῶνος Ἁμαδρυὰς ἔνθορε Νύμφη·
χειρὶ δὲ θύρσον ἔχουσα φυὴν ἰνδάλλετο Βάκχῃ,
μιμηλὴν δρυόεντι πυκαζομένη τρίχα κισσῷ·
δυσμενέων δ' ἐνέπουσα δόλον σημάντορι σιγῇ
οὔασι βοτρυόεντος ἐπεψιθύριζε Λυαίου·
"Ἀμπελόεις Διόνυσε, φυτηκόμε κοίρανε καρπῶν,
σὸν φυτὸν Ἁδρυάδεσσι χάριν καὶ κάλλος ὀπάσσει·
Βασσαρὶς οὐ γενόμην, οὐ σύνδρομός εἰμι Λυαίου,
μοῦνον ἐμῇ παλάμῃ ψευδήμονα θύρσον ἀείρω·
οὐ πέλον ἐκ Φρυγίης, σέο πατρίδος, οὐ χθόνα Λυδῶν
ναιετάω παρὰ χεῦμα ῥυηφενέος ποταμοῖο·
εἰμὶ δὲ καλλιπέτηλος Ἁμαδρυάς, ἧχι μαχηταὶ
δυσμενέες λοχόωσιν, ἀφειδήσασα δὲ πάτρης
ῥύσομαι ἐκ θανάτοιο τεὸν στρατόν· ὑμετέροις γὰρ
πιστὰ φέρω Σατύροισι, καὶ Ἰνδῴη περ ἐοῦσα,
ἀντὶ δὲ Δηριαδῆος ὁμοφρονέω Διονύσῳ·
σοὶ γὰρ ὀφειλομένην ὀπάσω χάριν, ὅττι ῥεέθρων
ὑγροτόκους ὠδῖνας, ὅτι δρύας αἰὲν ἀέξει
ὀμβρηρῇ ῥαθάμιγγι πατὴρ μέγας ὑέτιος Ζεύς.
δός μοι σεῖο πέτηλα, καὶ ἐνθάδε ταῦτα φυτεύσω,
δός μοι σεῖο κόρυμβα, τά περ λύουσι μερίμνας.

[a] Hom. *Od.* x. 210, when she turned men into pigs.

Circe's posset [a] with invocations of the gods, as if he had poisoned that unpoisoned river. She convinced the enemy, quite ready to be convinced, and told each one not to let himself be driven by fiery thirst to drink of the adulterated water of the mind-stealing river, and so come to grief.

82 And now the swarthy Indians would have leapt from their hidden ambush and attacked the army of Bacchos at their meal; but a Hamadryad Nymph peering over a high branch sprang up, leafy to the hips.[b] Holding thyrsus in hand, she looked like a Bacchant, with bushy ivy thick in her hair like one of them; first she indicated the enemies' plot by eloquent signs, then whispered in the ear of Lyaios of the grapes:

90 "Vinegod Dionysos, lord gardener of the fruits! Your plant gives grace and beauty to the Hadryads! I am no Bassarid, I am no comrade of Lyaios, I carry only a false thyrsus in my hand. I am not from Phrygia, your country, I do not dwell in the Lydian land by that river rolling in riches.[c] I am a Hamadryad of the beautiful leaves, in the place where the enemy warriors lie in ambush. I will forget my country and save your host from death: for I offer loyal faith to your Satyrs, Indian though I am. I take sides with Dionysos instead of Deriades; I owe my gratitude to you, and I will pay it, because your Father, mighty Zeus of the raincloud, always brings the watery travail of the rivers, always feeds the trees with his showers of rain. Give me your leaves, and here I will plant them; give me your clusters of grapes which drive our cares away!

[b] *i.e.* she appeared first as a woman growing out of her tree.
[c] Pactolos.

ἀλλά, φίλος, μὴ σπεῦδε ῥόον ποταμοῖο περῆσαι,
μή σοι ἐπιβρίσωσιν ἐν ὕδασι γείτονες Ἰνδοί·
εἰς δρύας ὄμμα τίταινε καὶ εὐπετάλῳ παρὰ λόχμῃ
ἀπροϊδῆ σκοπίαζε καλυπτομένων λόχον ἀνδρῶν.
ἀλλὰ τί σοι ῥέξουσιν ἀνάλκιδες ἔνδοθι λόχμης;
δυσμενέες ζώουσιν, ἕως ἔτι θύρσον ἐρύκεις.
σιγῇ ἐφ' ἡμείων, μὴ δήιος ἐγγὺς ἀκούσῃ,
μὴ κρυφίοις Ἰνδοῖσιν ἐπαγγείλειεν Ὑδάσπης."
Ὣς φαμένη παλίνορσος Ἀμαδρυὰς ᾤχετο Νύμφη,
ὡς πτερὸν ἠὲ νόημα, μεταλλάξασα δὲ μορφὴν
ἰσοφυὴς ὄρνιθι διέτρεχε φωλάδος ὕλης,
ἥλικος ἀίσσουσα κατὰ δρυός. αὐτὰρ ὁ σιγῇ
μίσγετο Βασσαρίδεσσιν, Ἀμαδρυάδος δὲ θεαίνης
εἶπεν ἑοῖς προμάχοισιν ἐς οὔατα μῦθον ἑκάστου
νεύμασι δενδίλλων, νοερῇ δ' ἐκέλευε σιωπῇ
τεύχεσι θωρηχθέντας ἀνὰ δρύας εἰλαπινάζειν,
καὶ κρυφίων ἀγόρευε δολορραφέων δόλον Ἰνδῶν,
μή σφιν ἐπιβρίσωσιν ἀθωρήκτοισι μαχηταί,
εἰσέτι δαινυμένοισιν ἀνὰ στρατόν· οἱ δὲ Λυαίῳ
κεκλομένῳ πείθοντο, καὶ εἰς μόθον ἦσαν ἑτοῖμοι
σιγαλέον παρὰ δεῖπνον ἀκοντοφόροιο τραπέζης.
Καὶ ταχινὸν μετὰ δόρπον ἐπέρρεον ἀσπιδιῶται
γείτονος ἐκ ποταμοῖο πιεῖν ἐπιδόρπιον ὕδωρ,
νεύμασι θεσπεσίοισι περισσονόου Διονύσου,
μὴ στρατὸν εὐνήσειε μέθη καὶ κῶμα καὶ ὄρφνη.
καὶ στρατὸς ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα φιλοπτολέμῳ πέσεν εὐνῇ
βαιὸν ἐνυαλίης ὑπὲρ ἀσπίδος ὕπνον ἰαύων.
Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ δολόεντα μετατρέψας νόον Ἰνδῶν
ἑσπερίην ἀνέκοψε μάχην μυκήτορι βόμβῳ,
ὄμβρου παννυχίοιο χέων ἀπερείσιον ἠχώ.

106 "But my friend, do not hasten to cross the river, or the Indians, who are near, may overwhelm you in the water. Direct your eye to the forest, and see in the leafy thickets a secret ambuscade of men unseen hidden there. But what will those weaklings in their thickets do to you? Your enemies live so long as you still hold back your thyrsus. Silence between us now, that the enemy near may not hear, that Hydaspes may not tell it to the hidden Indians."

114 When she had said this, the Hamadryad Nymph went away again quick as a wing, quick as a thought[a]; and changing her shape to look like a bird she sped through the secret wood, down upon the oak her yearsmate. But Bacchos silently mingled with the Bassarids, and told the divine Hamadryad's tale into each captain's ear with nods and glances. By silent signs he ordered them to take their meal under arms among the trees, and explained the secret plot of the plot-stitching Indians. They must not let the fighting men overwhelm them unarmed and still at meat in their ranks. They did as Lyaios bade them, and sat down to their food in silence ready for battle, with spears on the table.

127 After a hasty meal they hurried under shields to the river near by, to drink water after the food, by divine command of prudent Dionysos, who did not wish winebibbing and slumber or darkness to put his army to bed. So the army tumbled here or there in the bed of war, to enjoy a short sleep upon the soldier's shield. And Father Zeus thwarted the tricksy plan of the Indians, and prevented their night-assault, by a loud peal of thunder and torrents of rain which made a great noise all night long.

[a] From Hom. *Od.* vii. 36.

'Αλλ' ὅτε χιονόπεζα χαραξαμένη ζόφον 'Ηὼς
ὄρθρον ἀμεργομένη δροσερῇ πορφύρετο πέτρῃ,
ἄκρον ὑπερκύψαντες ἐγερσιμόθου σκέπας ὕλης
δυσμενέες προύτυψαν ἀολλέες· ἦρχε δὲ Θουρεύς,
'Ινδῴου πολέμοιο πέλωρ πρόμος, εἴκελος ὁρμὴν
ἠλιβάτῳ Τυφῶνι καταΐσσοντι κεραυνοῦ.
καὶ στρατιαὶ πινυτοῖο δολόφρονι νεύματι Βάκχου
ψευδαλέον φόβον εἶχον ἀταρβέες, ἐκ δὲ κυδοιμοῦ
αὐτόματοι χάζοντο θελήμονες, εἰσόκεν 'Ινδοὶ
εἰς πεδίον προχέοντο λελοιπότες ἔνδια λόχμης.
Τεύχεσι δ' ἀφνειοῖσι κορύσσετο Λύδιος ἀνήρ,
χρυσοφαῆ Λυκίοιο τύπον Γλαύκοιο κομίζων,
κηρύσσων ἑὸν οὖδας, ὅπῃ Πακτωλίδος ὄχθης
φαιδρὸς ἐρευθομένης ἀμαρύσσεται ὄλβος ἐέρσης,
καὶ ῥοδέαις ἤστραψε βολαῖς ἀντώπιον 'Ηοῦς,
σείων ξανθὰ μέτωπα ῥυηφενέος τρυφαλείης
Λυδὸς ἀνὴρ ἀρίδηλος, ἀπὸ στέρνων δὲ φορῆος
μαρμαρυγὴ σελάγιζεν ἐρευθομένοιο χιτῶνος·
καὶ κυνέην στίλβουσαν ἐπὶ κροτάφοιο τινάσσων
ἐξ 'Αλύβης πρόμος ἄλλος ἀριστεύων Διονύσῳ
πάτριον ὄλβον ἔφαινεν, ἀπ' εὐφαέος δὲ καρήνου
ἀργυρέης πήληκος ἐλάμπετο μάρμαρος αἴγλη
χιονέῃ σέλας ἶσον ἀκοντίζουσα Σελήνῃ.
Καὶ θεὸς ἀστήρικτος ὅλους ἐφόβησε μαχητὰς
δυσμενέων, οὐ γυμνὸν ἔχων ξίφος, οὐ δόρυ πάλλων,
ἀλλὰ μέσος προμάχων πεφορημένος εἴκελος αὔραις
δεξιὸν ἐκ λαιοῖο κέρας κυκλώσατο χάρμης,
θύρσον ἀκοντίζων δολιχόσκιον, ἄνθεϊ γαίης,
ἔγχεϊ κισσήεντι διασχίζων νέφος 'Ινδῶν.
οὐδέ μιν ὑψικάρηνος ὁ τηλίκος ἤλασε Θουρεύς,

136 But when Dawn rent the darkness with feet of snow, and plucking the morning grew purple upon the streaming rocks, the enemy darting all together beyond the sheltering borders of the forest, burst out to waken the battle. Their leader was Thureus, that prodigious chieftain of India's war, with a rush like towering Typhon when he attacked the thunderbolt. The army of Bacchos, by the astute orders of their skilful leader, feigned flight though unafraid, and retreated from the battlefield of their own will, until the Indians had left their hidingplace and poured over the plain.

146 The Lydian warrior was armed in rich harness, like Lycian Glaucos shining in gold,[a] sounding the fame of his country, where wealth sparkles bright and red through the water that flows between Pactolos's banks ; he flashed with rosy gleams in the face of day, shaking the yellow front of his precious helmet, that Lydian warrior conspicuous, and from his breast the corselet he wore flashed gleams of ruddy light. Another chieftain from Alybe, a valiant champion for Dionysos, showed forth his country's wealth, as he poised the shining helmet upon his temples, and the shimmering sheen of a silver morion was reflected from his head for all to see, shooting a lustre like the snow-white moon.

159 The restless god himself scattered all the enemy troops, holding no naked sword, poising no spear, but passing like the wind through the front ranks, circling from left wing to right in the fray, striking with his thyrsus instead of a long lance, cleaving the cloud of Indians with flowers of the field, with ivy-rod for spear. Highheaded Thureus, great as

[a] See xv. 165, Hom. *Il.* vi. 236.

οὐ στρατός, οὐ πρόμος ἄλλος·
ἐπ' ἀλλήλοις δὲ χυθέντες
εἴκαθον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα διεσσυμένῳ Διονύσῳ.
Κυανέην δ' Οἴαγρος ἀνεστυφέλιξεν Ἐνυὼ
ἀμώων ἀκόρητος ἐπασσυτέρων στίχας ἀνδρῶν,
ἔγχεϊ Βιστονίῳ κορυθαιόλα λήια τέμνων.
ὡς δ' ὅτε τις προχέων ποταμὸς δυσπέμφελον ἀλκὴν
ἄστατος ἐκ σκοπέλοιο χαραδρήεντι ῥεέθρῳ
ἔρχεται, εἰς πεδίον πεφορημένος, οὐδέ μιν αὐταὶ
ἕρκεσιν ἀρραγέεσσιν ἀναστέλλουσιν ἀλωαὶ
λαϊνέης μέσα νῶτα διαξύοντα γεφύρης·
πολλὴ μὲν κεκύλιστο πίτυς, πολλὴ δὲ πεσοῦσα
ὑψιφανὴς προθέλυμνος ἐσύρετο χεύματι πεύκη·
ὣς ὅ γε δυσμενέων στρατὸν ἄμφεπεν,
ἄλλον ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
πεζὸν ἐπιστροφάδην ὀλέκων Σιθωνίδι λόγχῃ,
καί μιν ἐκυκλώσαντο, καὶ ἣν καλέουσι μαχηταὶ
μιμηλὴν σακέεσσιν ἐπυργώσαντο χελώνην·
ἴχνεσι μὲν στατὸν ἴχνος ἐρείδετο, κεκλιμένη δὲ
ἀσπὶς ἔην προθέλυμνος ἀμοιβαδὶς ἀσπίδι γείτων
στεινομένη, καὶ ἔνευε λόφῳ λόφος, ἀγχιφανὴς δὲ
ἀνδρὸς ἀνὴρ ἔψαυεν· ἐγειρομένης δὲ κονίης
ἱππείοις ὀνύχεσσιν ἐλευκαίνοντο μαχηταί.
Ἔνθα τίνα πρῶτον, τίνα δ' ὕστατον Ἄιδι πέμπων
Βιστονίης Οἴαγρος ἀπέθρισεν ἀστὸς ἀρούρης,
κτείνων ἄλλοθεν ἄλλον, ἑῆς ἀλόχοιο τελέσσας
ἔργα φατιζομένης ἐπιδευέα Καλλιοπείης;
τὸν μὲν ὑπὲρ μαζοῖο θοῷ δορί, τὸν δὲ δαΐζων
ἄορι κωπήεντι κατ' αὐχένος, αἰνομανῆ δὲ
δήιον ἄλλον ἔνυξε παρ' ὀμφαλόν, ἐκ φονίης δὲ

[a] See xiii. 428. He was king of Thrace, husband of Calliope, and father of Orpheus.

he was, could not drive him back, nor another champion, nor the army ; but sprawling over each other they gave way in every part before the rush of Dionysos.

168 Oiagros [a] also beat back the swarthy fighting, insatiable, reaping the ranks of men in swathes, as he cut the harvest of flashing helms with Bistonian [b] blade. As a torrent pours its stormy strength unceasing from the mountains in floods through the ravines, and comes rushing over the plain, where not even the enclosures can hold it with their impregnable walls, and it bursts midway through the masses of stone bridges : many a pine goes rolling, many a tall fir falls torn by the roots and hurried down by the flood—so he dealt with the enemy host, killing the footmen one after another in heaps with Sithonian [c] pike. Now they came around him, and built what soldiers call a mimic tortoise with their shields : foot stood firm beside foot,[d] shield leant on shield side by side, layer before layer pressing close, plume nodded to plume, man touched man in serried array, the dust rose under the horses' hooves and the warriors were whitened.

187 Here whom first, whom last did Oiagros send to Hades,[e] as the man of Bistonia sliced them down, killing one after another, doing deeds that needed Calliopeia his consort, to tell them ! [f] One he struck above the nipple with darting spear, one with hilted sword in the neck ; another furious foe he pierced in

[b] Thracian.

[c] Sithonia is the central headland of the Chalcidic peninsula.

[d] Imitated from Hom. *Il.* xiii. 131 ff. =xvi. 215 ff.

[e] Almost quoted from Hom. *Il.* xvi. 692.

[f] Calliope the Muse.

ὠτειλῆς ἑὸν ἔγχος ἀνείρυσεν, ἑλκομένῳ δὲ
σπλάγχνα δαφοινήεντι συνέσπασε θερμὰ σιδήρῳ·
ἄλλου μαρναμένοιο κατέδραμε φάσγανον ἕλκων,
ἄορι δ' εὐθήκτῳ παλάμην τάμεν, ἡ δὲ πεσοῦσα
αἱμοβαφὴς ἤσπαιρεν ἐπὶ χθονὸς ἀλλομένη χείρ·
καὶ παλάμη τέτμητο καὶ οὐ μεθέηκε βοείην
ἄκρα περισφίγγουσα κονιομένου τελαμῶνος
ψυχὴ δ' ἠνεμόφοιτος ἀναΐξασα θανόντος
συμπλεκέος ποθέεσκεν ἐθήμονα σώματος ἥβην.
ἄλλον ἀπηλοίησεν ἀφειδέι δουρὶ πατάξας,
θηγαλέῃ γλωχῖνι βραχίονος ἄκρα τορήσας,
ἄορι δ' ἀσπίδα τύψεν, ἀρασσομένης δὲ σιδήρῳ
ἀρραγέος βόμβησε μεσόμφαλα νῶτα βοείης.
Αὐτὰρ ὁ λυσσήεντι μόθου δεδονημένος οἴστρῳ
ἐγχείην ἐλέλιζε μετήλυδα κυκλάδι τέχνῃ
ἢ πλευρῆς ἑκάτερθεν ἢ αὐχένος ἢ σχεδὸν ὤμου·
σείων δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα παλινδίνητον ἀκωκὴν
στεινομένης μέσα νῶτα διέτμαγε δηιοτῆτος,
κραιπνός, ἀερσιλόφοιο καθήμενος ὑψόθεν ἵππου.
ὡς δ' ὅτε ῥιγαλέου σκιερὴν μετὰ χείματος ὥρην
φαίνεται ἀσκεπέων νεφέων γυμνούμενος ἀήρ,
φέγγεος εἰαρινοῖο δεδεγμένος αἴθριον αἴγλην·
ὣς ὅ γε βακχεύων πυκινὰς στίχας ἄτρομος ἀνὴρ
Ἰνδῶν σχιζομένων μεσάτην γυμνώσατο χάρμην.
Καὶ τότε τις προμάχοιο περὶ στόμα χαλκὸν ἐρείσας
δεξιτερὴν δασπλῆτι γενειάδα τύψε μαχαίρῃ·
καί τις ἐπ' ἀντιβίοισιν ἐν ἠέρι βόμβον ἰάλλων
εἰς σκοπὸν ὑψικέλευθον ἐπέμπετο λᾶας ἀλήτης,
καὶ λίθος ἠερόφοιτος ἐπεσμαράγησε καρήνῳ,
καὶ λόφον εὐπήληκος ἀπεστυφέλιξεν ἐθείρης,
αὐχενίου δεσμοῖο παρ' ἀνθερεῶνα λυθέντος·

the navel, drew back his spear from the bleeding wound, and as he pulled, dragged out the bowels hot after his gory steel. When another showed fight he drew sword and ran upon him, cut the wrist with the sharp blade, and the hand fell bleeding and wriggling and jumping on the ground: or a hand was cut off, but did not loose the shield, but still clutched the end of the strap down in the dust, while the dead man's soul flew off on the wind longing for the youthful strength of the familiar body which had been bound up with it.[a] Another he destroyed with a blow of his unsparing spear, piercing the shoulder-top with the sharp point, then struck the shield with his sword—the steel struck the oxhide in the middle with a clash, but it did not break.

207 So he went on wild with the madness of battle, wielded his spear in all directions with masterly skill, right and left flank, over the neck, across the shoulder, darted the ever-returning point this way and that way, until he cut through the front of the dense combat, full of energy as he sat on his horse with flying mane. As after the dark season of freezing winter the air shows free of the covering clouds, and takes the clear light of shining spring, so this inspired fearless man routed the dense ranks of broken Indians, and made a bare space in the middle of the fray.

218 Then in the front ranks, one drove his blade at another's mouth and struck the right cheek with the terrible sword. Here a stone cast against the enemy soared high to its mark, whizzing through the air; the stone fell from the air and crashed upon a head, knocking off the crest of a plumed helmet and snapping the neckstrap under the chin—the helmet

[a] Paraphrase of Hom. *Il.* xvi. 856-857 = xxii. 362-363.

τῆς δὲ κυλινδομένης κεφαλὴ γυμνοῦτο φορῆος.
οὐ μοῦνοι τότε φῶτες ἐπέβρεμον, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτοὶ
ἵπποι χαλκοχίτωνες ἐπεσμαράγησαν Ἐνυώ,
Ἄρεα σαλπίζοντες ἐνυαλίῳ χρεμετισμῷ.
κούρη δ' ὑστερόφωνος ὀρεσσαύλων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
πετραίοις στομάτεσσιν ἀμειβομένη κτύπον αὐτῶν
μιμηλὴ χρεμέτιζε μέλος πολεμήιον Ἠχώ.
Καὶ πολὺς ἀρτιδάικτος ἑλίσσετο νεκρὸς ἀρούραις
θερμὸν ἀποπτύων ῥόον αἵματος· ὀλλυμένων δὲ
οἱ μὲν ἐπὶ πλευρῇσιν ἐπῃώρηντο θανόντες,
ὃς δὲ τυπεὶς ἐλέλικτο χαρασσομένου κενεῶνος,
ἄλλος ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο χυτῇ κεκύλιστο κονίῃ,
ἄλλος ἐπεστήρικτο παρ' ὀμφαλόν, ὃς δ' ἐπὶ γαίῃ
ἀνέρος ἀσπαίροντος ἐπεσκίρτησε καρήνῳ,
ὃς δὲ πεσὼν ἰάχησε τετυμμένος ἀνθερεῶνα,
καὶ πόδας ἀμφελέλιξεν ἔχων ὀρχηθμὸν ὀλέθρου·
πρηνὴς δ' ἄλλος ἔκειτο, καὶ ὡς κοτέων ὀλετῆρι
εὐρυχανὴς ἔσφιγξε μεμηνότι γαῖαν ὀδόντι.
ἄλλου βαλλομένοιο τανυγλώχινι σιδήρῳ
λευκὸς ἀκοντιστῆρι χιτὼν ἐρυθαίνετο λύθρῳ·
ἄλλου μαρναμένοιο τιταινομένων ἀπὸ τόξων
αἱμοβαφὴς πτερόεντι χαράσσετο μηρὸς ὀιστῷ.
Καί τις ἑὴν σάλπιγγα μάτην περὶ χεῖλος ἐρείσας
ἐχθρὸς ἀνὴρ κελάδησεν ἐγερσιμόθου μέλος ἠχοῦς,
ὀκναλέον φύξηλιν ἑὸν στρατὸν εἰς μόθον ἕλκων.
οἱ δὲ βοῆς ἀίοντες ἐπὶ κλόνον ἔρρεον Ἰνδοί.
θαρσαλέοι δ' ἥψαντο παλιννόστοιο κυδοιμοῦ
αἰδόμενοι βασιλῆι φανήμεναι ἔκτοθι νίκης.
Καὶ πολέες στεφανηδὸν ἀπόσσυτον εἰν ἑνὶ χώρῳ
Αἰακὸν εὐθώρηκες ἐκυκλώσαντο μαχηταί.

went rolling away and the man's head was bare. Then not only men roared battle, but even the armoured horses joined in the noise, trumpeting Ares with bellicose whinny : and maiden Echo aftersounding answered the din of their hillranging throats with her stony lips, and whinnied too—mimicking their warlike notes.

232 Many a corpse newly slain rolled over the fields, spitting out a hot stream of blood. Of the dying, some lay on their sides and died, one with belly torn open turned over on the wound, another rolled in the dust which was scattered on the ground, another died leaning upon his middle, this one trod upon the head of a man gasping on the ground, that one wounded in the throat fell with a groan and moved his feet about in a dance of death. Another lay on his face, and as if venting his rage on the slayer, opened his mouth and bit the earth with mad teeth. Another had been struck with a long steel blade, and his white tunic was red from a jet of gore. Another, as he fought, was shot in the thigh by a winged arrow from the bows drawn at him, and covered with blood.

247 There was one of the enemy who pressed his trumpet to his lips in vain,[a] and sounded the call to attack, hoping to bring back into the battle his cowardly shrinking host. The Indians hearing the call poured back to the fray, and boldly began a new conflict, ashamed to appear without victory before their king.

253 A large company of warriors in panoply drove Aiacos apart, and surrounded him there. He stood

[a] This word, *μάτην*, makes nonsense, for the call was not sounded "in vain," but a good emendation is yet to seek.

αὐτὰρ ὁ μέσσος ἔην βεβιημένος, οὐ τρυφαλείῃ,
οὐ πίσυνος σακέεσσι καὶ οὐ θώρηκι κυδοιμοῦ·
ἀλλά ἑ πατρῴοις πεπυκασμένον ἀντὶ σιδήρου
ἀρρήκτοις νεφέεσσιν ὅλον πύργωσεν Ἀθήνη,
οἷς πάρος ἀβρέκτοιο κατέσβεσεν αὐχμὸν ἀρούρης
διψαλέην ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἄγων βιοτήσιον ὕδωρ
Ζηνὸς ἐπομβρήσαντος, ἀμαλλοτόκοιο δὲ γαίης
αὔλακες εὐώδινες ἐνυμφεύθησαν ἀρότρῳ·
καὶ μέσος ἀντιβίων κυκλούμενος ἔνθεος ἀνὴρ
τοὺς μὲν ἀπηλοίησε θοῷ δορί, τοὺς δὲ μαχαίρῃ,
τοὺς δὲ λίθοις κραναοῖσι· πέδον δ' ἐρυθαίνετο λύθρῳ
Ἰνδῶν κτεινομένων, καὶ ἀκαμπέος ἀνέρος αἰχμῇ
κεῖτο πολυσπερέων νεκύων χύσις, ὧν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
ἡμιθανὴς ἤσπαιρεν, ὁ δὲ χθόνα ποσσὶν ἀράσσων
ὕπτιος αὐτοκύλιστος ὁμίλεε γείτονι πότμῳ·
καὶ δαπέδῳ στείνοντο, νέκυς δ' ἐπερείδετο νεκρῷ
κεκλιμένῳ μετρηδόν, ἀπ' ἀρτιτόμοιο δὲ λαιμοῦ
ψυχρὸν ἐρευθιόωντι δέμας θερμαίνετο λύθρῳ·
καὶ φόνος ἄσπετος ἦεν, ἐπασσυτέρων δὲ πεσόντων
Γαῖα κελαινιόωσα κατάρρυτος αἵματος ὁλκῷ,
υἱέας οἰκτείρουσα, χαραδραίῃ φάτο φωνῇ·
"Υἱὲ Διὸς ζείδωρε μιαιφόνε—καὶ γὰρ ἀνάσσεις
ὄμβρου καρποτόκοιο καὶ αἱμαλέου νιφετοῖο,—
ὄμβρῳ μὲν γονόεσσαν ὅλην ἐδίηνας ἀλωὴν
Ἑλλάδος, Ἰνδῴην δὲ κατέκλυσας αὔλακα λύθρῳ,
ὁ πρὶν ἀμαλλοφόρος, θανατηφόρος· ἀγρονόμοις μὲν
σὸς νιφετὸς στάχυν εὗρε,
σὺ δὲ στρατὸν ἔθρισας Ἰνδῶν
ἀνέρας ἀμώων ἅτε λήιον· ἀμφότερον δὲ
ἐκ Διὸς ὄμβρον ἄγεις, ἐξ Ἄρεος αἵματι νίφεις."

in the midst at their mercy ; no helmet nor shield nor corselet could have saved him from that assault, but Athena built all round him a defence in place of steel, his father's impregnable clouds,[a] the same clouds which once had quenched the drought of the soil, and brought lifegiving water upon the thirsty earth, when Zeus sent the rain, so that the fertile furrows of sheafbearing earth were wedded to the plow. Thus the inspired man, surrounded by enemies, destroyed some with quickdarting spear, some with sword, some with jagged stones ; the ground was red with the blood of slain Indians, and the corpses lay scattered in heaps by the blade of the unshaken man. One panted half-dead, one hammered the earth with his feet and rolled over helpless on his back, holding converse with fate his neighbour. They crowded the place, corpse lying as if fitted on corpse in rows, and cold bodies were warmed by the red gore from throats newly cut, endless carnage. As they fell and fell, Earth darkened with pouring streams of blood lamented her sons, and cried with a torrent of words—

276 " Son of Zeus, beneficent butcher—for you are lord of the fruitbearing rain and the deluge of blood ! With rain you did irrigate all the productive orchards of Hellas, with gore you have deluged Indian furrows ! Once stookbearing, now deathbearing ! Your deluge found corn-ears for the farmers, now you have reaped the Indian host, men like a ripe harvest ! You do both—bring rain from Zeus, and shower blood from Ares ! "

[a] He was the son of Zeus and Aegina. Zeus had sent rain after a drought in Aegina, when Aeacus had made sacrifice to him.

Τοῖα μὲν ἔννεπε Γαῖα φερέσβιος. ἀλλὰ Κρονίων
οὐρανόθεν κελάδησε, καὶ Αἰακὸν εἰς φόνον Ἰνδῶν
βρονταίοις πατάγοισι Διὸς προκαλίζετο σάλπιγξ.
καί τις ἐν ἀντιβίοισιν ἐς Αἰακὸν ὄμμα τανύσσας
πέμπε βέλος, καὶ βαιόν, ὅσον χροὸς ἄκρον ἀμύξαι,
μηρὸν ἐπιγράψαντα παρέτραπεν ἰὸν Ἀθήνη.
μάρνατο δ' εἰσέτι μᾶλλον ἀνώδυνος εἰς μέσον Ἰνδῶν
Αἰακὸς ἀστήρικτος, ἐπεὶ βέλος ἥπτετο μηροῦ,
λεπτὸς ὄνυξ ἅτε φωτός, ὅτε χροὸς ἄκρα χαράξῃ.
Καί τις ἀνὴρ ἀκίχητος ἐχάζετο πεζὸς ὁδίτης
ἴχνεσιν ὠκυτέροισι, καὶ ἤθελε γείτονα λόχμην
δύμεναι, ἧχι πάροιθεν ἐκεύθετο· τὸν δὲ διώκων
εἰς δρόμον ἡνιόχευε ποδήνεμον ἵππον Ἐρεχθεύς·
ἀλλ' ὅτε τόσσον ἔμαρψεν, ὅσον προμάχοιο βαλόντος
ἔγχεος ἱπταμένοιο τιταίνεται ὄρθιος ὁρμή,
δὴ τότε οἱ μετὰ νῶτα βαλὼν ἀντώπιος ἔστη
πεζὸς ἀνήρ, ἱππῆα δεδεγμένος· αὐτὰρ ὁ κάμψας
ὀκλαδὸν ἐστήριξεν ἀριστερὸν ἴχνος ἀρούρῃ
λοξὸς ἐπὶ πλευρῇσιν, ὀπισθοτόνοιο δὲ ταρσοῦ
ἴχνιον ἠέρταζε μετάρσιον, ὀρθὰ τιταίνων
δεξιτεροῦ ποδὸς ἄκρα πεπηγότα δάκτυλα γαίῃ,
Ἰνδικὸν ἑπταβόειον ἔχων σάκος, εἰκόνα πύργου,
γυμνὸν ἔχων ξίφος ὀξύ· προϊσχόμενος δὲ προσώπου
ἀσπίδα χαλκεόνωτον ἐπέδραμεν Ἰνδὸς ἀγήνωρ,
ἢ θανέειν ἢ φῶτα βαλεῖν ἢ πῶλον ἐλάσσαι
ἄορι τολμήεντι· καὶ ὀμφαλόεντι σιδήρῳ
δόχμιος ἀντικέλευθον ἀνακρούσας γένυν ἵππου
πεζὸς ἐὼν ἐτίναξεν ὑπέρτερον ἡνιοχῆα·
καὶ νύ κεν εἰς χθόνα ῥῖψεν ἀμήτορος ἀστὸν Ἀθήνης,
ἀλλά μιν ἔγχεϊ νύξε παρ' ὀμφαλὸν ἄκρον Ἐρεχθεὺς
καὶ φονίῳ μέσον ἄνδρα πεπαρμένον ὀξέι χαλκῷ
εἰς πέδον ἠκόντιζεν· ὁ δὲ στροφάδεσσιν ἐρωαῖς

284 So cried Earth, the mother of life. But Cronion sounded from heaven, the trumpet of Zeus called Aiacos to the slaughter of Indians with thunderclaps. There one of the enemy fixed his eye on Aiacos and let fly a shot: the arrow just grazed his thigh so as to scratch the skin, but Athena turned it aside. Aiacos felt no pain, and fought still more without ceasing among the Indians, after the arrow touched his thigh, like the light touch of a man's nail which just scratches the skin.

293 One man got away on foot uncaught, running at full speed, and wished to get into the coppice not far off where he had been hidden before; but Erechtheus pursued him riding a windfoot horse. When he had caught him up so close that a frontfighter could aim his flying lance for a straight throw, the man turned about and faced him, awaiting the horseman on foot. He bent his knee, and planted his left foot on the ground turning sideways, lifted his right foot and stretched it behind, stiffened the toes of his right foot and pressed them firmly into the ground. He carried a sevenhide Indian shield like a tower, he carried a sharp naked sword; holding the bronzeplated shield before his face the brave Indian faced his foe, ready to die or strike the man or pierce the horse with daring sword. As he came on the footman from one side struck up at the horse's cheek with a knob of steel and unsettled the man above on his back, and he would have thrown the citizen of unmothered Athena; but Erechtheus struck him with a spear by his midnipple-tip, and with sharp-slaughtering bronze pierced the man through the middle and sent him flying till he fell

ἠερόθεν προκάρηνος ἐπωλίσθησε κονίῃ
κρᾶτα κυβιστητῆρα φέρων βητάρμονι παλμῷ.
τὸν δὲ λιπὼν σπαίροντα, μετατρέψας δρόμον ἵππου,
ἄλλοις δυσμενέεσσιν ἐπέχραεν ἀστὸς Ἀθήνης.
. . . κυκλώσας ἑὰ τόξα, καὶ ἁπλώσας ἐπὶ νευρὴν
ὄρθιον ἀκροτάτου τεταννσμένον ἄχρι σιδήρου
εἰς σκοπὸν εἷλκε βέλεμνον· ἀριστοτόκῳ δ' ἐπὶ νύμφῃ
νίκης ἐλπίδα πᾶσαν ἐπέτρεπε Καλλιοπείῃ.
ἐννέα μὲν προέηκε τανυγλώχινας ὀιστούς,
ἐννέα δ' ἄνδρας ἔπεφνεν· ἔην δέ τις ἶσος ἀριθμὸς
πεμπομένοις βελέεσσι καὶ ὀλλυμένοισι μαχηταῖς·
ὧν ὁ μὲν ἄκρα μέτωπα διέσχισεν ἰὸς ἀλήτης,
ὃς δὲ δασυστέρνοιο κατέγραφεν ἄντυγα μαζοῦ,
ἄλλος ὑπὲρ λαγόνων, ἕτερος δ' ἐπὶ νηδύι πίπτων
μεσσατίῃ πεφόρητο χαρασσομένου κενεῶνος,
ὃς δὲ διὰ πλευροῖο διέδραμεν, ὃς δὲ φυγόντος
ὀρθὸς ἀελλήεντι ποδῶν ἐνεπήγνυτο ταρσῷ
καὶ χθονίῳ σφήκωσεν ὁμοζεύκτῳ πόδα δεσμῷ.
ἠνεμόεν δὲ βέλεμνον ἀνείρυσεν· ἐκ δὲ φαρέτρης
ἄλλου πεμπομένοιο κατέδραμεν ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
ἠερίῃ στροφάλιγγι κατάσσυτος ὄμβρος ὀιστῶν.
ὡς δ' ὅτε χαλκείῳ τις ἐπ' ἄκμονι χαλκὸν ἐλαύνων
ἀκαμάτῳ ῥαιστῆρι πυρίβρομον ἦχον ἰάλλει,
τύπτων γείτονα μύδρον, ἀποθρῴσκουσι δὲ πολλοὶ
ἀλλόμενοι σπινθῆρες ἀρασσομένοιο σιδήρου,
ἠέρα θερμαίνοντες, ἀμοιβαίῃσι δὲ ῥιπαῖς
ὃς μὲν ἔην προκέλευθος, ὁ δὲ σχεδόν, ἄλλος ὀρούσας
ἄλλον ἔτι θρῴσκοντα κιχάνεται αἴθοπι παλμῷ·
ὣς ὅ γε τοξεύων στρατιὴν ἀντώπιον Ἰνδῶν
μαρναμένων ἐκέδασσεν ἀλωφήτων ἀπὸ τόξων,
κτείνων ἄλλοθεν ἄλλον ἐπασσυτέροισι βελέμνοις.
μεσσατίης δὲ φάλαγγος ἀλευαμένης νέφος ἰῶν

through the air to the ground, slipping headforemost, and rolled over and over in the dust, and with a somersault took a header like a tumbling clown. There the Athenian left him in convulsions, and turned back his horse to attack other enemies.[a]

320 ⟨Oiagros was still fighting.⟩ He bent his bow, fitted a shaft to the string, and drew it right back to the tip of the iron and let fly at the mark, trusting all hopes of victory to his bride Calliopeia, mother of a noble son. Nine longbarbed arrows he shot, nine men he slew—one number for the arrows let fly and the warriors killed. One flying shaft pierced a forehead, one cut the round of a hairy breast, another fell on a flank, another upon a belly and dug deep into the hollow middle. Again one went through a side, another caught a running man on the sole of his storming foot and nailed the foot close fastened to the earth. Again he drew back a windswift shaft: and from that quiver another flew, and a shower of arrows went one after another hurtling through the air. As when a man hammers metal on a smith's anvil, and rings the fiery clinks with unwearied sledge beating the mass below, the sparks leap out in showers, spurting when the iron is struck, and heat the air; under blow after blow first one goes up then another, one leaps after another and catches it leaping in its fiery course: so he shooting at the Indian host before him scattered the warriors with arrows without respite, slaying on all sides with the incessant shafts. The centre of the line gave way before this

[a] Some mention of Oiagros has fallen out, here restored from the suggestion of Graefe.

χῶρος ἐγυμνώθη, κεραῆς ἴνδαλμα Σελήνης,
ἀμφιφαὴς ὅτε βαιὸν ἀποστίλβουσα κεραίης
ἄκρα διαπλήσασα δύω νεοφεγγέος αἴγλης
κεκλιμέναις ἀκτῖσι μέσον κύκλοιο χαράσσει,
δίζυγι κεκριμένῳ μαλακῷ πυρί· μεσσατίης δὲ
γυμνὰ χαρασσομένης ἔτι φαίνετο κύκλα Σελήνης.
Οὐδὲ μάχης ἀπέληγε συναιχμάζων Διονύσῳ
Αἰακὸς ἀπτοίητος, ἐβακχεύθη δὲ κυδοιμῷ
κτείνων ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα· καὶ ἐκ πεδίοιο διώκων
εἰς προχοὰς ποταμοῖο μετήγαγε λαὸν ἀλήτην.
συμφερτοὶ δ' ἕνα μοῦνον ἐκυκλώσαντο μαχηταὶ
τυπτόμενον ξιφέεσσι καὶ οὐκ ἀλέγοντα μαχαίρης,
οὐ βέλεος πτερόεντος· ἐπασσυτέρῃσι δὲ ῥιπαῖς
κυανέης ἤμησε σιδήρεα λήια χάρμης
κραιπνὸς ἀνὴρ καὶ πᾶσιν ἐμάρνατο,
τοὺς μὲν ἐπ' ὄχθαις,
τοὺς δὲ κάτω ποταμοῖο μαχήμονι χειρὶ δαΐζων·
καὶ νεκύων ἔπλησεν ὅλον ῥόον· ὀλλυμένων δὲ
αἵματι μορμύρων ἐρυθαίνετο λευκὸς Ὑδάσπης.
καί τις ἀνὴρ προμάχοιο φυγὼν ἀνεμώδεα ῥιπὴν
κύμβαχος αὐτοκύλιστος ἐπωλίσθησε ῥεέθρῳ,
καὶ πολὺς ἀρτιδάικτος ἀκοντιστῆρι σιδήρῳ
σύρετο κυματόεντι νέκυς πεφορημένος ὁλκῷ
οἰδαλέοις μελέεσσιν· ὑποβρυχίοιο δὲ λύθρου
Νηιάδες λούσαντο δαφοινήεντι ῥεέθρῳ,
καὶ φονίαις λιβάδεσσιν ἐφοινίχθη μέλαν ὕδωρ.
πολλοὶ δ' ἐν προχοῇσιν ἀπορρίψαντες ἀκωκὴν
ἱκεσίην ἀνέφαινον ἀτευχέες, ὃς μὲν ἐπ' ὄχθαις,
ὃς δὲ παρὰ ψαμάθοις τετανυσμένος, ὃς δ' ἐπὶ γαίῃ
ὄρθιος ὀκλάζων, κυρτούμενον αὐχένα κάμπτων·
ἀλλὰ λιτὰς ἀπέειπεν ἄνω νεύοντι προσώπῳ
Αἰακὸς ἀντιβίοισιν ἀκαμπέα μῆνιν ἀέξων·

cloud of arrows and a space was left clear, like the crescent moon when it shines dim at either horn and fills the two ends with new-lighted sheen, marking off the middle of the orb with receding beams, and the two horns apart gleaming softly, but the middle orb of the moon marked off is yet seen to be bare.

354 Nor did Aiacos slacken fight, that fearless ally of Dionysos, but he moved furious in the fray killing here and killing there; he chased the people away from the plain and drove them into the river flood. The warriors gathered around him, alone in their midst, struck by their swords and not caring for sabre-stroke nor winged shot. With incessant swoops he reaped the iron harvest of black battle, that stirring hero, and fought them all, slaying some on the banks, some down in the river with battling hand. He filled the whole stream with corpses; white Hydaspes turned red, boiling with the blood of the slain. One man to escape the champion, rushing like the wind, dived of himself, tumbling into the stream; many a corpse newly slain by that darting steel was carried floating upon the billowy flood with swollen limbs. The blood ran deep, and the Naiads washed in gory water, the black water reddened with clots of blood. Many threw away their spears in the river and offered supplication unarmed, this on the bank, that stretched on the sand, one again on land kneeling upright and bending an arched neck. But Aiacos threw up his head [a] refusing their prayers, and let his unbending wrath grow against his adversaries. Not one Lycaon

[a] The Greek gesture of refusal was, and is, to throw back the head, being the opposite of nodding downwards in acceptance.

αἰχμητὴν δ' ἀσίδηρον ἔτι ψαύοντα λιτάων
οὐχ ἕνα μοῦνον ἔπεφνε Λυκάονα, δυσμενέας δὲ
χερσὶν ἀθωρήκτοισι κυλινδομένους ἐπὶ γαίῃ
νηρίθμους κεράιζε, ῥόον ποταμοῖο μιαίνων·
καὶ πολὺν Ἀστεροπαῖον ἐδέξατο νεκρὸν Ὑδάσπης.
  Οὐδ' ἀθεεὶ πολέμιζε καὶ Αἰακός· ἀντιβίους γάρ,
ὡς γενέτης Πηλῆος, ἔσω ποταμοῖο δαΐζων
ἰκμαλέον μόθον εἶχε καὶ ὑδατόεσσαν Ἐνυώ,
οἷα προθεσπίζων ποταμοῦ περὶ χεῦμα Καμάνδρου
φύλοπιν ἡμιτέλεστον ἐπεσσομένην Ἀχιλῆι·
καὶ μόθον υἱωνοῖο μόθος μαντεύσατο πάππου.
  Καί τις ἐνὶ προχοῇσιν ἀσάμβαλος ἴαχε Νύμφη
Νηιὰς ἀκρήδεμνος ὑπερκύψασα ῥοάων·
  "Νηιάδων ὁμόφυλε, Διιπετὲς αἷμα κομίζων,
ἁγνὸν ὕδωρ ἐλέαιρε Διιπετέος ποταμοῖο.
ἄρκιον Ἰνδὸν ὄλεσσε τεὸν δόρυ· παύεο Νύμφαις
δάκρυα Νηιάδεσσιν ἀδακρύτοισιν ἐγείρων·
Νηιὰς ὑδατόεσσα καὶ ὑμετέρη πέλε μήτηρ·
κούρην γὰρ ποταμοῖο τεὴν Αἴγιναν ἀκούω.
μνώεο, τίς σε λόχευσε, καὶ οὐκέτι χεῦμα μιαίνεις.
ἵξομαι εἰς ῥόον ἄλλον ἀκήρατον, εἰς ἅλα βαίνω,
καί με θαλασσαίη δέχεται Θέτις· ἀλλὰ μελέσθω
αἱματόεις ῥόος οὗτος Ἐρινύι καὶ Διονύσῳ."

---

[a] As Achilles killed Lycaon, Hom. *Il.* xxi. 134.
[b] Hom. *Il.* xxi. 116.

alone did he slay, a warrior unarmed and still praying for mercy [a]; but innumerable enemies he destroyed, rolling over and over on the earth with unweaponed hands, and defiled the running river: many a dead Asteropaios Hydaspes received.[b]

384 Not without God's help Aiacos also fought. As befitted the father of Peleus, he slew his enemies in the river, a watery battle, a conflict among the waves, as if to foretell the unfinished battle for Achilles [c] in time to come at the river Camandros [d]: the grandfather's battle prophesied the grandson's conflict.

390 And a Naiad Nymph in the river unshod, unveiled, peeped out of the stream and cried—

392 "Kinsman of the Naiads! with the blood of Zeus in your veins! Pity the holy water of the river that fell from Zeus! Indians enough your spear has destroyed. Cease to call for the tears from the tearless Naiad Nymphs! A Naiad of the water was your own mother; yes, I hear that your Aigina was a river's daughter. Think who brought you forth, and you will no longer defile a river. I will go away to another stream, one without stain, I will go down to the sea, and seaborn Thetis is ready to receive me. Let this river of blood be the care of Erinys and Dionysos."

[c] The son of Peleus. See *Il.* xxi. *passim.*
[d] Properly Scamandros.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΕΙΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΤΡΙΤΟΝ

Εἰκοστῷ τριτάτῳ πεπερημένον Ἰνδὸν Ὑδάσπην
καὶ κλόνον ὑδατόεντα καὶ αἰθαλόεντα λιγαίνω.

Ὣς φαμένη πατρῷον ἐδύσατο φοίνιον ὕδωρ
Νηιὰς ὑδατόεσσα διάβροχος αἵματι Νύμφη.
αὐτὰρ ὁ βάρβαρα φῦλα παρ' ἠόνας ἄορι τύπτων
εἰς προχοὰς ἔτρεψε· διωκόμενοι δὲ σιδήρῳ
δυσμενέες κτείνοντο φόβῳ στείνοντες Ὑδάσπην.
καὶ πολὺς ἐν ῥοθίοισι πόδας καὶ χεῖρας ἑλίσσων
νηχομένους μιμεῖτο, καὶ ἤθελε πότμον ἀλύξαι
χερσὶν ἀπειρήτοις ποταμήια χεύματα τέμνων·
ἀλλὰ ῥόῳ κεκάλυπτο· καὶ ὕδασιν ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
ἔγκυος οἰδαίνων διερῷ τυμβεύετο πότμῳ.
Οὐδ' ἐπὶ δὴν παρὰ θῖνα φερεσσακέος ποταμοῖο
πληθύι τοσσατίῃ φονίων κυκλούμενος Ἰνδῶν
Αἰακὸς εἰσέτι μίμνεν, ἐπεὶ μογέοντι παρέστη
Ἰνδοφόνος Διόνυσος ἀκαχμένα θύρσα τινάσσων.
ἔνθα πολὺν στρατὸν ἄλλον ἀφειδέι δούρατι νύσσων
Αἰακὸς ἐπρήνιξεν· ἐμαίνετο δ' οἷά περ Ἄρης,
σύνδρομος εὐθώρηκι κασιγνήτῳ Διονύσῳ.
Καὶ διερῇ Διόνυσος ὁμίλεε σύζυγι χάρμῃ
ὑγρὸν ἐπ' ἀντιβίοισι φέρων μόρον. εἰ δέ τις ἀνὴρ
νήχετο δαιδαλέης ὑπὲρ ἀσπίδος οἴδματα τέμνων,
νηχομένων κεράιξε μετάφρενον· εἰ δέ τις Ἰνδῶν

BOOK XXIII

In the twenty-third I sing Indian Hydaspes crossed, and the affray of water and fire.

So spoke the Nymph, the Naiad of the waters, and soaked in blood plunged into the bloodstained water of her father. But Aiacos drove the barbarian hordes along the banks into the flood, striking with his sword ; the enemy pursued by the steel died in their rout and choked the river Hydaspes. Many a one in the flood stretched legs and arms in the manner of swimmers, and tried to escape his fate by cutting the stream with inexperienced hands, yet he was swallowed in the water ; one upon another swollen big with water there found a floating grave.

[11] But Aiacos had not long to wait on the bank of the shieldstrewn river, surrounded by all that multitude of deadly foes, for Dionysos Indianslayer was beside him at his need, shaking the sharpened wand. Then Aiacos laid low a great host besides, piercing them with unsparing spear ; furious as Ares he was by the side of his corseleted brother Dionysos.

[18] Then Dionysos joined with him in the watery battle, and brought a drowning death to his foes. If some man swam by cutting through the waves on his wellmade shield, he thrust him through the back as he swam. If an Indian showed fight half under

ἡμιφανὴς πολέμιζεν ἐπ' ἰλύι ταρσὸν ἐρείσας,
θύρσῳ στῆθος ἔτυψεν ἢ αὐχένα, κύματα τέμνων,
δυομένων· βυθίων γὰρ ἐπίστατο κόλπον ἐναύλων,
ἐξ ὅτε μιν φεύγοντα μόθον δασπλῆτα Λυκούργου
δώματι κυμαίνοντι γέρων ὑπεδέξατο Νηρεύς.
πολλοὶ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα περικλείοντο ῥεέθρῳ,
υἷα Διὸς τρομέοντες ὀρίδρομον, ὧν ὁ μὲν αὐτῶν
ὄρθιος ἰλυόεντι πόδας σφηκώσατο πηλῷ,
αὐτοπαγὴς δ' ἀτίνακτος ἀπ' ἰξύος ἄχρι καρήνου
ἡμιφανὴς ἀνέτελλε καλυπτομένην πτύχα μηροῦ·
καὶ Βρομίῳ πολέμιζεν ἐν ὕδασι μᾶλλον ἀρούρης
ἀμφοτέραις παλάμαις διδυμάονα δούρατα πάλλων·
καὶ τὸ μὲν αἰχμάζεσκεν ἐς ἠόνας ὑψόσε πέμπων,
Αἰακὸν ἀντικέλευθον ἔχων σκοπόν, ἄλλο δὲ σείσας
ἔγχος ἀνουτήτοιο κατηκόντιζε Λυαίου.
καί τις ἐνεστήρικτο μέσον κενεῶνα καλύπτων,
ὃς δὲ φυγεῖν οὐχ εὗρε, τετυμμένος ὀξέι θύρσῳ,
ἴχνια πηλώεντι φέρων πεπεδημένα δεσμῷ,
ταρσὸν ἔχων ψαμάθοισι κατάσχετον· ἵστατο δ' ἄλλος
κνήμης βαλλομένης· ὁ δὲ γούνατος ἄκρα διαίνων
ὑγρὴν αἱμαλέοιο δι' ὕδατος εἶχεν Ἐνυώ·
ἄλλος ἐνερρίζωτο δεδυκότος ἄχρι γενείου,
καὶ πόδας ἠώρησε λελουμένον ὦμον ἀείρων,
φεύγων φρικτὰ ῥέεθρα καταΐσσοντα προσώπου·
ἄλλος ἐνὶ προχοῇσιν ὅλον δέμας ἐκ ποδὸς ἄκρου
ἄχρι μέσου στέρνοιο κατάρρυτος, ὃς δὲ διαίνων
ὤμους διχθαδίους, ὁ δὲ βόστρυχον ἄκρον ἐρεύσας
δέχνυτο κυματόεσσαν ἐπαΐσσουσαν ἀπειλήν.

[a] See xx. 356.

[b] Like Asteropaios, Hom. *Il.* xxi. 163. Nonnos has the

water and standing on the mud, he struck breast or neck with his wand, wading in among the drowning men; for he knew the deep bosom of the waters, ever since he fled from the murderous attack of Lycurgos, and ancient Nereus had entertained him in his billowy dwelling.[a] Many on this side and that plunged into the stream in fear of the hillranging son of Zeus. One stood upright with feet held firmly in the slimy mud, selfstuck, immovable, half-visible from loins to head; then lifting the hidden fork of the thigh he fought better against Bromios in water than on land, for he cast two lances from his two hands[b]; one he let fly towards the bank, sending it up high, with Aiacos as his target, who was approaching; the other he poised and threw at Lyaios the invulnerable. Another stood firmly, covered to midbelly; and he could not escape, but the sharp wand struck him as he dragged his clogged feet through the fettering mud, and his soles were stayed in the sands. There was another, stopt by a wound in the calf; the river just reached his knee, and fought a wet warfare through the bloody water. Another rooted to the bottom was submerged over the chin, and tried to lift his feet so as to get a shoulder clear of the water, trying to escape the terrible flood which dashed in his face. Others with the whole body covered from the toes to the middle of the chest, or with both shoulders in the wet, or with red on the hair of his head,[c] awaited the threatening attack

battle of Achilles by the river in his mind throughout this description.

[c] Presumably from the blood-stained water but the reading is doubtful.

εἰς βυθὸν ἄλλος ἔδυνε διάβροχα χείλεα σείων
ἀνδροφόνον παρὰ χεῦμα σεσηρότος ἀνθερεῶνος.
Καί τις ἑοὺς ἑτάρους δεδοκημένος Ἰνδὸς ἀγήνωρ
τοὺς μὲν κτεινομένους δολιχῷ δορί,
τοὺς δὲ μαχαίρῃ,
ἄλλον ὀιστευθέντα χαραδρήεντι βελέμνῳ,
τὸν δὲ πολυπλέκτῳ δεδαϊγμένον ὀξέι θύρσῳ,
Θουρέι νεκρὸν ὅμιλον ἐδείκνυεν, ἀχνύμενος δὲ
τίλλε κόμην, φλογερῷ δὲ χόλου βακχεύετο πυρσῷ,
σφίγγων καρχαρόδοντι μεμυκότα χείλεα δεσμῷ·
καὶ ταχὺς αὐτοφόνον μιμούμενος Ἰνδὸν Ὀρόντην,
βάρβαρον αἷμα φέρων καὶ βάρβαρον ἦθος ἀέξων,
ἄορ ἑὸν γύμνωσεν, ἀπορρίψας δὲ χιτῶνα,
Ἄρεος ἀρραγὲς ἕρκος, ἀλεξητῆρα βελέμνων,
καὶ ξίφος ἀπτοίητος ἑῷ κενεῶνι πελάσσας
ὑστατίην ταχύποτμος ἀγήνορα ῥήξατο φωνήν·
" Γαστήρ, δέχνυσο τοῦτο φίλον ξίφος·
αἰδέομαι γάρ,
μή τις ἐμὲ κτείνειεν ἀνάρσιος ἀπτόλεμος χείρ.
αὐτὸς ἐμῷ κενεῶνι θελήμονα χαλκὸν ἐλάσσω,
μή με πατὴρ μέμψαιτο δεδουπότα θήλεϊ θύρσῳ,
μὴ Σάτυρον, μὴ Βάκχον ἐμὸν καλέσειε φονῆα."
Ἔννεπε κυανέης κατὰ γαστέρος ἄορ ἐρείσας
τολμηραῖς παλάμῃσιν, ἅτε ξένον ἄνδρα δαΐζων,
καὶ θάνεν αὐτοδάικτος ἐν ἀντιβίοισι Μενοικεύς,
αἰδόμενος μετὰ δῆριν ἰδεῖν ἔτι Δηριαδῆα·
ὄμμασι δ' ἀκλαύτοισι θελήμονι κάτθανε πότμῳ,
καὶ μανίης ἀπάνευθεν ἐφαίνετο χάλκεος Αἴας.
Καὶ φόνος ἄσπετος ἦεν· ἀναινομένῳ δὲ ῥεέθρῳ

ᵃ Menoiceus son of Creon killed himself because the prophet had foretold that his death would bring victory to his country.

of the waves. Another with wet lips palpitating and grinning teeth sank into the deathdealing stream.

52 Some proud Indian seeing his companions killed by long spear or sword, struck by a missile rock, pierced by the sharp leafwrapt thyrsus-wand, pointed out to Thureus the heaps of corpses—then in anguish tore his hair, bit his lips deep and was dumb, wild with blazing indignation. Born of barbarian blood and bred in barbarian manners, he quickly followed the example of Indian Orontes and killed himself. Baring his sword, he stript off the corselet, that impregnable defence in battle which kept off the missiles, and undismayed set the blade to his flank, as he uttered a last proud speech before the quick stroke of death:

65 "Belly, receive this friendly sword! I should be ashamed if I were killed by some unnatural unwarlike hand. I myself drive a willing blade into my own side, that my father may not reproach me brought low by a womanish wand, nor call Satyr or Bacchant my slayer!"

70 As he spoke, he thrust the sword down into his darkskinned belly with resolute hands, as if he were piercing a stranger, and died self-slain, another Menoiceus [a] among his foes, ashamed to look again upon Deriades after this battle; died a willing death with tearless eyes, and showed himself a brazen Aias [b] but that he was not mad.

76 The carnage was infinite; Hydaspes covered

[b] Aias, son of Telamon, went mad with disappointment when the arms of Achilles were given to Odysseus instead of him. Recovering his senses, he found he had killed sheep, taking them for his enemies, and killed himself for shame. See Soph. *Aias*.

κτεινομένους ἐκάλυψε καὶ ἔπλετο τύμβος Ὑδάσπης.
καί τις ἔσω ποταμοῖο πανυστατίην χέε φωνήν·
“ Καὶ σύ, πάτερ,
προχοῇσι πόθεν σέο τέκνα καλύπτεις;
πολλάκι Βάκτρον Ἄρηα μετήιον, ἀλλὰ ῥεέθροις
οὔ ποτε Μῆδον ὅμιλον ἀπέκτανε Μῆδος Ἀράξης·
Περσικὸς Εὐφρήτης οὐκ ἔκρυφε γείτονα Πέρσην·
πολλάκι μοι παρὰ Ταῦρον ἔην μόθος, ἀλλ᾽ ἐνὶ χάρμῃ
οὐ Κίλικάς ποτε Κύδνος ἑῷ τυμβεύσατο κόλπῳ
οὐ Τάναϊς χιονῶδες ἄγων πετρούμενον ὕδωρ
γείτονι Σαυρομάτῃ θωρήσσεται, ἀλλὰ κορύσσων
Κόλχοις ἀντιβίοισι χαραδρήεσσαν Ἐνυὼ
πολλάκι παχνήεντι κατεπρήνιξε βελέμνῳ.
Ἠριδανὸς πέλε σεῖο μακάρτερος, ὅττι ῥεέθροις
ἀλλοδαπὸν Φαέθοντα καὶ οὐκ ἔκρυψε πολίτην,
οὐ Γαλάτην ἐκάλυψε καὶ οὐ τάφος ἔπλετο Κελτῷ,
ἀλλὰ φίλοις ναέτῃσι ῥυηφενέων ἀπὸ δένδρων
Ἡλιάδων ἤλεκτρα φεραυγέα δῶρα κυλίνδει·
Ῥῆνος Ἴβηρ βρεφέεσσι κορύσσεται, ἀλλὰ δικάζων,
καὶ κρυφίην ὠδῖνα διασχίζων τοκετοῖο
κτείνει ξεῖνα γένεθλα· σὺ δὲ φθιμένων ναετήρων
κρύπτεις γνήσια τέκνα καὶ οὐ νόθον αἷμα καλύπτεις.
πῶς δύνασαι ποταμοῖσι μιγήμεναι ἠὲ καὶ αὐτῷ
Ὠκεανῷ γενέτῃ καὶ Τηθύι, σεῖο τεκούσῃ,
αἱμαλέαις λιβάδεσσι φόνου πλημμυρίδα σύρων;

---

[a] River Don.

[b] Phaëthon when struck by the thunderbolt fell into the Eridanos, which “ is nowhere at all but said to be somewhere near the Po,” says Strabo v. 1. 9. Nonnos seems obsessed by this story, to which he recurs several times, finally telling it at length in book xxxviii. The mention of amber in con-

the dead with his reluctant flood, and became their tomb. Then one within the river cried out his last reproach :

79 " You too, father ! why do you drown your sons ? I have often made war against Bactrians, but Median Araxes never destroyed a Median army. Persian Euphrates never drowned his neighbours, the Persians. Often I have had war under the Tauros, but Cydnos never made his bosom the tomb of Cilicians in war. Tanaïs [a] never arms icy petrified waters against the Sauromatans on his banks, but often attacked their enemies the Colchians with torrential war, and laid them low with his frozen armament. Eridanos was happier than you, in that he swallowed a foreigner, Phaëthon [b] in his flood, not one of his own people ; he drowned no Gaul, he entombed no Celt, but brings wealth from his trees to the friends who live near him as he rolls along the brilliant amber gifts of the Heliades. Iberian Rhine [c] does indeed attack his own sons, but as a judge, when he marks off the illicit offspring of his race and kills the stranger-brat ; but you swallow up the lawful sons of your own perishing people—you drown no bastard blood. How dare you mingle with other rivers, with your Father Ocean himself and Tethys your mother, rolling down a flood of gore in bloody streams ? Have some

nexion with Eridanos suggests that it has been confused with some North European river.

[c] Apparently Nonnos imagined either that the Rhine was in Spain or that the Iberians' territory extended through Gaul to its banks. It was said in late antiquity (see Julian, *Orat.* p. 81d Sp. ; pseudo-Julian, *Ep.* cxci. 16 ; Claudian v. 112 ; more references and good parallels in Frazer, *Folk-lore of O.T.* ii. 454-455) that the " Celts " used to throw their infant children into the Rhine, for a true-born child would float quite safely, but a bastard would drown.

ἄζεο, μὴ νεκύεσσι Ποσειδάωνα μιήνῃς.
σεῖο ῥόος Βρομίοιο κακώτερος, ὅττί με θύρσοις
οὐ κλονέει Διόνυσος, ὅσον κλονέεις με ῥεέθροις."
Ὣς εἰπὼν βαρύποτμος ἐδέχνυτο λοίσθιον ὕδωρ.
καὶ πλόος ἦν εὔοπλος· ἐκουφίζοντο δὲ λαοὶ
οἰδαλέοις μελέεσσιν· ἀποφθιμένου δὲ φορῆος
ἡμιφανὴς πλωτῆρι λόφῳ πορθμεύετο πήληξ
δυομένη κατὰ βαιόν· ἐφαλλόμεναι δὲ ῥεέθροις
ἐκταδὸν ἐν ῥοθίοισιν ἅτε πρυμνήσια νηῶν
νηχομένους τελαμῶνας ἐναυτίλλοντο βοεῖαι,
στοιχάδες ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα· βαρυνόμενον δὲ σιδήρῳ
εἰς βυθὸν ὑγροχίτωνα κατέσπασεν ἀνέρα θώρηξ.
Οὐδὲ μόθου Διόνυσος ἑοὺς ἀνέκοψε μαχητάς,
εἰ μὴ πάντας ἔπεφνεν ἑῷ ταμεσίχροϊ θύρσῳ,
καλλείψας ἕνα μοῦνον ὅλων κήρυκα θανόντων·
Θουρέα μοῦνον ἔλειπε θεουδέα μάρτυρα νίκης.
Ἥρη δ' ὡς ἐνόησε δαϊκταμένων φόνον Ἰνδῶν,
οὐρανόθεν πεπότητο, δι' ὑψιπόρου δὲ κελεύθου
ἄστατος ἠνεμόεντι κατέγραφεν ἠέρα ταρσῷ.
Ἀντολίῃ δ' ἐπέβαινε, καὶ ἤλασεν Ἰνδὸν Ὑδάσπην
φύλοπιν αἱματόεσσαν ἀναστῆσαι Διονύσῳ.
Ἀλλ' ὅτε βαρβαρόφωνος Ἑώιος ὤκλασεν Ἄρης,
δὴ τότε ναυτιλίης ἑτερότροπα μάγγανα τεύχων
χεύμασιν ἀκλύστοισι χορὸς πορθμεύετο Βάκχων.
καὶ θεὸς ἡγεμόνευε, δι' οἴδματος ἡνιοχεύων
ἅρμασι χερσαίοισι νόθον πλόον, ὑγροπόρων δὲ
πορδαλίων ἀδίαντος ὄνυξ ἐχάραξεν Ὑδάσπην·
καὶ στρατιαὶ πλόον εἶχον ἀκυμάντου ποταμοῖο,
ὧν ὁ μὲν Ἰνδῴην σχεδίην πολύδεσμον ἐρέσσων,
ὃς δέ, κυβερνήσας διερὴν ἀκάτοιο πορείην,

reverence, do not pollute Poseidon with dead bodies. Your river is worse than Bromios, his wands do not beat me so hard as your waves beat me!"

104 As he spoke, he received the last water, which brought him unhappy fate.

105 The river was full of armour. The swollen bodies were floating in crowds: the helmet under way half visible, sinking little by little and crest trailing on the water, its owner lost. Leathern shields sailed along flat, tossing upon the waves in rows here and there, their long slings afloat like ships' hawsers. Here a man is dragged down to the depths in his soaking garments by the weight of his corselet and his arms.

113 Dionysos would never have recalled his men from the battle, if he had not killed that whole army with his fleshpiercing wand, leaving only one to tell the news that all were dead. Thureus alone he left to be a godfearing witness of the victory.

117 But when Hera perceived the carnage and devastation of the Indians, she flew from heaven, and quickly along the path on high scored the air with windswift sole. In Anatolia she alighted, and drove Indian Hydaspes to stir up bloody strife against Dionysos.

122 When Eastern Ares of barbarian speech had bent the knee, then the company of Bacchoi was fashioning all sorts of machines of navigation and crossed the tranquil waves. The god led them in his landchariot, driving this makeshift vessel over the flood, while the panthers trod the water of Hydaspes without wetting a hoof. The armies made their voyage over a waveless river, one rowing a strongbound Indian raft, one steering a skiff along the

ἐνδάπιον σκάφος εἶχε λινορραφέων ἀλιήων
ἁρπάξας· ἕτερος δὲ νόθῳ ναυτίλλετο θεσμῷ, 132
ἅμματι τεχνήεντι περίπλοκα δούρατα δήσας, 134
καὶ ξύλον αὐτόπρεμνον ὁμοίιον ὁλκάδι τεύχων, 133
ἔκτοθι πηδαλίου, δίχα λαίφεος, ἐκτὸς ἐρετμῶν, 135
οὐ Βορέην καλέων νηοσσόον—ἰθυτενὲς γὰρ
εἰς βυθίους κενεῶνας ὑποβρύχιον δόρυ πέμπων
Ἄρεος ὑγροπόροιο δορυσσόος ἔπλεε ναύτης—,
καὶ πλωτῆς ἀδίαντος ἐπ᾽ ἀσπίδος οἴδματα τέμνων,
πεῖσμα φέρων τελαμῶνα, σακέσπαλον εἶχε πορείην,
ξείνην ναυτιλίην ψευδήμονι νηὶ χαράσσων.
  Καὶ στρατὸς ἱππήων ῥόον ἔστιχε, καὶ πλόος ἵππων
ποσσὶν ἔην ῥαχίησιν ἀειρομένων ἐλατήρων·
καὶ τότε νηχομένου διερὸν δρόμον εὔποδος ἵππου
ἰξύι κουφίζοντος ὑπέρτερον ἡνιοχῆα
ὑψιφανὴς ἀνέτελλε δι᾽ ὕδατος ἄβροχος αὐχήν.
  Καὶ στρατὸς ἐγρεμόθων πρυλέων
                    ἀκάτοιο χατίζων,
ἀσκοῖς οἰδαλέοισι χέων ποιητὸν ἀήτην,
δέρματι φυσαλέῳ διεμέτρεεν Ἰνδὸν Ὑδάσπην,
ἐνδομύχων δ᾽ ἀνέμων ἐγκύμονες ἔπλεον ἀσκοί.
  Αἰγείοις δὲ πόδεσσι διέτρεχε Παρράσιος Πὰν
ἄκρα γαληναίοιο διαστείχων ποταμοῖο·
καὶ Λύκος ἡνιόχευε θαλασσαίων δρόμον ἵππων
πατρῴην ἀδίαντον ἄγων τέθριππον ἀπήνην·
καὶ γνωτῷ περόωντι συνέστιχε Δαμναμενῆι
Σκέλμις ἀκυμάντοιο καθιππεύων ποταμοῖο.
ἄλλος ὑπὲρ νώτοιο θορὼν ὁμόφοιτον ἀέλλαις
εἰς πλόον ἡνιόχευε καλαύροπι ταῦρον ὁδίτην,
καὶ βοέοις ὀνύχεσσι κατέγραφεν ἄψοφον ὕδωρ·

watery path, some native boat of networking fishermen which he had seized. Another played the mariner under strange pretences. He lashed together a number of logs with workmanlike knots, and made the timber roots and all serve as a freighter without rudder, without sail, without oars, asking no help from speed-the-ship Boreas—for he held his spear upright and plunged it under water into the deep pools : so navigated the spearpunting shipman of a watercrossing host. There was another new kind of navigation, and another sham boat, when one cut the waters, dry on a floating shield, with the sling for painter, and so pursued his shieldshaking course.

142 The cavalry also marched into the river ; the horses swam with their feet while the riders sat on their backs.[a] As the horse swam a wet journey with his agile feet, only his neck rose high and dry out of the water as he carried the rider aloft upon his flanks.

147 Next came the doughty footmen who had no boat. They filled swelling skins with artificial wind, and on these leathery bags crossed Indian Hydaspes, while the skins teeming with wind bore them along.

151 Now Parrhasian Pan crossed the surface of the calm river on his goat's feet ; Lycos guided the horses of the sea in his father's fourhorse chariot unwetted ; and Scelmis drove across the waveless river along with Damnameneus his brother. Some one else leapt on the back of a bull and made him march into the river quick as the wind, guiding him on his way with his crook, as the beast scored the quiet water with his hooves. The old Seilenoi went

[a] Nonnos was no horsemaster ; a cavalry-man would swim or wade beside his mount.

Σειληνοὶ δὲ γέροντες ἐναυτίλλοντο θαλάσσῃ
καὶ ποσὶ καὶ παλάμῃσιν
ἐρετμώσαντες Ὑδάσπην . . .
Καὶ προχέων κρουνηδὸν ἀλεξήτειραν ἰωὴν
γνωτῷ κυματόεντι γέρων ἰάχησεν Ὑδάσπης,
μῦθον ἀπειλητῆρα χέων πολυπίδακι λαιμῷ·
"Γνωτὲ πέπον, τέο μέχρι τεὸς ῥόος ἄψοφος ἕρπει;
οἴδματα σεῖο κόρυσσον ἐπιβρίθων Διονύσῳ,
ὄφρα κατακρύψωμεν ἐν ὕδασι πεζὸν ὁδίτην.
σοὶ καὶ ἐμοὶ πέλεν αἶσχος, ὅτε Βρομίοιο μαχηταὶ
ἀβρέκτοις ἐμὸν οἶδμα διασχίζουσι πεδίλοις·
Αἰόλε, καὶ σὺ τέλεσσον ἐμοὶ χάριν, ἀντιβίοις δὲ
σοὺς προμάχους θώρηξον ἀελλήεντας ἀήτας
μαρναμένους Σατύροισιν, ὅτι στρατὸς ὑγρὸς ὁδίτης
ἅρμασι χερσαίοισι βατὸν ποίησεν Ὑδάσπην,
καὶ δρόμον ὑγρὸν ἔχουσιν ἐν ὕδασιν ἡνιοχῆες·
σοὺς ἀνέμους θώρηξον ἐμῷ πορθμῆι Λυαίῳ·
χεύμασι δ' ἑλκέσθω Σατύρων στόλος, ἡνιόχων δὲ
συρομένων προχοῇσιν ἐμὸς ῥόος ἅρμα δεχέσθω,
οἴδματι λυσσήεντι καλυπτομένων ἐλατήρων.
οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ νήποινον ἀήθεα πορθμὸν ἐάσω·
σοὶ καὶ ἐμοὶ πέλεν αἶσχος, ὅταν Βρομίοιο μαχηταὶ
ἀτραπὸν ἡνιόχοισι καὶ ἀβρέκτοισιν ὁδίταις . . .
ὑγροπόρους δὲ λέοντας ἀιστώσω Διονύσου.
εἰπέ, πόθεν βατὸς ἔσκεν ἐμὸς ῥόος, ὑγροβαφὴς δὲ
Νηιὰς ἐν προχοῇσι πόθεν χρεμετισμὸν ἀκούει
καὶ ῥάχιν ἰχθυόεσσαν ὄνυξ ἵππειος ἀράσσει;
αἰδέομαι ποταμοῖσι μιγήμεναι, ὅττι γυναῖκες
ἡμέας ἀκλύστοισι διαστείβουσι πεδίλοις.
οὔ ποτε τολμήεντες ἐμὸν ῥόον ἔξεον Ἰνδοὶ
ἅρμασιν ἠλιβάτοισι, καὶ οὐ πατρώιον ὕδωρ

voyaging on the deep paddling Hydaspes with foot and hand.

162 Now old Hydaspes poured out a gushing cry, and shouted for help to a watery brother, as he uttered these menacing words from his manyfountained throat [a]:

165 "Lazy brother, how long is your stream to crawl in silence? Rear your waves, and overwhelm Dionysos, that we may swallow his host of footmen under the waters! It is a disgrace for you and me when the warriors of Bromios pass through my flood with unwetted shoes. You also, Aiolos [b]—grant me this boon, arm your stormy winds to be champions against my foes, to fight with the Satyrs, because their host has marched through the waters and made a highroad of Hydaspes for landchariots, because they drive a watery course through my stream! Arm your winds against my ferryman Lyaios! Let the Satyrs' host be caught in the flood, let my river receive the chariot, let the charioteers be rolled in my flood, let the riders be swallowed in the mad waves! I will not suffer this unnatural passage to be unavenged: for both you and me it is a disgrace, when the warriors of Bromios have made a path for footmen and drivers high and dry! . . . I will destroy the water-traversing lions of Dionysos!

183 "Tell me, why was my river made a highway? Why does the Naiad in the watery depths of my flood hear whinnying, why does the horse's hoof crush the fish's back? I am ashamed to mingle with other rivers, when women cross me with unwetted shoes. Never have Indians been so bold as to scrape my

[a] So Scamandros calls for help to his brother Simoeis; Hom. *Il.* xxi. 308.

[b] The wind-god.

Δηριάδης ἐχάραξεν ἑῷ περιμήκεϊ δίφρῳ,
ὑψιλόφων λοφίῃσιν ἐφεδρήσσων ἐλεφάντων."
῝Ως εἰπὼν ἐκόρυσσεν ἑὸν ῥόον· ἆλτο δὲ Βάκχῳ
αἰχμάζων ῥοθίοισιν· ἀελλήεσσα δὲ πολλὴ
μαρναμένων ὑδάτων διερὴ μυκήσατο σάλπιγξ·
καὶ ποταμὸς κελάρυζεν ἄγων ὑψούμενον ὕδωρ,
μαρνάμενος Σατύροισι· πολυφλοίσβῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ
Βασσαρὶς ἀβροχίτων ἀπεσείσατο κύμβαλα χειρῶν
καὶ πόδας ἀμφελέλιζεν, ἐρεσσομένοιο δὲ ταρσοῦ
ξανθὰ πολυρραφέων ἀπεσείσατο δεσμὰ πεδίλων,
καὶ ῥόος ἠνεμόεις πεφορημένος ἄχρι καρήνου
Βάκχης νηχομένης ἑλικώδεας ἔκλυσε χαίτας·
ἄλλη βριθομένη διεροὺς ἀπεθήκατο πέπλους,
νεβρίδας οἰδαλέοισιν ἐπιτρέψασα ῥεέθροις,
καί οἱ ἐπὶ στέρνοισι κορυσσομένου ποταμοῖο
ὄγκος ἐρευθιόωντι μέλας ἐπεσύρετο μαζῷ·
καὶ Σάτυρος παλάμῃσιν ἐρετμώσας χυτὸν ὕδωρ
ἰκμαλέην ἐλέλιζε δι' ὕδατος ὄρθιον οὐρήν·
γηραλέοις δὲ πόδεσσι μεθυσφαλὲς ἴχνος ἐρέσσων
ἄστατος ὑδατόεντι Μάρων πεφορημένος ὁλκῷ
κύμασιν ἀσκὸν ἔλειπε βεβυσμένον ἡδέος οἴνου·
πυκνὰ δὲ σειομένη διδυμόζυγι σύνδρομος αὐλῷ
Πανιὰς ἀκροτάτοιο δι' ὕδατος ἔπλεε σύριγξ,
κύμασιν αὐτοέλικτος· ἀμιλλητῆρι δὲ παλμῷ
Σειληνοῦ λασίοιο κατ' αὐχένος ἔρρεε χαίτη.
Καὶ ποταμὸς κελάδησεν
ἀφυσγετὸν οἴδματι σύρων,
ξανθὸν ὑπὲρ πεδίοιο χέων μετανάστιον ὕδωρ,
κικλήσκων Διόνυσον ἐς ὑδατόεσσαν Ἐνυώ·
καὶ ῥόος ἐγρεκύδοιμος ἔχων ἀντίπνοον αὔρην
ἀγχινεφὴς ὑψοῦτο, διάβροχον ἠέρα φαίνων,
οἴδματι παφλάζοντι καταθρῴσκων Διονύσου.

streams with towering chariots, never has Deriades scored his father's water with his huge equipage, seated on the nape of highcrested elephants!"

192 As he spoke, he curved his own stream, and leapt upon Bacchos with a volley of foaming surf. A storm of watery trumpets bellowed from the battling waves; the river moaned as it raised the water high, battling against the Satyrs. Amid the roaring tumult, the Bassarid in her rich garb shook the cymbals out of her hands, swung her feet round, shook off the yellow trusses of the stitched shoes from her paddling foot, while the windswept waves rose to the head of the swimming Bacchant and drenched her curling hair. Another overwhelmed threw off her soaking robes, and gave her fawnskins to the swelling water, as the mass of the curving stream rolled over her chest, black against the rosy nipple. A Satyr paddling the flood with his hands waggled his wet tail straight out through the water. Maron carried swiftly along by the rushing water, paddled the drunken feet of his old legs, and left in the waves his leather bottle full of delicious wine. The syrinx of Pan was floating on the surface and rolling of itself on the waves, tossed about beside the double pipes; the hair of shaggy Seilenos flowed over his neck and jumped about in rivalry.

215 The river moaned, dragging the mud in its rush and pouring its alien water yellow over the land, a challenge to watery war for Dionysos. The tumultuous flood, met by a counterblast of wind, piled up high as the clouds and soaked the air, as it leapt down upon Dionysos with foaming surf. Not so

οὐχ οὕτω Σιμόεντος Ἀρειμανὲς ἔβρεμεν ὕδωρ,
οὐχ οὕτω ῥόος ἔσκεν ἐγερσιμόθοιο Καμάνδρου
χεύματι κυματόεντι κατακλύζων Ἀχιλῆα,
ὡς τότε Βακχείην στρατιὴν ἐδίωξεν Ὑδάσπης.
καὶ ποταμῷ Διόνυσος ἀνήρυγε θυιάδα φωνήν·
“Τί κλονέεις Διὸς υἷα, Διιπετές; ἢν ἐθελήσω,
τερσαίνει σέο χεῦμα πατὴρ ἐμός, ὑέτιος Ζεύς.
ἐκ νεφέων βλάστησας ἐμοῦ Κρονίδαο τοκῆος,
καὶ νεφεληγερέταο Διὸς βλάστημα διώκεις;
πατρὸς ἐμοῦ πεφύλαξο βέλος λοχίοιο κεραυνοῦ,
μὴ στεροπὴν Βρομίοιο γενέθλιον εἰς σὲ κορύσσῃ·
ἅζεο, μὴ βαρύγουνος, ὅπως Ἀσωπός, ἀκούσῃς·
σὴν προχοὴν πρήυνον, ἕως ἔτι μῆνιν ἐρύκω.
ὑδατόεις πυρόεντι κορύσσεαι· οὐ δύνασαι δὲ
τλήμεναι αἰθαλόεντος ἕνα σπινθῆρα κεραυνοῦ.
εἰ δὲ μέγα φρονέεις χάριν Ἀστερίης σέο νύμφης,
ἣ λάχεν αἰθερίης Ὑπερίονος αἷμα γενέθλης,
Ἠελίου θρασὺν υἷα, πυρώδεος ἡνιοχῆος,
οὐρανὸν ἱππεύοντα πατὴρ ἐμὸς ἔφλεγε πυρσῷ,
καὶ νέκυν ἔστενε παῖδα πυρὸς ταμίης Ὑπερίων,
οὐδὲ χάριν Φαέθοντος ἐμῷ πολέμιζε τοκῆι,
οὐ πυρὶ πῦρ ἀνάειρε, καὶ εἰ πυρὸς ἡγεμονεύει.
εἰ χάριν ὑμετέρου μεγαλίζεαι Ὠκεανοῖο,
Ἠριδανὸν σκοπίαζε Διὸς πληγέντα βελέμνῳ,
ὑμέτερον πυρίκαυτον ἀδελφεόν· αἰνοπαθὴς δὲ
σὸς διερὸς προπάτωρ, μιτρούμενος ἄντυγι κόσμου,
χεύμασι τοσσατίοισι χέων γαιήοχον ὕδωρ,
υἱὸν ἴδε φλεχθέντα, καὶ οὐ πολέμιζεν Ὀλύμπῳ,
οὐ προχοαῖς ἐρίδαινε πυριγλώχινι κεραυνῷ.

a Hom. *Il.* xxi. 324.

furiously roared the war-mad water of Simoeis, not so defiantly rushed Camandros to overwhelm Achilles with rolling flood,[a] as then Hydaspes pursued the army of Bacchos.

225 Then Dionysos shouted to the river in rage :

226 " Why do you drive against the son of Zeus, you whose waters are fed by Zeus ? If it be my pleasure, Rainy Zeus my father will dry up your flood. You, sprung from the clouds of Cronides my father, persecute the offspring of Cloudgatherer Zeus ! Beware the stroke of my father's thunderbolt of delivery, beware lest he raise against you the lightning which gave Bromios birth ! Take care that you be not dubbed Heavyknee, like Asopos ! [b] Quiet your flood while I yet control my wrath. Your waters rise against fires, and you cannot endure one spark of the blazing thunderbolt.

236 " And if it is Asterië [c] your wife that makes you so proud, because she has the blood of Hyperion's heavenly kin, my father burnt with fire the bold son of Helios [d] the fiery charioteer, when he drove the team through heaven ; Hyperion dispenser of fire had to mourn his own son dead : he did not make war on my father for Phaëthon's sake, he did not lift fire against fire even if he is lord of fire. If your Oceanos makes you so haughty, consider Eridanos struck by the bolt of Zeus, your brother burnt with fire : a cruel sorrow it was for your watery ancestor, who is girdled by the world's rim, who pours all those mighty streams of water to possess the earth, when he saw his own son burnt up and made no war on Olympos, nor contended with his flood against the

[b] See xiii. 217. [c] Astris, see xvii. 282.
[d] See xxxviii. 410 ff.

ἀλλὰ τεῶν ὑδάτων ἔτι φείδεο, μή σε νοήσω
Ἠριδανῷ φλεχθέντι κεκαυμένον ἶσον Ὑδάσπην."
Ὣς φαμένῳ βαρύδουπος
ἐχώσατο μᾶλλον Ὑδάσπης
κύμασι λαβροτέροισι χέων ὑψίδρομον ὕδωρ.
καί νύ κεν ἔκρυφε πᾶσαν
ἀβακχεύτων στίχα Βάκχων,
εἰ μὴ Βάκχος ἄμυνεν, ἀπ' ἀγχιπόροιο δὲ λόχμης
πυρσοτόκον νάρθηκα λαβὼν ἀντώπιον Ἠοῦς
Ἠελίῳ θέρμηνεν· ἐριφλεγέος δὲ κορύμβου
αὐτογόνῳ σπινθῆρι λοχεύετο δουράτεον πῦρ·
καὶ προχοαῖς φλόγα ῥῖψεν· ἀπειλητῆρι δὲ δαλῷ
καιομένου ποταμοῖο ῥοαῖς ἐπεπάφλασαν ὄχθαι·
καὶ πολὺς ἠερόφοιτος ἑλίσσετο καπνὸς ἀλήτης
λωτοῦ καιομένοιο μαραινομένου τε κυπείρου·
καὶ θρύα πῦρ ἀμάθυνε· πολυστροφάλιγγι δὲ ῥιπῇ
καπνοῦ λιγνυόεντος ἕλιξ ἐμέθυσσεν ἀυτμὴ
ἠερίας ἀψῖδας, ὅλη δ' ἐμελαίνετο λόχμη
εὐόδμοις ἀνέμοισιν ἱμασσομένων δονακήων.
Καὶ σέλας εἰς βυθὸν εἷρπεν· ἐνεκρύπτοντο δὲ πηλῷ
ἰχθύες αἰθαλόεντες· ὑποβρυχίοιο δὲ πυρσοῦ
νηχομένῳ σπινθῆρι διάβροχος ἔζεεν ἰλὺς
ὑγρὸν ἀναπτομένη· βυθίων δ' ἀπὸ καπνὸς ἐναύλων
ἔμπυρος ὑδατόεντι διέσσυτο σύνδρομος ἀτμῷ.
Ὑδριάδων δὲ φάλαγγες ἀνάμπυκες ὠκέι ταρσῷ
γυμναὶ κυματόεντος ἀπεπλάζοντο μελάθρου·
καί τις ἀναινομένη φλογερὸν πατρώιον ὕδωρ
Νηιὰς ἀκρήδεμνος ἀήθεα δύσατο Γάγγην·
ἄλλη δ' Ἰνδὸν ἔναιεν ἐριβρεμέτην Ἀκεσίνην
ἀζαλέοις μελέεσσιν· ἀλωομένην δὲ Χοάσπης

[a] Appropriate, since in fennel Prometheus fetched fire to earth.

firebarbed thunderbolt. Pray spare your waters awhile, or I may see you, Hydaspes, burnt up in fiery flames like Eridanos."

252 These words made deeproaring Hydaspes more angry than ever, and he poured out his highswollen water in yet stronger waves. And now he would have engulfed the whole company of sobered Bacchants, had not Bacchos defended them. From a neighbouring coppice he pulled a firebearing stalk of fennel,[a] and holding it towards the Dawn he warmed it at the sun; the combustible stalk conceived a spark in itself and brought forth a woodborn fire. Then he threw it into the stream. The river caught fire of this menacing torch, and the water boiled up against the banks; clouds of smoke went up scattering into the air from burning lotus and shrivelling galingale. Fire consumed the rushes; the reek of the sooty smoke curling in whirling circles intoxicated the heavenly vaults, and all the wood was blackened by the fragrant breezes of the smitten reeds.[b]

267 The blaze spread to the deeps. Burning fishes hid themselves in the mud; the soaking slime kindled the wet and boiled, as the swimming spark of fire ran under water, and from the deep channels poured abroad a fiery smoke mixt with watery steam. Companies of Hydriads[c] were driven naked from their homes under the waves, swift-footed, bare, unveiled. One Naiad, renouncing her native water now on fire, dived unveiled into the unfamiliar Ganges; another with dry limbs sought a home in noisy Indian Acesines[d]; another Naiad nymph

[b] He means smitten as by lightning, *cf.* xxiv. 272; this is from *Il.* ii. 780.

[c] Water-nymphs. [d] River Chenab.

ἄλλην οὐρεσίφοιτον ἀνάμπυκα Νηίδα Νύμφην
παρθενικὴν ἀπέδιλον ἐδέξατο, Περσίδι γείτων.
Ὠκεανὸς δ' ἰάχησεν ἀπειλείων Διονύσῳ,
ὑδατόεν μύκημα χέων πολυπίδακι λαιμῷ,
καὶ ῥόον ἀενάων στομάτων κρουνηδὸν ἰάλλων
ἠιόνας κόσμοιο κατέκλυσε χεύματι μύθων·
"Ἥλικος Ὠκεανοῖο παρευνέτι, σύγχρονε κόσμου
παντρόφε συμμιγέων ὑδάτων, αὐτόσπορε Τηθύς,
ἀρχαίη φιλότεκνε, τί ῥέξομεν; αἰθαλόεις γὰρ
εἰς ἐμὲ καὶ σέο τέκνα κορύσσεται ὑέτιος Ζεύς·
ἅρπαγα γὰρ νόθον ὄρνιν ἔχει Κρονίωνα φονῆα
Ἀσωπὸς γενετῆρα, καὶ υἱέα Βάκχον Ὑδάσπης.
ἀλλὰ Διὸς στεροπῇσιν ἄγων ἀντίξοον ὕδωρ
ἠέλιον πυρόεντα ῥόῳ σβεστῆρι καλύψω,
κρύψω δ' αἰθέρος ἄστρα· καὶ ἀθρήσει με Κρονίων
χεύματι μορμύροντι κατακλύζοντα Σελήνην·
Ἀρκτῴην δ' ὑπὸ πέζαν ἐμαῖς προχοῇσι λοέσσω
ἄξονος ἄκρα κάρηνα καὶ ἄβροχον ὁλκὸν Ἀμάξης·
καὶ βυθίης ἀρχαῖον ἐμῆς πλωτῆρα θαλάσσης

---

[a] River Kherkah.

[b] Oceanos means that he will upset all the celestial arrangements and reverse the catasterisms, or metamorphoses of persons and things to constellations, which are an important part of late mythology. He will wet the Great Bear (294-295) which never touches his waters, *i.e.* never sets (Hom. *Od.* v. 275, and a hundred later passages; it had ceased to be exactly true about 1000 B.C.): he will make the constellation of the Dolphin into a real dolphin swimming in the sea (297), which it once was until it was made a constellation for helping Poseidon to find Amphitrite, pseudo-Eratosthenes, *Catast.* xxxi.; he will bring Eridanos back again to the region of the Po (*cf.* on 89),—it is odd that an Egyptian misses the chance to call it by its other name of Nile, see ps.-

wandering over the mountains, a maiden unveiled and unshod, was received by Choaspes [a] near Persia.

280 Oceanos also cried out against Dionysos in menacing words, pouring a watery roar from his manystream throat, and deluging the shores of the world with the flood of words which issued from his everlasting mouth like a fountain:

284 "O Tethys! agemate and bedmate of Oceanos, ancient as the world, nurse of commingled waters, selfborn, loving mother of children, what shall we do? Now Rainy Zeus blazes in arms against me and your children. Even as Asopos found the Father Zeus Cronion his destroyer, in the bastard shape of a bird, so Hydaspes has found Bacchos the son. Nay, I will bring my water against the lightnings of Zeus, and drown the fiery sun in my quenching flood, I will put out the stars of heaven! Cronion shall see me overwhelm Selene with my roaring streams. Under the region of the Bear, I will wash with my waters the ends of the axle and the dry track of the Wain.[b] The heavenly Dolphin, which long ago swam in my

Erat. xxxvii., but Nonnos follows Aratos as to the name of this constellation, which is near the feet of Orion and often simply called the River. He will get the Fishes, Pisces (302), back again where they were before they were rewarded for helping the goddess Derceto out of the water, ps.-Erat. xxxviii. He will treat the Bull (305) in like manner, *cf.* i. 46 ff. for his story, and Euripides cited by ps.-Erat. xiv. for his transformation into the constellation Taurus. Cepheus and Boötes (311) are of course the well-known constellations so called, but 312 is obscure, unless it is a reference, against all chronology, mythical and historical, to the great tidal wave which destroyed Helice and Bura in 373 B.C., Arist. *Meteor.* ii. 368 b 6, Strabo viii. 7. 2. In 314 he refers to the transformation of the she-goat Amaltheia which suckled Zeus into the constellation Capra or Capella, ps.-Erat. xiii. The Waterman in 315 is the zodiacal constellation Aquarius.

αἰθέριον Δελφῖνα πάλιν πλωτῆρα τελέσσω,
κρυπτόμενον πελάγεσσι· καὶ ἀστερόφοιτον ἐρύσσω
νόστιμον οὐρανόθεν μετανάστιον εἰς χθόνα Κελτῶν
Ἠριδανὸν πυρόεντα, καὶ ὑδατόεντα τελέσσω,
αἰθέρα γυμνώσας διεροῦ πυρός· ὑψιπόρους δὲ
Ἰχθύας ἀστερόεντας ἐμοὺς πάλιν εἰς ἅλα σύρω,
νηχομένους μετ' Ὄλυμπον ἐν ὕδασιν. ἔγρεο, Τηθύς,
ὕδασιν αἰθέρος ἄστρα καλύψομεν, ὄφρα νοήσω
Ταῦρον, ἀκυμάντοιο πάλαι πλωτῆρα θαλάσσης,
κύμασι λαβροτέροις πεφορημένον ὑγρὸν ὁδίτην,
Εὐρώπης μετὰ λέκτρον· ὀρινέσθω δὲ καὶ αὐτή,
δερκομένη κερόεσσαν ἐμὴν ταυρώπιδα μορφήν,
ταυροφυὴς κερόεσσα βοῶν ἐλάτειρα Σελήνη·
ἵξομαι ὑψικέλευθος ἐς οὐρανόν, ὄφρα νοήσω
ἰκμαλέον Κηφῆα καὶ ὑγροχίτωνα Βοώτην,
ὡς πάρος ἐννοσίγαιος, ὅτε θρασὺς ἀμφὶ Κορίνθου
ὑγρὸς Ἄρης ἀλάλαζεν ἐς ἀστερόεσσαν Ἐνυώ·
κρύψω δ' ἔμπυρον Αἶγα, Διὸς τροφόν, ὑγροπόρῳ δὲ
ἄρμενον Ὑδροχοῆι χαρίζομαι ἄφθονον ὕδωρ.
Τηθύς, καὶ σύ, θάλασσα, κορύσσεο· ταυροφυῆ γὰρ
Ζεὺς νόθον υἷα λόχευσεν, ἵνα ξύμπαντας ὀλέσσῃ
καὶ ποταμοὺς καὶ φῶτας ἀμεμφέας· ἀμφότερον δὲ
Ἰνδοὺς θύρσος ἔπεφνε
καὶ ἔφλεγε πυρσὸς Ὑδάσπην."
Ἔννεπε παφλάζων βαθυκύμονος οἴδματι φωνῆς.

deep sea, I will make to swim once more, and cover him with new seas. I will drag down from heaven the fiery Eridanos [a] whose course is among the stars, and bring him back to a new home in the Celtic land: he shall be water again, and the sky shall be bare of the river of fire. The starry Fishes that swim on high I will pull into the sea and make them mine again, to swim in water instead of Olympos.

303 "Tethys, awake! We will drown the stars in water, that I may see the Bull, who once swam over a waveless sea, tossed on stormier waves in the paths of the waters after the bed of Europa. Selene herself, bullshaped and horned driver of cattle, may be angry to see my horned bullshaped form. I will travel high into the heaven, that I may behold Cepheus drenched and the Waggoner in soaking tunic, as Earthshaker once did when about Corinth soaking Ares once boldly shouted defiance of battle against the stars! I will swallow the shining Goat, the nurse of Zeus, and I will offer infinite water to the Waterman as a suitable gift!

316 "Get ready, Tethys, and you, O Sea! for Zeus has been delivered of a base son in bull shape, to destroy all rivers and all creatures together, all blameless: the thyrsus wand has slain the Indians, the torch has burnt Hydaspes!"

320 So he cried blustering in a flood of speech from his deep waves.

[a] The Milky Way.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΕΙΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΤΕΤΑΡΤΟΝ

Εἰκοστὸν δὲ τέταρτον ἔχει γόον ἄσπετον Ἰνδῶν
κερκίδα θ' ἱστοπόνοιο καὶ ἠλακάτην Ἀφροδίτης.

Ζεὺς δὲ πατὴρ κοτέοντος
ἀπέτραπε παιδὸς ἀπειλήν,
δοῦπον ὁμοπλεκέων νεφέων βρονταῖον ἱμάσσων·
καὶ χόλον ἐπρήυνεν ἀτέρμονος Ὠκεανοῖο,
ὑσμίνην φλογόεσσαν ἐρητύων Διονύσου.
Ἥρη δ' ἐσμαράγησε δι' ἠέρος ἄπλετον ἠχώ,
μῆνιν ἀναστέλλουσα πυρισθενέος Διονύσου.
Καὶ διερὴν παλάμην ὀρέγων οἰκτίρμονι Βάκχῳ
παιδὶ Διὸς πυρόεντι γέρων ἰάχησεν Ὑδάσπης,
μῦθον ἀναβλύζων ἱκετήσιον ἀνθερεῶνος·
"Φείδεό μοι, Διόνυσε, διιπετέος ποταμοῖο,
ὕδασι καρποτόκοισι φέρων χάριν· ὑμετέρη γὰρ
ἐξ ὑδάτων εὔβοτρυς ἀνεβλάστησεν ὀπώρη.
ἀασάμην, Διόνυσε πυριτρεφές· οὐρανίην γὰρ
σῶν δαΐδων ἀμάρυγμα τεὴν κήρυξε γενέθλην.
ἀλλὰ πόθος τεκέων με βιήσατο· Δηριάδῃ γὰρ
υἱέι πιστὰ φέρων ῥοθίων ἐλέλιζον ἀπειλήν,
Ἰνδοῖς κτεινομένοισι βοηθόον οἶδμα κυλίνδων.
αἰδέομαι γενετῆρι φανήμεναι, ὅττι θαλάσσῃ
αἵματι μορμύροντι μεμιγμένα χεύματα σύρω
καὶ φονίῃ ῥαθάμιγγι Ποσειδάωνα μιαίνω·

BOOK XXIV

The twenty-fourth has the infinite mourning of the Indians, and the shuttle and distaff of Aphrodite working at the loom.

Father Zeus turned aside the menace of his angry son, for he massed the clouds and flung out a thunderclap; he stayed the flaming attack of Dionysos, and calmed the anger of boundless Ocean. Hera also made an infinite noise resound through the air, to restrain the wrath of Dionysos's fiery power.

7 Then old Hydaspes held out a wet hand to merciful Bacchos, and appealed to the fiery son of Zeus in words that bubbled out of his lips:

10 "Spare me, Dionysos, the river fed from Zeus! Be gracious to my fertilizing waters! for your own goodly fruitage of grapes has grown up from water. I have sinned, Dionysos, nurseling of fire! for the gleam of your torches has proclaimed your divine lineage. But love for my children constrained me. To keep faith with Deriades my son I brought up my threatening surf, to help perishing Indians I rolled my waves.

18 "I am ashamed to appear before my father, because the murmuring stream which I draw is mingled with blood, and I pollute Poseidaon with

τοῦτό με, τοῦτο κόρυσσεν ἐριδμαίνειν Διονύσῳ.
πρὸς δὲ τεοῦ ξενίοιο καὶ ἱκεσίοιο τοκῆος,
αἴδεο παφλάζοντα τεῷ πυρὶ θερμὸν Ὑδάσπην.
Νηιάδες φεύγουσιν ἐμὸν ῥόον· ἀμφὶ δὲ πηγὰς
ἡ μὲν ναιετάει διερὸν δόμον, ἡ δ' ἐνὶ λόχμαις
σύννομος Ἀδρυάδεσσι φυτὸν μετὰ πόντον ἀμείβει,
ἄλλη δ' Ἰνδὸν ἔχει μετανάστιος, ἡ δὲ φυγοῦσα
ποσσὶ κονιομένοισιν ἐδύσατο διψάδα πέτρην
Καυκασίην, ἑτέρη δὲ μεταΐξασα Χοάσπην
ναίει ξεῖνα ῥέεθρα καὶ οὐκέτι πάτριον ὕδωρ.
μὴ καλάμους ὀλέσειας, ἐμῶν βλάστημα ῥοάων,
οἷσιν ἀεξομένοισιν ἐρείδεται οἰνάδος ὄρπηξ
ἀμπελόεις· δόνακες γὰρ ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισι δεθέντες
ὑμετέρην εὔυδρον ἐλαφρίζουσιν ὀπώρην·
μὴ δόνακας φλέξειας, ὅθεν σέο Μυγδόνες αὐλοί,
μή ποτέ σοι μέμψαιτο τεὴ φιλόμολπος Ἀθήνη,
ἥ ποτε Γοργείων βλοσυρὸν μίμημα καρήνων
φθεγγομένων Λίβυν εὗρεν ὁμοζυγέων τύπον αὐλῶν·
καὶ σέο μυστιπόλοιο κυβερνήτειραν ἀοιδῆς
Πανιάδος σύριγγος ὁμόθροον αἴδεο μολπήν·
λῆγε τεῷ νάρθηκι ῥόον ποταμοῖο μαραίνων,
ὅττι ῥόος ποταμοῖο τεοὺς νάρθηκας ἀέξει.
οὐ ξένον οἶδμα πέρησας ἐπώνυμον· ἀλλοφυῆ γὰρ
ἄλλον ἐγὼ Διόνυσον ἐμοῖς φαίδρυνα λοετροῖς,
ὁπλοτέρου Βρομίοιο φερώνυμον, εὖτε Κρονίων
Ζαγρέα παιδοκόμοισιν ἐμαῖς παρακάτθετο Νύμφαις·
καὶ σὺ φέρεις Ζαγρῆος ὅλον δέμας· ἀλλὰ σὺ κείνῳ
δὸς χάριν ὀψιτέλεστον, ὅθεν πέλες· ἀρχεγόνου γὰρ

clots of gore; this it was, only this that armed me to strive against Dionysos. By your father, protector of guests and suppliants, have mercy on Hydaspes, now hot and boiling with your fire!

24 "The Naiads flee from my stream: one dwells in a watery home at my source, one leaves the deep for the thicket, and stays with Hadryads in the woods; another migrates to the Indos, another escapes on dusty feet to hide among the thirsty rocks of Caucasos,[a] or passing to Choaspes dwells in strange rivers and in her father's water no longer.

31 "Destroy not my canes, the growth of my streams, which grow up to support the shoots and grapes of your vine! Do not the reeds tied together carry your well-watered fruit? Burn not my reeds, which make your Mygdonian hoboys, or your musical Athena may reproach you one day: she who invented the Libyan double pipes, to imitate with their tootle the voices of the Gorgons' grim heads.[b] Spare the harmonious tune of the panspipes which guides your own mystic song! Cease wasting the river stream with your fennel, when the stream of the river makes your fennels to grow!

43 "The stream you have crossed is no stranger to your name; for I have washed another Dionysos in my bath, with the same name as the younger Bromios, when Cronion entrusted Zagreus [c] to the care of my nursing nymphs; why, you have the whole shape of Zagreus. Grant this favour then, although so long after, to him from whom you are

[a] Hindu Kush, not the real Caucasus.

[b] Pindar, *Pyth.* xii. 12. 6.

[c] *Cf.* v. 563 ff., vi. 155 ff. Zagreus has nothing whatever to do with the Hydaspes, outside of Nonnos's own fancy or that of some Alexandrian whom he may be imitating.

ἐκ κραδίης ἀνέτελλες, ἀειδομένου Διονύσου.
ὑμετέρου δὲ γέραιρε Λάμου κουροτρόφον ὕδωρ·
μνώεο Μαιονίης σέο πατρίδος· ὑμετέρου γὰρ
Πακτωλοῦ χαρίεντος ἀδελφεός ἐστιν Ὑδάσπης.
καὶ σὺ τόσοις ποταμοῖσι μίαν χάριν ἄρτι τιταίνων,
γνωτοῖς ἡμετέροισι, τεὴν ἀνασείρασον αἴγλην·
μηδὲ πυρὶ φλέξῃς ὑδάτων χύσιν· ἐξ ὑδάτων γὰρ
ἀστεροπὴ βλάστησε, τεοῦ Διὸς ὑέτιον πῦρ.
ἀλλὰ χόλον πρήυνε, τεοῖς ὅτι γούνασι πίπτω
μειλίχιον στορέσας ἱκέτην ῥόον· ἐν πολέμοις γὰρ
εἰ θρασὺν αὐχένα κάμπτε, καὶ ἤπιος ἔσκε Τυφωεύς,
καί κεν ἀπορρίψας παλινάγρετον ὄγκον ἀπειλῆς
ἀστεροπὴν ἀνέκοπτε πατὴρ τεός, ὑψιμέδων Ζεύς."
"Ὣς φαμένου Διόνυσος ἑὴν ἀνεσείρασε πεύκην.
καὶ προχοὰς Ἀρκτῷος ἀνερρίπιζεν ἀήτης
χειμερίῃ μάστιγι, φέρων δυσπέμφελον αὔρην,
χεῦμα πυριβλήτοιο καταψύχων ποταμοῖο,
Ἠέλιον καὶ Βάκχον ὁμοῦ καὶ Ζῆνα γεραίρων,
καὶ ῥοθίων ἄσβεστον ἀπέσβεσε δαιμόνιον πῦρ.
"Ὄφρα μὲν εἰσέτι Βάκχος
ἐπέπλεεν ὑγρὸν Ὑδάσπην,
τόφρα δέ, θάρσος Ἄρηος ἔχων, περιμήκετον ὁρμὴν
Δηριάδης ἐπὶ δῆριν ἐπώνυμον ὥπλισεν Ἰνδούς,
στήσας ἀμφὶ ῥέεθρον ἑὰς στίχας, ὄφρα μαχηταὶ
λαὸν ἐρητύσωσιν ἀνερχομένων ἔτι Βάκχων.
οὐδὲ Διὸς λάθεν ὄμμα πανόψιον· ἐσσυμένως δὲ
οὐρανόθεν πεφόρητο προασπίζων Διονύσου.
καὶ σφετέροισιν ἰόντες ἀρηγόνες, ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ,
σὺν Διὶ πάντες ἵκοντο θεοὶ ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου

[a] Zeus swallowed Zagreus's heart before coming to Semele, hence Dionysos is Zagreus reborn.

sprung; for you came from the heart [a] of that firstborn Dionysos, so celebrated. Respect the water of your Lamos [b] who cherished your childhood; remember Maionia your own country, for Hydaspes is brother of your charming Pactolos. Grant now this one boon to all these rivers, my brothers, and withdraw your flame. Burn not with fire my watery stream, for the watery fire of your Zeus, the lightning, came out of water! [c] Calm your anger, because I fall at your knees: see, I have smoothed my flood into peaceful prayer! If Typhoeus in rebellion had bent his bold neck and submitted, your father Zeus, Lord in the highest, would have checked his lightning, his overwhelming threat would have been cast aside and forgotten."

62 When he had ended, Dionysos drew back his torch. A wind from the north began to ruffle the waters with winter's lash, bringing bleak airs and cooling the firestruck stream of the river, and honoured Helios and Bacchos and Zeus together by quenching the unquenchable divine fire of the surf.

68 While Bacchos was still crossing the waters of Hydaspes, Deriades with the courage of Ares armed the Indians for a vast effort of battle, as a Battledown of his name should do. He posted his companies beside the river, that the warriors might repel by force the Bacchoi as they still climbed up. Nor did the allseeing eye of Zeus fail to see him: quickly he swooped down from Heaven to hold a shield before Dionysos. With Zeus came all the gods who dwell in Olympos, one after another, in a flying leap, to help their own.

[b] A river in Cilicia.

[c] Because it comes out of clouds, *i.e.* water-vapour.

ἅλματι πωτήεντι· καὶ Αἰγίνης χάριν εὐνῆς
αἰετὸς ἠώρητο τὸ δεύτερον ὑψιπέτης Ζεὺς
Ἀσωποῦ μετὰ χεῦμα, καὶ Αἰακὸν ἠεροφοίτην
φειδομένων ὀνύχων δεδραγμένος ἅρπαγι ταρσῷ
κουφίζων ἐκόμισσεν ἐς Ἄρεα Δηριαδῆος
Ἰνδῴην ἐπὶ πέζαν· ἀπ' εὐρυπόροιο δὲ κόλπου
υἱὸν Ἀρισταῖον γενέτης ἐσάωσεν Ἀπόλλων,
φαιδρὸς ἀλεξικάκων πεφορημένος ἅρματι κύκνων,
μνῆστιν ἔχων θαλάμοιο λεοντοφόνοιο Κυρήνης·
καὶ κρατέων ἓο παῖδα τανύπτερος ἥρπασεν Ἑρμῆς,
υἱέα Πηνελόπης, κεραελκέα Πᾶνα κομήτην·
Οὐρανίη δ' Ὑμέναιον ἀνεζώγρησεν ὀλέθρου
παιδὸς ἑοῦ γονόεντος ἐπώνυμον, ἠερίας δὲ
ἀτραπιτοὺς ἐχάραξεν, ὁμοίιος ἀστέρος ὁλκῷ,
γνωτῷ βοτρυόεντι χαριζομένη Διονύσῳ·
Καλλιόπη δ' Οἴαγρον ἑοῖς ἀνεκούφισεν ὤμοις·
καὶ τεκέων Ἥφαιστος ἑῶν ἀλέγιζε Καβείρων,
ἀμφοτέρους δ' ἥρπαξεν, ὁμοίιος ὀξέι πυρσῷ·
Ἀκταίη δ' ἐσάωσεν Ἐρεχθέα Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη
Ἰνδοφόνον, ναετῆρα θεοκρήπιδος Ἀθήνης·
Νύμφας δ' Ἀδρυάδας ναέται ζώγρησαν Ὀλύμπου
πάντες, ὅσοις μεμέλητο φίλαι δρύες, ἔξοχα δ' ἄλλων
δαφναίας ἐσάωσε φανεὶς δαφναῖος Ἀπόλλων,
καί σφιν ἅμα χραίσμησε συνέμπορος υἱέι μήτηρ,
εἰσέτι κυδαίνουσα λεχώια δένδρεα Λητώ.
Βασσαρίδων δὲ φάλαγγα
κορυμβοφόρους τε γυναῖκας
ἐκ βυθίου ῥύσαντο πολυφλοίσβοιο κυδοιμοῦ
θυγατέρες Κύδνοιο, φιλοζεφύρου ποταμοῖο,

ᵃ *Cf.* xiii. 201. ᵇ *Cf.* xiii. 253 ff. ᶜ *Cf.* xiv. 92.

77 Zeus as once before by the river Asopos, for the sake of Aigina's bed,[a] sailed now as an eagle flying high; and like a bird of prey caught up Aiacos in gentle talons, and carried him to the Indian land for battle with Deriades. Apollo [b] the father saved Aristaios the son from the broad gulf, riding brilliant in his car drawn by the bane-averting swans; for he remembered the bower of lionslaying Cyrene. Hermes [c] Longwing caught up and held his own child, the son of Penelope, hornstrong hairy Pan. Urania [d] saved Hymenaios from destruction, because he had the same name as her own creative son, and scored the airy paths like a moving star, to please Dionysos, her brother of the grapes. Calliope [e] lifted Oiagros upon her shoulders. Hephaistos [f] took care of his sons the Cabeiroi, and caught up both, like a flying firebrand. Pallas Athena the Attic goddess saved Erechtheus the Indians' bane, the citizen of god-founded Athens. All the denizens of Olympos who cared for their beloved oaks, rescued Hadryad nymphs; and most especially laurel-Apollo appeared and saved the laurel-nymphs [g]; and Leto his mother stood by her son and helped them, for she still honoured the tree which helped her childbirth.[h] The company of Bassarids and the ivycrowned women were saved from the roaring turmoil of the deeps, by the daughters of Cydnos, the river that

[d] *Cf.* xiii. 84. Hymenaios son of Urania (or some other Muse) and Hymenaios the mortal (of Boeotia or elsewhere) are really not namesakes but the same person, a godling made up out of the unintelligible marriage-cry ὦ ὑμὴν ὑμέναιε.

[e] *Cf.* xiii. 428.

[f] *Cf.* xiv. 17 ff.

[g] *Cf.* ii. 108.

[h] The Delian palm, [Hom.] *Hymn to Apollo* 117.

πλωτὸν ἐπιστάμεναι διερὸν δρόμον, ἃς ἐπὶ νίκῃ
Ἄρεος Ἰνδῴοιο πατὴρ δωρήσατο Βάκχῳ,
Νηιάδας πολέμοιο δαήμονας, ἅς ποτε χάρμην
μαρνάμενος Κρονίωνι Κίλιξ ἐδίδαξε Τυφωεύς.
Καὶ στρατὸς ὡμάρτησεν ὁμόστολος· ἐσσυμένους δὲ
Εὔιος ἔφθασε πάντας, ὀρεσσαύλων ἐπὶ δίφρων
ἄξονος ἀβρέκτοιο διαξύων ῥόον ὁλκῷ·
καὶ Σατύρων δρόμον εἶχεν ὁμόστολον, οἷς ἅμα Βάκχαι
ὑγροπόροι καὶ Πᾶνες ὁμήλυδες· ἔξοχα δ' ἄλλων
ὠκύτεροι Τελχῖνες ἁλιτρεφέων ὑπὲρ ἵππων,
πατρῴης ἐλατῆρες ἁλικρήπιδος ἀπήνης,
εἰς δρόμον ὡμάρτησαν ἐπειγομένῳ Διονύσῳ.
ἄλλοι δ' ἦσαν ὄπισθεν, ἐπεσσεύοντο δὲ πορθμῷ
ἐξ ἑτέρης ἀνιόντες ἀθηήτοιο κελεύθου,
ἧχι θεὸς πόμπευεν· ἐπεὶ πτερὸν ἠρέμα πάλλων
αἰετὸς ἡγεμόνευε δι' οὔρεος ἀντίτυπος Ζεύς,
φειδομένοις ὀνύχεσσι μετάρσιον υἷα κομίζων,
Αἰακὸν ἠερίῃ πεφορημένον ὕψι κελεύθῳ.
Ἰνδώῃ δ' ἐχόρευον ἐπισκαίροντες ἐρίπνῃ,
καὶ σκοπέλους ἐδίωκον, ἐναυλίζοντο δὲ λόχμαις,
καὶ κλισίας πήξαντες ἐς ἠρέμα δάσκιον ὕλην . . .
οἱ δὲ τανυκραίρων ἐλάφων κεμαδοσσόον ἄγρην
εἶχον ἅμα σκυλάκεσσιν· Ἁμαδρυάδεσσι δὲ Νύμφαις
Ὑδριάδες μίσγοντο φιλοπτόρθου Διονύσου.
Βασσαρίδων δὲ φάλαγγες Ἐρυθραίῃ παρὰ λόχμῃ
σκύμνον ὀρεσσαύλοιο τιθηνήσαντο λεαίνης,
αὐτοχύτου δὲ γάλακτος ἀνέβλυον ἰκμάδα μαζοί·
ἄλλη ἐχιδναίοιο πόθον μεθέπουσα κορύμβου
ἰοβόλων μάστευε δι' οὔρεος ἄντρα δρακόντων,

loved the West Wind, since they knew the ways of the floating waters; these his father had given to Bacchos for victory in the Indian War, Naiads well skilled in warfare, whom Cilician Typhoeus had taught battle while he was fighting against Cronion.

109 The whole host followed, but where all pressed forward, Euios [a] was in front, cutting the stream in his highland car and never wetting the axle. The Satyrs attended his passage, and with them Bacchant women and Pans passed through the water; but far quicker than the rest came the Telchines behind their seabred horses, driving their father's car,[b] firmly based on the sea, and they kept close to Dionysos as he sped along. Others were behind, thronging over the ford, but they came up the bank by another road unseen where a god led: for there was an eagle full in view, gently flapping its wings, Zeus, who led them through the mountains, while he carried his son Aiacos aloft with gentle talons traversing the high path of the air.

123 They leapt about dancing on the Indian crags, along the rocky paths; then they built shelters undisturbed in the dark forest, and spent the night among the trees. . . . Some went deerhunting with dogs after the long-antlered stags: the Hydriad water-nymphs of plantloving Dionysos mingled with the Hamadryads of the trees. Groups of Bassarids in this Erythraian wilderness suckled cubs [c] of a mountain lioness, and the juicy milk flowed of itself out of their breasts. One searched the hills for the holes of poisonous serpents to satisfy her longing for a wreath of vipers, and showed how well she could hunt.

[a] Dionysos. [b] *Cf.* on xxi. 197.
[c] Imitated from Eur. *Bacch.* 699 ff.

θηροσύνην δ' ἀνέφαινεν· ἀκοντιστῆρι δὲ θύρσῳ
ἡ μὲν νεβρὸν ἔβαλλεν ἀελλόπον· ἡ δὲ λαθοῦσα
ἅλματι λυσσήεντι κατέδραμε λυσσάδος ἄρκτου·
ἡ δὲ μελαρρίνων ῥαχίης ἐδράξατο θηρῶν
καὶ λοφίης ἐπέβαινεν ὀρεσσινόμων ἐλεφάντων.
καί τις ὀιστοβόλων βέλος ἥρμοσε κυκλάδι νευρῇ
καὶ πτελέην τόξευεν· ὁ δὲ σκοπὸν εἶχεν ἐλαίην·
καὶ πίτυν ἄλλος ἔβαλλε· πολὺς δ' ἐπὶ γείτονα πεύκην
πεμπομένων σύριζεν ἐν ἠέρι ῥοῖζος ὀιστῶν.
Τοῖσι μὲν ἔβρεμε κῶμος ὀρίκτυπος. ἀχνύμενος δὲ
Δηριάδῃ βασιλῆι δυσάγγελος ἵκετο Θουρεύς,
δάκρυσιν ἀφθόγγοισιν ἀπαγγέλλων φόνον Ἰνδῶν,
καὶ μόγις ἐκ στομάτων ἀνενείκατο πενθάδα φωνήν·
"Δηριάδη σκηπτοῦχε, θεηγενὲς ἔρνος Ἐνυοῦς,
ἤομεν, ὡς ἐκέλευσας, ἐς ἀντιπέραιαν ἐρίπνην,
εὕρομεν ἐν βήσσῃσιν ἐρημάδα γείτονα λόχμην·
κεῖθι λόχον στήσαντες ἐμίμνομεν, εἰσόκεν ἔλθῃ
θυρσομανὴς Διόνυσος· ἐπερχομένοιο δὲ Βάκχου
αὐλὸς ἐπεσμαράγησεν, ἀδεψήτου δὲ βοείης
τυπτομένης ἑκάτερθεν ἔην χαλκόκροτος ἠχὼ
καὶ καναχὴ σύριγγος· ὅλη δ' ἐλελίζετο λόχμη
καὶ δρύες ἐφθέγξαντο καὶ ὠρχήσαντο κολῶναι·
Νηιάδες δ' ὀλόλυξαν. ἐγὼ δ' ἐκόρυσσα μαχητάς,
ὀκναλέους, τρομέοντας, ἀπειθέας εἰς μόθον ἕλκων.
καὶ θεός, ὃν καλέουσιν, ἀκαχμένα θύρσα τινάσσων,
οὐτιδανοῖς πετάλοισιν ὀιστεύων γένος Ἰνδῶν,
κτεῖνε μὲν ἐν πεδίῳ στρατὸν ἄσπετον ὀξέι θύρσῳ
βλήμενον, ἐν ῥοθίοις δὲ τὸ λείψανον ὤλεσεν Ἰνδῶν.
ἀλλὰ σοφοὺς Βραχμῆνας ἐρείομεν, ὄφρα δαείης,

[a] The first indication that Nonnos knows anything of India. He might have read of Brahmans in Philostratos's

One cast her wand and hit a stormfoot fawn. One approached unseen, and ran down a mad she-bear with maddened leaps. One clutched at the back of some elephant of the mountains, and climbed on the nape of the blackskinned beast. Sometimes an archer fitted a shaft to the string of his rounded bow and shot at an elmtree, or aimed at an olivetree, another hit a pine ; showers of arrows went whizzing and buzzing through the air at the firtrees hard by.

143 While the noise of their revels resounded among the hills, Thureus returned unhappy to King Deriades with bad tidings. His tears told the carnage of the Indians without words, but at last he let his sorrowful voice be heard :

147 " May it please your Majesty, Deriades our King, and divine offspring of Enyo ! We went as commanded to the opposite hill, and in the forest glades we found the neighbouring thickets empty. There we laid our ambush and waited for thyrsusmad Dionysos to come. When Bacchos came near, the pipes were sounded, the raw drumskin was beaten, on either side was the noise of beaten brass and the wail of the syrinx. The whole forest trembled, the oaktrees uttered voices and the hills danced, the Naiads sang alleluia. I put the men under arms, led them to battle hesitating, trembling, unwilling. And the god, as they call him, shaking the sharpened wand, sent volleys of ignoble leaves upon the Indian nation, slew an infinite host on the plain pierced by the sharp wands, and destroyed what was left of us in the wild waters.

162 " Come now, let us ask our learned Brahmans,[a]

Life of Apollonios of Tyana, or a score of other popular books.

εἰ θεὸς οὗτος ἵκανεν ἐς ἡμέας ἢ βροτὸς ἀνήρ.
μὴ νυχίην ἀνόητον ἀναστήσειας Ἐνυώ,
μὴ στρατιὴν ὀλέσειας ἀφεγγέι δηιοτῆτι·
ἤδη δ' ἀχλυόεις τέταται ζόφος· ἀγχιφανὴς δὲ
δῆριν ἀναστέλλων ἀμαρύσσεται Ἕσπερος ἀστήρ.
εἰ δὲ πόθος μεθέπει σε δυσαντήτοιο κυδοιμοῦ,
σήμερον Ἰνδὸν ἔρυκε,
καὶ αὔριον εἰς μόθον ἕλκεις."
Ὣς εἰπὼν παρέπεισεν ἀπειθέα Δηριαδῆα,
οὐ χάριν ἀδρανίης πειθήμονα, δυομένῳ δὲ
μεμφόμενον Φαέθοντι καὶ οὐκ εἴκοντα Λυαίῳ.
Ἰνδῴην δὲ φάλαγγα μεταστήσας ποταμοῖο
Δηριάδης ὑπέροπλος ἐχάζετο πενθάδι λύσσῃ,
ἑζόμενος λοφίῃσι παλιννόστων ἐλεφάντων.
Ἰνδοὶ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα σὺν ἠλιβάτῳ βασιλῆι
εἰς πόλιν ἐρρώοντο πεφυζότες, ἔνδοθι πύργων
νίκην εἰσαΐοντες ἀρειμανέος Διονύσου.
Ἤδη δὲ στονόεσσα δι' ἄστεος ἵπτατο φήμη,
σύγγονον ἀγγέλλουσα νεοσφαγέων φόνον Ἰνδῶν.
καὶ γόος ἄσπετος ἔσκε· φιλοθρήνων δὲ γυναικῶν
πενθαλέοις ὀνύχεσσι χαράσσετο κύκλα προσώπου,
καὶ μεσάτου στέρνοιο διεσχίζοντο χιτῶνες
στήθεα γυμνώσαντες, ἀμοιβαίῃσι δὲ ῥιπαῖς
τυπτομένων παλάμῃσιν ἴτυς φοινίσσετο μαζῶν
αἱμοβαφής. πολιὸς δὲ γέρων ἐπὶ γήραος οὐδῷ
χιονέην πλοκαμῖδα κατηφέι τάμνε σιδήρῳ,
τέσσαρας ἡβώοντας ὀλωλότας υἷας ἀκούων,
Αἰακὸς οὓς ἐδάμασσε μιῇ δασπλῆτι μαχαίρῃ,
κτεινομένους ἐλεεινά· βαρυτλήτων δὲ γυναικῶν
ἡ μὲν ἑὸν στενάχιζεν ἀδελφεόν, ἡ δὲ τοκῆα·
ἄλλη ποικιλόδακρυς ἀνεστεναχίζετο νύμφη
νυμφίον ἀρτιχόρευτον ἐοικότα Πρωτεσιλάῳ,

that you may learn if this be a god come against us or a mortal man. Do not stir up a useless war by night, do not destroy your hosts fighting in the darkness. Already the misty gloom is stretched over us; there is the evening star clear before our eyes, shining to check the conflict. If your desire is set upon this formidable fray, hold back the Indians to-day and to-morrow you lead them to battle."

170 His words convinced Deriades, though loath to be convinced. No weakness made him consent; he yielded not to Lyaios, he blamed the setting sun. Proud Deriades retreated mad with sorrow, seated on the neck of his retreating elephants, and withdrew the Indian host from the river. Along with their gigantic king, the Indians everywhere made haste to take refuge in the city, hearing behind their walls of the victory of warmad Dionysos.

179 For already a lamentable rumour was flying through the city, which told of the late massacre of their kinsmen Indians. There was infinite wailing then. Dirgefond women tore their cheeks with their nails in mourning; they rent off the garments from their bodies and bared their chests, beating their circled breasts with this hand and that until the blows made the blood flow. That gray old man on the threshold of old age cut off his snowy hair with the knife of sorrow, when he heard how four sons had perished in their prime, a pitiable death indeed, brought low by Aiacos and his terrible sword alone. Women in heavy affliction mourned one her brother, and one her father; there was a bride bathed in tears lamenting her bridegroom lately wedded with

ἄλλη Λαοδάμεια· νεοζεύκτοιο δὲ νύμφης
ἄπλοκος ἀκρήδεμνος ἐτίλλετο βότρυς ἐθείρης.
Καί τις ἀμηχανέουσα δεδουπότος εὐνέτις Ἰνδοῦ,
ἀγχιτόκους ὠδῖνας ἀναπλήσασα λοχείης
καὶ δεκάτης ὁρόωσα λεχώια κύκλα Σελήνης,
ὑδρηλῷ πολύδακρυς ἐπέστενεν ἀνδρὸς ὀλέθρῳ,
καὶ ποταμῷ κοτέουσα γοήμονα ῥήξατο φωνήν·
"Οὐ πίομαι πατρῷον ἐμόν ποτε πικρὸν Ὑδάσπην·
οὐκέτι κεῖνα ῥέεθρα παρέρχομαι, οὐκέτι δειλὴ
σεῖο νέκυν κρύψαντος ἐπιψαύσω ποταμοῖο,
οὐ μὰ σέ καὶ σέο φόρτον, ὃν ἔνδοθι γαστρὸς ἀείρω,
οὐ μὰ σὲ καὶ τὸν ἔρωτα, τὸν οὐ χρόνος οἶδε μαραίνειν.
τίς με λαβὼν κομίσειεν, ὅπου πέσε νεκρὸς ἀκοίτης,
ὄφρα περιπτύξω διερὸν νέκυν, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὴν
κῦμα κατακρύψῃ με σὺν ὑγροπόρῳ παρακοίτῃ;
αἴθε δὲ καὶ τέκον υἷα καὶ ἔτρεφον· ἄρτι δὲ δειλὴν
γαστέρος ὄγκος ἔχει με πεπαινομένου τοκετοῖο.
εἰ δὲ τέκω ποτὲ παῖδα καὶ αἰτίζῃ γενετῆρα,
υἱέι παππάζοντι πόθεν δείξαιμι τοκῆα;"
Εἶπε τὸν οὐκ ἀίοντα κινυρομένη παρακοίτην.
ἄλλη δ' ἐστενάχιζεν ἀνυμφεύτους ὑμεναίους
ὀλλυμένου μνηστῆρος, ὃν οὐκ ἴδεν εὔγαμος ὥρη
στέμματι νυμφιδίῳ πεπυκασμένον, οὐδ' ἐνὶ παστῷ
ἡδυμελὴς ἤεισε βιοσσόος αὐλὸς Ἐρώτων.
Τοῖσι μὲν ἀχνυμένοισιν ἔην γόος. ἀμφὶ δὲ λόχμας
Βάκχος ἑοῖς Σατύροισι καὶ Ἰνδοφόνοισι μαχηταῖς
εἰλαπίνην ἔστησεν· ἐδαιτρεύοντο δὲ ταῦροι,
καὶ δαμάλαι στοιχηδὸν ἐμιστύλλοντο μαχαίρῃ

---

[a] Bride of the first man killed before Troy. She besought the gods to send him back to her, was allowed to see him again for three hours, and died of grief or killed herself when he died again.

dancing, another Laodameia[a] with her Protesilaos: the newmade bride unveiled, unkempt, tore the clusters of her hair.

196 One Indian wife, despairing at her husband's fall, when the full time of her labour was near and she saw now the delivering circle of the tenth moon, sorrowed with many tears for her man's death in the water, and cried out in lamentable tones against the hateful river:

201 "Never again will I drink the bitter Hydaspes of my country! Never will I walk beside his water, never—woe's me—will I touch the river which drowned your body! I swear it by you, and your burden which I carry in my womb, I swear by you and the love which time cannot wither! Who will take me and bring me where my dead husband fell, that I may embrace the dripping body, that the wave may swallow me too and drown me beside my man! O that I had born a son and reared him! But woe is me, my womb still carries the ripening burden. And if I ever do bear a son, and he asks for his father, how can I point to his father when the boy cries for daddy?"

213 So she lamented the husband who could not hear. Another mourned for a bridal never hallowed, her wooer lost, who never saw the happy hour of wedding decked with the bridegroom's garland, who never heard in the bridal chamber the sweet music of love's quickening pipes.[b]

218 So they sorrowed and wailed. But in the forest, Bacchos held a feast with his Satyrs and Indian-slaying warriors: bulls were slaughtered, rows of heifers were struck with axes and cut up with knives,

[b] This postulates a Greek, not a Hindu wedding.

θεινόμεναι πελέκεσσιν, Ἐρυθραίης δ' ἀπὸ ποίμνης
πυκνὰ δορικτήτων ἱερεύετο πώεα μήλων.
ἑζόμενοι δ' ἀγεληδὸν ἐπ' εὐκύκλοιο τραπέζης
Σειληνοὶ Σάτυροί τε σὺν εὐθύρσῳ Διονύσῳ
χερσὶ πολυσπερέεσσι μιῆς ἔψαυσαν ἐδωδῆς·
πίνετο δ' ἄσπετος οἶνος ἀμοιβαδίς· οἰνοχόοι δὲ
εὐόδμους ἐκένωσαν ἀπείρονας ἀμφιφορῆας,
νεκταρέης ἀρύοντες ἀμεμφέα βότρυν ὀπώρης.
Τοῖσι δὲ τερπομένοισι παρὰ κρητῆρα λιγαίνων
Λέσβιος αὐτοδίδακτος ἀνέπλεκε Λεῦκος ἀοιδήν,
πῶς πρότεροι Τιτῆνες ἐθωρήχθησαν Ὀλύμπῳ·
καὶ Διὸς ὑψιμέδοντος ἀληθέα μέλπετο νίκην,
πῶς Κρόνον εὐρυγένειον ὑποκλάζοντα κεραυνῷ
Ταρταρίῳ ζοφόεντι κατεσφρηγίσσατο κόλπῳ,
χείματος ὑδρηλοῖσι μάτην κεκορυθμένον ὅπλοις.
Κυπριάδος δὲ Λάπηθος ἀτευχέος ἀστὸς ἀρούρης
ἔμφρονι φορμικτῆρι παρέζετο, καί οἱ ἐδωδῆς
πίονα μοῖραν ὄρεξε, καὶ ᾔτεε κεῖνον ἀείδειν
τερπνὸν ἀσιγήτοισι μεμηλότα μῦθον Ἀθήναις,
ἱστοπόνον Κυθέρειαν ἐριδμαίνουσαν Ἀθήνῃ.
Αὐτὰρ ὁ φορμίζων ἀνεβάλλετο Κύπριν ἀείδειν,
ὥς ποτε κέντρον ἔχουσα φιληλακάτοιο μερίμνης
χερσὶν ἀπειρήτοισι μετήιεν ἱστὸν Ἀθήνης,
κερκίδα κουφίζουσα καὶ οὐκέτι κεστὸν Ἐρώτων.
καὶ Παφίης τετάνυστο παχὺς μίτος, οἷά τε μακρὴ
οἰσυΐνη μήρινθος ἐύστροφος, ἥν τινι τέχνῃ
ὁλκοῖς μηκεδανοῖσι γέρων ἐρράψατο τέκτων,
φράξας ἀρτιτέλεστα σεσηρότα δούρατα νηῶν·
ἡ δὲ πανημερίη καὶ παννυχίη πέλας ἱστοῦ
Παλλάδος ἔργον ἔτευχε παλίλλυτον, ἀλλοτρίῳ δὲ
ἀτρίπτους ἕο χεῖρας ἀήθεϊ τείρετο μόχθῳ·
καὶ κτενὶ πουλυόδοντι διαξύουσα χιτῶνα

whole flocks of sheep were killed from the captured Erythraian herds. Seilenoi and Satyrs settled in companies round the table with the god of the thyrsus, all with multitudinous hands partook of the same food. Infinite wine was drunk by all in order; the servers emptied endless fragrant jars as they drew the nectarean juice of the perfect grape.

230 So they rejoiced, while Leucos the selftaught Lesbian singer wove his lay beside the mixing-bowl, how the older Titans armed themselves against Olympos. He sang the true victory of Zeus potent in the Heights, how broadbeard Cronos sank under the thunderbolt, and Zeus sealed him deep in the dark Tartarean pit, armed in vain with the watery weapons of the storm.[a]

237 Lapethos, a dweller in the unarmed Cyprian land, sat next to the inspired minstrel, and he passed him a fat portion of meat, begging him to sing a pleasant story that never-silent Athens loves, the weaving-match between Athena and Cythereia.

242 So he struck up his harp and began to sing of Cypris,[b] how she once felt the sting of ambition and fell in love with the distaff, how she tried Athena's loom with unpractised hands and lifted the shuttle, no longer the girdle of love. The Paphian spun a coarse thread, like the long cord of twisted withies which the old roper makes by his craft in long stretches, to tighten the gaping planks of a ship newly finished. Then all day and all night long by the loom she undid the work of Pallas, and roughened her soft hands with a strange unwonted labour; she hung the dangling stone from

[a] As usual, the mythological Cronos and the astrological associations of the planet Saturn are mixed.

[b] The story is elsewhere unknown.

καὶ λίθον ὀρχηστῆρα περικρεμάσασα μεσάκμῳ
κερκίδι πέπλον ὕφαινε, καὶ ἔπλετο Κύπρις Ἀθήνη·
καὶ πόνος ἦν ἀγέλαστος· ὑφαινομένοιο δὲ πέπλου
εὐρυτενὴς ὠγκοῦτο πέλωρ μίτος· αὐτόματοι δὲ
στήμονες ἐρρήγνυντο παχυνομένοιο χιτῶνος·
εἶχε δὲ διχθαδίοισι πόνοις ἐπιμάρτυρα τέχνης
Ἠέλιον καὶ λύχνον ἀναγκαίην τε Σελήνην.
οὐ χορὸν ὠρχήσαντο χορίτιδες Ὀρχομενοῖο
ἀμφίπολοι Παφίης· τροχαλῇ δ' ἐλέλιξεν ἐρωῇ
Πασιθέη κλωστῆρα, καὶ εἰροκόμος πέλε Πειθώ,
καὶ μίτον Ἀγλαΐη καὶ νήματα δῶκεν ἀνάσσῃ.
καὶ μερόπων ἀλάλητο γάμων βίος· ἁρμονίην δὲ
ἔστενεν ἀχρήιστον ἀνυμφεύτων ὑμεναίων
ἡνίοχος βιότοιο γέρων δεδονημένος Αἰών·
καὶ φλογερὴν ἀγέραστος Ἔρως ἀνελύσατο νευρήν,
παπταίνων ἀλόχευτον ἀνήροτον αὔλακα κόσμου.
οὐ τότε φορμίγγων ἐρόεις κτύπος, οὐ τότε σύριγξ,
οὐ λιγὺς αὐλὸς ἔμελπεν "Ὑμὴν Ὑμέναιε" λιγαίνων·
ἀλλὰ βίου μινύθοντος ἱμασσομένης τε γενέθλης
συζυγίης ἀλύτοιο μετωχλίσθησαν ὀχῆες.
Καὶ Παφίην φιλόμοχθον ἴδεν ταλαεργὸς Ἀθήνη,

---

[a] Nonnos knew more of spinning and weaving than of many of the subjects on which he touches in his poem: perhaps he had watched his daughter, if he had one, or some other little girl being taught the most characteristic tasks of a Greek woman. Aphrodite begins by trying to spin the raw wool into thread, but, not knowing enough to guide it properly with her fingers, she cannot get it fine and smooth, but spins it coarse and lumpy, more like a rope of withies than real thread. This finished, she fastens her makeshift product to the beam of the old-fashioned upright loom (a modified form of which is still in use in some parts of Greece) and attaches to each thread a loom-weight of stone to keep it taut. This is the warp; she keeps its component threads

the beam,[a] and parted the threads of the stuff with the comb's many teeth, and wove the cloth with her shuttle, and so Cypris turned Athena. There was no laughing over that task ; but as the cloth was woven, the monstrous thread pulled across swelled out and thickened the stuff, so that the warpthreads burst of themselves. Witnesses for the double labour of her skill were the Sun, and the lamp, and the Moon of her necessity. The dancers of Orchomenos [b] who were attendants upon the Paphian had no dancing then to do ; but Pasithea made the spindle run round, Peitho dressed the wool, Aglaia gave thread and yarn to her mistress. And weddings went all astray in human life. Time, the ancient who guides our existence, was disturbed, and lamented the bond of wedlock used no more ; Eros unhonoured loosed his fiery bowstring, when he saw the world's furrow unplowed and unfruitful. Then the harp made no lovely music, the syrinx did not sound, the clear pipes did not sing in clear tones Hymen Hymenaios the marriage-tune ; but life dwindled, birth was hardsmitten, the bolts of indivisible union were shot back.

274 Industrious Athena saw the Paphian hard at

apart with the comb, 253, and proceeds to take more thread on her shuttle, 255, and insert it over and under the warp-threads to form the woof. But it is so thick and rough that as thread after thread is woven into place (and pressed close with the batten, which Nonnos does not mention) the strain is too great and too irregular for the warp-threads, *στήμονες* (258) to stand, so they begin to burst right and left, forcing her to unravel all she has done, 251, and begin again. Hermes in fun advises her to try the most elaborate and difficult kind of weaving, 304 ff., using many-coloured threads to make a pattern, when she cannot even manage plain cloth.

[b] The Graces. Their names are variously given.

καὶ χόλον εἶχε γέλωτι μεμιγμένον, ὡς ἴδε μακρὴν
τρηχαλέην μήρινθον ἀπειροπόνου Κυθερείης·
ἀθανάτοις δ᾽ ἤγγειλε· βαρυζήλῳ δὲ μενοινῇ
ἔννεπε, μεμφομένη καὶ Κύπριδι καὶ γενετῆρι·
"Σὴ δόσις ἀλλοπρόσαλλος ἀμείβεται, οὐράνιε Ζεῦ·
οὐκέτι Μοιράων μεθέπω δόσιν· ἱστοπόνος γὰρ
κλῆρον ἐμὸν σύλησε τεὴ θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη.
κλῆρον Ἀθηναίης οὐχ ἥρπασε δεσπότις Ἥρη,
γνωτὴ καὶ παράκοιτις ἐμοῦ Διός, ἀλλὰ χαλέπτει
ἐκ γενετῆς σακέεσσι κορυσσομένην Ἀγελείην
ἡ ταμίη θαλάμων, ἁπαλὴ θεός. ὑμετέρου δὲ
ἀπτόλεμος Κυθέρεια πότε προμάχιζεν Ὀλύμπου,
ἠὲ τίνας Τιτῆνας ἀπώλεσε θήλεϊ κεστῷ,
ὅττι μετὰ πτολέμους με βιάζεται; ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
εἰπέ μοι, ἰοχέαιρα, τεῆς πότε μεσσόθεν ὕλης
εἶδες ὀιστεύουσαν ἢ ἀγρώσσουσαν Ἀθήνην;
τίς καλέει γλαυκῶπιν, ὅτ᾽ ὠδίνουσι γυναῖκες;"
Ὣς φαμένης ἀγέροντο θεοὶ ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου,
ἱστὸν ἰδεῖν ἐθέλοντες ἐποιχομένην Ἀφροδίτην.
καὶ καμάτους ὁρόωντες ἀπειρομόθου Κυθερείης
θαμβαλέοι νόθον ἔργον ἐκυκλώσαντο θεαίνης·
καὶ γελόων ἀγόρευε πάλιν φιλοκέρτομος Ἑρμῆς·
"Ἱστὸν ἔχεις, Κυθέρεια· τεὸν λίπε κεστὸν Ἀθήνῃ.
εἰ μίτον ἀμφαφάας, εἰ κερκίδα χερσὶ τιταίνεις,
καὶ δόρυ θοῦρον ἄειρε καὶ αἰγίδα Τριτογενείης.
οἶδα, πόθεν, Κυθέρεια, πολύκροτον ἱστὸν ὑφαίνεις,
σὸς δόλος οὔ με λέληθε· τεὸς τάχα νυμφίος Ἄρης
εἰς γάμον ἱμερόεντας ἀπαιτίζει σε χιτῶνας.

---

[a] *i.e.*, I don't poach on Artemis's preserves, hunting and

work. Anger and laughter commingled came over her, as she beheld the long rough cords of inexperienced Cythereia. She told the immortals; and in a passion of jealousy reproached both Cypris and her father:

279 "So there are changes and chances in your gifts, Heavenly Father! I no longer manage the gift of the Fates, for your daughter Aphrodite has taken to weaving and stolen my lot. Athenaia has been robbed of her lot not by Hera the Queen, the sister and consort of my Zeus; but the mistress of the bedchamber, that soft goddess, affronts one armed with shield from her birth, Ageleia the plunderer! When has your cowardly Cythereia fought for Olympos? what Titans has she destroyed with that womanish girdle, that she comes fresh from her battles to outrage me? Yes, and you, Archeress—tell me this, when have you seen Athena in your forest [a] shooting arrows or hunting game? Who calls upon Brighteyes, when women are in labour?"

292 When she had spoken, the gods of Olympos came thronging to see Aphrodite working the loom. They gathered round and stared at the labours of the divine fumbler, amazed at her bungling work; and Hermes, who loved his joke, said laughing,

297 "You have the loom, Cythereia, leave Athena your girdle! If you handle the thread and throw the shuttle, then raise also the furious spear and the aegiscape of Tritogenia. Ah, Cythereia, I know why you weave at the rattling loom. I understand your secret: no doubt your bridegroom Ares begs from you fine dress for the wedding. Weave your

help in childbirth, why should Aphrodite be allowed to invade my sphere, women's work?

Ἄρεϊ πέπλον ὕφαινε· νεοκλώστῳ δ' ἐνὶ πέπλῳ
ἀσπίδα μὴ ποίκιλλε· τί γὰρ σακέων Ἀφροδίτῃ;
τεῦχε τεῇς Φαέθοντα φεραυγέα μάρτυρον εὐνῆς,
φώριον ἀγγέλλοντα τεῶν συλήτορα λέκτρων·
ἢν ἐθέλῃς, ποίκιλλε καὶ ἀρχαίους σέο δεσμούς,
καὶ θεὸν ἀσκήσειε νόθον πόσιν αἰδομένη χείρ·
καὶ σὺ τεὸν μετὰ τόξον, Ἔρως, ἄτρακτον ἑλίσσων
μητέρι νήματα τεῦχε φιληλακάτῳ Κυθερείῃ,
ὄφρα μετὰ πτερόεντα καὶ ἱστοπόνον σε καλέσσω,
καὶ μετὰ νεῦρα βόεια θεὸν πυρόεντα νοήσω
πηνίον ἐξέλκοντα παρὲκ μίτον ἀντὶ βελέμνων.
χρυσῷ τεῦξον Ἄρηα μετὰ χρυσῆς Ἀφροδίτης
κερκίδα χειρὶ φέροντα καὶ οὐ πάλλοντα βοείην,
δίπλακα ποικίλλοντα σὺν ἐργοπόνῳ Κυθερείῃ.
ἀλλά, θεὰ Κυθέρεια, φιληλακάτων ἀπὸ χειρῶν
ῥῖπτε μίτους ἀνέμοισι καὶ ἄμφεπε κεστὸν ἱμάντα,
συζυγίης δ' ἀλέγιζε τὸ δεύτερον· ἀρχέγονος γὰρ
πλάζεται εἰσέτι κόσμος, ἕως ἔτι πέπλον ὑφαίνεις."
Ὣς φαμένου μείδησαν, ὅσοι ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου.
καὶ μίτον ἡμιτέλεστον ἀπορρίψασα χιτῶνος
αἰδομένη γλαυκῶπιν ἑῆς ἐπεβήσατο Κύπρου
ἀνδρομέης Κυθέρεια τιθηνήτειρα γενέθλης·
καὶ βίον αἰολόμορφον Ἔρως πάλιν ἥρμοσε κεστῷ
σπείρων εὐαρότοιο λεχώιον ἄντυγα κόσμου.
Τοίην ἱμερόφωνον ἀνέπλεκε Λεῦκος ἀοιδὴν
ἠλακάτης ἀδίδακτον ἀνυμνείων Ἀφροδίτην,
ἐργοπόνῳ μέγα νεῖκος ἀναστήσασαν Ἀθήνῃ.

---

[a] Hom. *Od.* viii. 270 ff.
[b] From Hom. *Il.* xxiii. 762.

stuff for Ares, but don't embroider a shield in the new cloth. What does Aphrodite want with shields? Put in Phaëthon, the shining witness of your loves, who told tales of the furtive robber of your bed[a]; if you like, put those old nets of yours in the pattern, and let your hand, if it can for shame, make a picture of the god who was the husband's proxy. And you, Eros, leave your bow and help your mother in her passion for the distaff, twirl the spindle for her and spin the thread. Then I may call you weaver instead of winger, I may see the fiery god pulling the spool past the warp,[b] instead of the arrows on the leather bowstring. Make Ares of gold beside golden Aphrodite; let him hold a shuttle instead of waving a shield, and embroider a double cloth with industrious Cythereia.

317 "No, Cythereia goddess, throw your threads to the winds out of those distaff-enamoured hands and use your stitched girdle. Take care once more of marriage; for the ancient nature of the world has all been going astray since you have been weaving cloth."

321 As he finished, all the Olympians smiled. Then Cythereia thus put to shame before Brighteyes threw down the stuff of the cloth half finished, and away she went to her own Cyprus to be nurse of the human race; and Eros once more ordered all the varied forms of life by the girdle, sowing the circle of the well-plowed earth with the seed of generation.

327 Such was the melodious lay which Leucos wove, celebrating how Aphrodite untaught of the distaff, set up her great contest with industrious Athena.[c]

[c] The lay of Demodocos in Hom. *Od.* viii. 267-366, is the general model for this scene.

Ἀλλ᾽ ὅτε δὴ κόρος ἔσκε φιλακρήτοιο τραπέζης,
οἶνον ἀναβλύζοντες ἐρημάδι κάππεσον εὐνῇ·
οἱ μὲν δαιδαλέης ἐπὶ νεβρίδος, οἱ δ᾽ ἐπὶ φύλλων
πεπταμένων, ἕτεροι δὲ χυτῆς ἐφύπερθε κονίης
δέρμασιν αἰγείοισιν ἐπεστορέσαντο χαμεύνην·
ἄλλοι δ᾽ ἐγρεμόθοισιν ἐφωμίλησαν ὀνείροις,
χάλκεον ἁπλώσαντες ἐνυαλίῳ δέμας ὕπνῳ,
ὧν ὁ μὲν Ἰνδὸν ἔβαλλε καθήμενον ὑψόθεν ἵππου,
ἄλλος δ᾽ Ἰνδὸν ἔνυξε κατ᾽ αὐχένος, ὃς δὲ δαΐζων
ἄορι πεζὸν ἔτυψεν, ὁ δ᾽ οὔτασε Δηριαδῆα·
ἄλλος δ᾽ ἠερόφοιτον ἑὸν βέλος ὑψόσε πέμπων
ἠλιβάτους ἐλέφαντας ὀνειρείῳ βάλεν ἰῷ.
Πορδαλίων δὲ γένεθλα καὶ ἄγρια φῦλα λεόντων
καὶ κύνες ἀγρευτῆρες ἐρημονόμου Διονύσου
εἶχον ἀμοιβαίης φυλακῆς ἄγρυπνον ὀπωπήν,
πάννυχον ἐγρήσσοντες ὀρειάδος ἔνδοθεν ὕλης,
μή σφιν ἐπαΐξειε μελαινομένων μόθος Ἰνδῶν·
καὶ δαΐδες στοιχηδὸν ἐπαστράπτεσκον Ὀλύμπῳ,
Βακχιάδος λαμπτῆρες ἀκοιμήτοιο χορείης.

330 But when they had surfeit of this table so well furnished with liquor, they fell on their beds in the wilderness spluttering wine: dropping on dappled fawnskins, or on spreads of leaves, or just spreading goatskins on the ground amid the deep dust. Some stretched their armoured bodies in the soldier's sleep, and held traffic with battlerousing dreams, where one struck some Indian sitting on horseback, one pierced an Indian's throat, one slew a footman with his sword, one wounded Deriades, one shot his bolt high in the air and wounded some huge elephant with his dream-arrow.

342 Tribes of leopards and wild packs of lions and hunting-dogs took turns in guarding Dionysos in the wilderness with sleepless eyes; all night they kept vigil in the mountain forest, that no assault of black Indians might approach him. Long lines of torches flashed up to Olympos, the lights of the dancing Bacchants which had no rest.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΕΙΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΠΕΜΠΤΟΝ

Εἰκοστὸν κατὰ πέμπτον ἔχεις Περσῆος ἀγῶνα
καὶ κρίσιν Ἡρακλῆος ἐς ἠνορέην Διονύσου.

Μοῦσα, πάλιν πολέμιζε σοφὸν μόθον
ἔμφρονι θύρσῳ·
οὔ πω γὰρ γόνυ δοῦλον ὑποκλίνων Διονύσῳ
φύλοπιν ἑπταέτηρον Ἑῴιος εὔνασεν Ἄρης·
ἀλλὰ δρακοντείοιο τεθηπότες ἄκρα γενείου
Ἰνδῴης πλατάνοιο πάλιν κλάζουσι νεοσσοί,
Βακχείου πολέμοιο προμάντιες. οὐ μὲν ἀείσω
πρώτους ἓξ λυκάβαντας,
ὅτε στρατὸς ἔνδοθι πύργων
Ἰνδὸς ἔην· τελέσας δὲ τύπον μιμηλὸν Ὁμήρου
ὕστατον ὑμνήσω πολέμων ἔτος, ἑβδομάτης δὲ
ὑσμίνην ἰσάριθμον ἐμῆς στρουθοῖο χαράξω·
Θήβῃ δ' ἑπταπύλῳ κεράσω μέλος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴ
ἀμφ' ἐμὲ βακχευθεῖσα περιτρέχει, οἷα δὲ νύμφη
μαζὸν ἑὸν γύμνωσε κατηφέος ὑψόθι πέπλου,
μνησαμένη Πενθῆος· ἐποτρύνων δέ με μέλπειν
πενθαλέην ἕο χεῖρα γέρων ὤρεξε Κιθαιρὼν
αἰδόμενος, μὴ λέκτρον ἀθέσμιον ἠὲ βοήσω
πατροφόνον πόσιν υἷα παρευνάζοντα τεκούσῃ.

BOOK XXV

In the twenty-fifth you have the struggle of Perseus and the comparison of Heracles with the valour of Dionysos.

O Muse, once more fight the poet's war with your thyrsus-wand of the mind: for not yet has Eastern Ares bent a servile knee and calmed the sevenyear conflict. The nestlings of the Indian planetree are shrinking again in horror at the dragon's jaw-point, and thus they foretell war with Bacchos.[a] I will not sing the first six lichtgangs,[b] while the Indian army remained behind walls; I will make my pattern like Homer's and sing the last year of warfare, I will describe that which has the number of my seventh sparrow. For sevengate Thebes I will brew my bowl of poesy, for she also dances wildly about me, baring her breast nymph-like over her robe in sorrow while she remembers Pentheus; old Cithairon urges me to sing, stretching out his mourning hand, fearing lest I proclaim the unhallowed bed or the father-slaying son, the husband who lay beside her who bore

[a] A reference to Hom. *Il.* ii. 308 ff., where a snake swallows a bird and eight chicks; this is interpreted as victory after nine years.

[b] That is, years; see above, vol. i. p. 392 note *a*.

Ἀονίης ἀίω κιθάρης κτύπον· εἴπατε, Μοῦσαι,
τίς πάλιν Ἀμφίων λίθον ἄπνοον εἰς δρόμον ἕλκει;
οἶδα, πόθεν κτύπος οὗτος· ἀειδομένῃ τάχα Θήβῃ
Πινδαρέης φόρμιγγος ἐπέκτυπε Δώριος ἠχώ.
 Ἀλλὰ πάλιν κτείνωμεν Ἐρυθραίων γένος Ἰνδῶν·
οὔ ποτε γὰρ μόθον ἄλλον ὁμοίιον ἔδρακεν αἰὼν
Ἠῴου πρὸ μόθοιο, καὶ οὐ μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν
ἄλλην ὀψιτέλεστον ἰσόρροπον εἶδεν Ἐνυώ,
οὐδὲ τόσος στρατὸς ἦλθεν ἐς Ἴλιον,
 οὐ στόλος ἀνδρῶν
τηλίκος. ἀλλὰ νέοισι καὶ ἀρχεγόνοισιν ἐρίζων
εὐκαμάτους ἱδρῶτας ἀναστήσω Διονύσου,
κρίνων ἠνορέην τεκέων Διός, ὄφρα νοήσω,
τίς κάμε τοῖον ἀγῶνα, τίς εἴκελος ἔπλετο Βάκχου.
 Περσεὺς μὲν ταχύγουνος, ἐύπτερον ἴχνος ἑλίσσων,

---

[a] *i.e.* the story of Oedipus.

[b] "Aonian" means simply Theban. According to one of the foundation-legends, Amphion and Zethos, the sons of Antiope, built the walls, Amphion taking the chief part because his lyre-playing was so enchanting (in the most literal sense) that the stones followed him of their own accord to their places in the walls. *Cf.* 417 ff.

[c] An allusion to Pindar, *Ol.* i. 17.

[d] Rhetorician that he is, Nonnos is here using one of the best known rhetorical figures, comparison of the person or thing praised with others of the same class (here sons of Zeus), who are declared inferior; and as they are *ex hypothesi* admirable, the subject of the panegyric must be more so. *Cf.* the praises of Epicurus in Lucretius v. 13 ff. (he is superior to Demeter, Dionysos and Heracles as a benefactor of mankind).

[e] Perseus was son of Zeus by Danaë (114), whom the god visited in the form of a shower of gold. Her father Acrisios set her and her child afloat (119-120) in a chest, and they drifted ashore at the island of Seriphos. The local king,

him.[a] I hear the twang of the Aonian [b] lyre: tell me, Muses, what new Amphion is pulling dead stones to a run? I know where that sound comes from: surely it is the Dorian [c] tune of Pindar's lyre sounding for Thebes.

22 Once more let us slay the race of Erythraian Indians: for Time never saw before another struggle like the Eastern War, nor after the Indian War in later days has Enyo seen its equal. No such army came to Ilion, no such host of men. But I will set up the toils and sweat of Dionysos in rivalry with both new and old [d]; I will judge the manhood of the sons of Zeus, and see who endured such an encounter, who was like unto Bacchos.

31 Nimbleknee Perseus,[e] waving his winged feet,

Polydectes (84), when Perseus had grown to manhood, tried to get rid of him by sending him on the quest for the head of Medusa (38), the only mortal one of the three Gorgons (the others were Sthenno 54, and Euryale 58), the sight of which turned the beholder into stone. He was helped by Athena and Hermes (55-56) who gave him Harpe, the curved Sword of Sharpness, the Shoon of Swiftness, which enabled him to fly (130, 131), and a (probably magical) wallet in which to carry the head. He found the way there by stealing the one eye (36) of the Graiai, daughters of Phorcys, and refusing to give it back unless he was told. The home of the Gorgons was in Africa (51); Perseus flew there invisible, for he had also been given the Cap of Darkness, cut Medusa's head off without looking at her, and later used it to turn into stone a sea-monster which was going to devour Andromeda, daughter of Cepheus and Cassiepeia, king and queen of Ethiopia (80 ff.), whose mother had offended the powers of the sea by boasting that she was fairer than the Nereïds (135). All concerned were afterwards turned into constellations. Later, Perseus used the head to destroy Polydectes, who was trying to force Danaë to marry him. Medusa, when killed, was pregnant by Poseidon (39 ff.) and the winged horse Pegasos sprang from her headless trunk.

ἀγχινεφῆ δρόμον εἶχεν ἐν ἠέρι πεζὸς ὁδίτης,
εἰ ἐτεὸν πεπότητο. τί δὲ πλέον, εἰ σφυρὰ πάλλων
ξείνην εἰρεσίην ἀνεμώδεϊ νήχετο ταρσῷ,
ὅττι βαθυνομένης παλάμης ληίστορι καρπῷ
Φορκίδος ἀγρύπνοιο λαβὼν ὀφθαλμὸν ἀλήτην,
ἄψοφον ἀκροπόρων πεφυλαγμένος ἅλμα πεδίλων,
ὄγμον ἐχιδνήεντα μιῆς ἤμησε Μεδούσης,
ἧς ἔτι κυμαίνουσα γοναῖς ἐθλίβετο γαστὴρ
Πήγασον ὠδίνουσα, καὶ ἔγκυον αὐχένα νύμφης
Γοργόνος Εἰλείθυια μογοστόκος ἔθρισεν ἅρπη,
αὐχένος ἱπποτόκοιο θαλύσιον; ἀπτολέμου δὲ
Περσεὺς ὠκυπέδιλος ἐκούφισε σύμβολα νίκης
ἄπνοα, Γοργείης ὀφιώδεα λήια χαίτης,
αἱμαλέῃ ῥαθάμιγγι κατάρρυτα λείψανα κόρσης,
ἡμιτελὲς σύριγμα νεοτμήτων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
λεπτὸν ὑποτρίζοντα· καὶ οὐ στίχεν ἄρσενι χάρμῃ,
οὐ τότε χερσαίης ἐνοπῆς κτύπος, οὐδ᾽ ἐνὶ πόντῳ
Περσέι μαρναμένῳ πολεμήια λαίφεα νηῶν
ἐγρεμόθοις ἀνέμοισιν Ἄρης κολπώσατο ναύτης,
οὐ φονίῃ ῥαθάμιγγι Λίβυς φοινίσσετο Νηρεύς,
οὐ νέκυν αὐτοκύλιστον ἐδέξατο λοίγιον ὕδωρ·
ἀλλὰ δρακοντείης τρομέων συριγμὸν ἐθείρης
Σθεννοῦς μαινομένης πτερόεις ἐλελίζετο Περσεύς,
καὶ κυνέην Ἀίδαο φέρων καὶ Παλλάδος ἅρπην,
καὶ πτερὸν Ἑρμάωνος ἔχων καὶ Ζῆνα τοκῆα,
ὠκυτέρῳ φύξηλις ἀνῃώρητο πεδίλῳ,
Εὐρυάλης μύκημα καὶ οὐ σάλπιγγος ἀκούων,
συλήσας Λιβύης ὀλίγον σπέος· οὐ στρατὸν ἀνδρῶν
ἔκτανεν, οὐ φλογόεντι πόλιν τεφρώσατο δαλῷ.
  Ἀλλ᾽ οὐ τοῖος ἔην Βρομίου μόθος·
                                        οὐ ποσὶν ἕρπων
Βάκχος ἐθωρήχθη δολόεις πρόμος, οὐδὲ λοχήσας

held his course near the clouds, a wayfarer pacing through the air, if he really did fly. But what was the good if he swung his ankles and swam the winds with that strange oarage of legs? and then crept up on tiptoe, keeping his footfall noiseless, and with hollowed hand and robber's fist caught the roving eye of Phorcys' unsleeping daughter, then shore off the snaky swathe of one Medusa, while her womb was still burdened and swollen with young, still in foal of Pegasus; what good if the sickle played the part of childbirth Eileithyia, and reaped the neck of the pregnant Gorgon, firstfruits of a horsebreeding neck? There was no battle when swiftshoe Perseus lifted the lifeless token of victory, the snaky sheaf of Gorgon hair, relics of the head dripping drops of blood, gently wheezing a half-heard hiss through the severed throats: he did not march to battle with men, no din of conflict was there then on land, no maritime Ares on the sea with battle-rousing winds bellied the sails of ships of war against a warrior Perseus, no Libyan Nereus was reddened with showers of blood, no fatal water swallowed a dead body rolling helplessly. No! Perseus fled with flickering wings trembling at the hiss of mad Sthenno's hairy snakes, although he bore the cap of Hades and the sickle of Pallas, with Hermes' wings though Zeus was his father; he sailed a fugitive on swiftest shoes, listening for no trumpet but Euryale's bellowing—having despoiled a little Libyan hole! He slew no army of men, he burnt no city with fiery torch.

61 Far other was the struggle of Bromios. For Bacchos was no sneaking champion, crawling along in

φρουρὸν ἀκοιμήτοιο μετήλυδα κύκλον ὀπωπῆς
Φορκίδος ἀλλοπρόσαλλον
ἀμειβομένης πτερὸν Ὕπνου
ἤνυσε θῆλυν ἄεθλον ἀθωρήκτοιο Μεδούσης·
ἀλλὰ διατμήγων δηίων στίχα δίζυγι νίκῃ
χερσαίου πολέμοιο καὶ ὑγροπόροιο κυδοιμοῦ
λύθρῳ γαῖαν ἔδευσε, καὶ αἵματι κῦμα κεράσσας
Νηρεΐδας φοίνιξεν ἐρευθιόωντι ῥεέθρῳ,
κτείνων βάρβαρα φῦλα· πολὺς δ' ἐπὶ μητέρι Γαίῃ
ὑψιλόφων ἀκάρηνος ἐτυμβεύθη στάχυς Ἰνδῶν,
πολλοὶ δ' ἐν πελάγεσσιν ὀλωλότες ὀξέι θύρσῳ
αὐτόματοι πλωτῆρες ἐπορθμεύοντο θαλάσσῃ,
Ἰνδῶν νεκρὸς ὅμιλος. ἀνικήτῳ δὲ Λυαίῳ
ὕδασιν αἰχμάζοντος ἐγερσιμόθου ποταμοῖο
Ἄρεα κυματόεντα παρέρχομαι, ὁππότε πεύκη
Βακχιὰς αἰθαλόεσσα κατέφλεγε βάρβαρον ὕδωρ
μυδαλέῳ σπινθῆρι, καὶ ἔζεε κύματι θερμῷ
καπνὸν ἀναβλύζων ποταμήιον ὑγρὸς Ὑδάσπης.
Ἀλλ' ἐρέεις,
ὅτι "κῆτος ἁλίτροφον ἔκτανε Περσεύς·
ὄμματι Γοργείῳ πετρώσατο θῆρα θαλάσσης."
τί πλέον, εἰ φονίης δεδοκημένος ὄμμα Μεδούσης
ἀνδρομέων μελέων ἑτερότροπον εἶδος ἀμείψας
εἰς λίθον αὐτοτέλεστον ἐμορφώθη Πολυδέκτης;
Βάκχου δ' Ἰνδοφόνου βριαρὸς πόνος οὐ μία Γοργώ,
οὐ λίθος ἠερόφοιτος ἀλίκτυπος ἢ Πολυδέκτης·
ἀλλὰ δρακοντοκόμων καλάμην ἤμησε Γιγάντων
Βάκχος ἀριστεύων ὀλίγῳ ῥηξήνορι θύρσῳ,
ὁππότε Πορφυρίωνι μαχήμονα κισσὸν ἰάλλων
Ἐγκέλαδον στυφέλιξε καὶ ἤλασεν Ἀλκυονῆα
αἰχμάζων πετάλοισιν· ὀιστεύοντο δὲ θύρσοι
Γηγενέων ὀλετῆρες, ἀοσσητῆρες Ὀλύμπου,

his armour; he laid no ambush for the sentinel eye of Phorcys, the ball of the sleepless eye that passed from hand to hand, giving each her share under the wing of sleep in turn; he won no womanish match over a Medusa unarmed. But he cut the lines of his enemies in a double victory, battle on land and tumult at the ford; he soaked the earth with gore, he mingled the waves with blood, he dyed the Nereïds purple in their reddened streams, as he killed the barbarian hordes. Great was the harvest of highcrested Indians buried headless in mother earth; shoals of dead Indians slain by the sharp thyrsus floated at random and voyaged over the deep, a multitude! I pass by that billowy warfare, when the battlestirring river hurled his waves against invincible Lyaios, when the blazing torch of Bacchos kindled the barbarian stream with a damp spark, and watery Hydaspes with waves boiling hot puffed out smoke from his depths.

80 But you will say, "Perseus killed a monster of the sea; with the Gorgon's eye he turned to stone a leviathan of the deep!" What was the good, if Polydectes, looking upon deadly Medusa's eye, changed his human limbs to another kind and transformed himself into stone? The terrible exploits of Bacchos were not one Gorgon, not an airsoaring seabeaten cliff, not a Polydectes. No, Bacchos reaped the stubble of snakehaired giants, a conquering hero with a tiny manbreaking wand, when he cast the battling ivy against Porphyrion, when he buffeted Encelados and drove off Alcyoneus with a volley of leaves: then the wands flew in showers, and brought the earthborn down in defence of Olympos, when the

χερσὶ διηκοσίῃσιν ἕλιξ ὅτε λαὸς Ἀρούρης
θλίβων ἀστερόεσσαν ἴτυν πολυδειράδι κόρσῃ
λεπταλέῳ γόνυ κάμψεν ἀκοντιστῆρι κορύμβῳ,
ἔγχεϊ κισσήεντι, καὶ οὐ πυρόεντι κεραυνῷ
τηλίκος ἐσμὸς ἔπιπτεν, ὅσος ῥηξήνορι θύρσῳ.
Ἀλλά φίλοι, κρίνωμεν· ἐν ἀντολίῃ μὲν ἀρούρῃ
Ἰνδοφόνους ἱδρῶτας ὀπιπεύων Διονύσου
Ἠέλιος θάμβησεν, ὑπὲρ δυτικοῖο δὲ κόλπου
Ἑσπερίῃ Περσῆα τανύπτερον εἶδε Σελήνη,
βαιὸν ἀεθλεύσαντα πόνον γαμψώνυχι χαλκῷ·
καὶ Φαέθων ὅσον εὖχος ὑπέρτερον ἔλλαχε Μήνης,
τόσσον ἐγὼ Περσῆος ἀρείονα Βάκχον ἐνίψω.
Ἴναχος ἀμφοτέρων πέλε μάρτυρος, ὁππότε κισσῷ
καὶ φονίῳ νάρθηκι Μυκηνίδες ἤρισαν αἰχμαὶ
χαλκοβαρεῖς, Σατύρων δὲ φιλεύιον Ἄρεα φεύγων
θυρσοφόρῳ Βρομίῳ δρεπανηφόρος εἴκαθε Περσεύς,
καὶ δόρυ θοῦρον ἔπεμπε μαχήμονος ἀντὶ Λυαίου
οὐτιδανὴν ἀσίδηρον ἀκοντίζων Ἀριάδνην·
οὐκ ἄγαμαι Περσῆα μίαν κτείναντα γυναῖκα,
εἵμασι νυμφιδίοισιν ἔτι πνείουσαν Ἐρώτων.
Εἰ δὲ Διὸς χρυσέων μεγαλίζεται εἵνεκα λέκτρων,
οὐ Δανάην ἐκόμισσεν ἐς οὐρανὸν ὑέτιος Ζεύς,
κυδαίνων γονίμης φιλοπάρθενον ὄμβρον ἐέρσης
βαιῆς κλεψιγάμου· Σεμέλη δ' ἐπέβαινεν Ὀλύμπου
σὺν Διί, σὺν μακάρεσσι μιῆς ψαύουσα τραπέζης,
υἱέι βοτρυόεντι παρεζομένη Διονύσῳ·
οὐ Δανάη λάχεν οἶκον Ὀλύμπιον, ὑγροπόρου δὲ
λάρνακος ἔνδον ἐοῦσα Διὸς ναυτίλλετο νύμφη,
μεμφομένη ζυγίων ἀπατήλιον ὄμβρον Ἐρώτων,
ἄστατον ὄλβον ἔχοντα μινυνθαδίου νιφετοῖο.
Οἶδα μὲν Ἀνδρομέδην,
ὅτι φαίνεται ἐντὸς Ὀλύμπου,

coiling sons of Earth with two hundred hands, who pressed the starry vault with manynecked heads, bent the knee before a flimsy javelin of vineleaves or a spear of ivy. Not so great a swarm fell to the fiery thunderbolt as fell to the manbreaking thyrsus.

98 Let us compare them, friends. Helios marvelled when he saw the sweat of Dionysos, as he slew Indians on the eastern soil: over the western gulf, Selene in the evening saw Perseus on wings outspread, after he had had a small task to do with a curving piece of bronze: as much as Phaëthon has glory above the Moon, so much better than Perseus I will declare Bacchos to be. Inachos was witness of both, when the heavy bronze pikes of Mycenai resisted the ivy and deadly fennel, when Perseus sickle in hand gave way to Bacchos with his wand, and fled before the fury of Satyrs crying Euoi; Perseus cast a raging spear, and hit frail Ariadne unarmed instead of Lyaios the warrior. I do not admire Perseus for killing one woman, in her bridal dress still breathing of love.[a]

113 Is he proud of the golden wooing of Zeus? But rainy Zeus did not raise Danaë to his heaven, to glorify a few loving drops of creative dew in that furtive union. Semele did mount into heaven to touch one table with Zeus and the Blessed, to sit beside her son Dionysos of the vine; but Danaë received no home in Olympos. She the bride of Zeus went voyaging in a chest over the sea, regretting the deceitful rain of wedded love, after the unstable happiness of a passing shower.

123 I know that Andromeda is to be seen in

[a] See xlvii. 537 ff.; Lyaios, "Deliverer," is a title of Dionysos.

ἀλλὰ πάλιν μογέει καὶ ἐν αἰθέρι· καὶ τάχα δειλὴ
πολλάκι τοῖον ἔλεξεν ἔπος νεμεσήμονι φωνῇ·
"Τί πλέον, εἴ με κόμισσας ἐς αἰθέρα,
νυμφίε Περσεῦ;
καλὸν ἐμοὶ πόρες ἕδνον Ὀλύμπιον· ἀστερόεν γὰρ
Κῆτος ἔτι κλονέει με καὶ ἐνθάδε, καὶ νέον ἄλλον
ἀντίτυπον προτέροιο μετὰ χθόνα καὶ φόβον ἅλμης
εἰσέτι δεσμὸν ἔχω καὶ ἐν ἄστρασιν· οὐ σέθεν ἅρπη
οὐρανίη με σάωσε· μάτην δέ μοι ἐντὸς Ὀλύμπου
μείλιχον ἀστραίης ἀμαρύσσεται ὄμμα Μεδούσης·
Κῆτος ἔτι κλονέει με, καὶ οὐ πτερὰ κοῦφα τιταίνεις.
μήτηρ ἀχνυμένη με βιάζεται, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴ
δειλὴ Κασσιέπεια δι' αἰθέρος εἰς ἅλα δύνει
Νηρεΐδας τρομέουσα, καὶ ὀλβίζει δρόμον Ἄρκτου
ἄβροχον Ὠκεανοῖο καὶ οὐ ψαύοντα θαλάσσης·
καὶ φόβον Ἀνδρομέδης ὁρόων καὶ Κῆτος Ὀλύμπου
γηραλέος μετὰ γαῖαν ὀδύρεται ἐνθάδε Κηφεύς."
Τοῖον ἔπος βαρύδεσμος ἀνίαχε πολλάκι νύμφη,
Περσέα κικλήσκουσα, καὶ οὐ χραίσμησεν ἀκοίτης.
εἰ δὲ καὶ Ἀνδρομέδης
ἐπαγάλλεται ἄστρασι Περσεύς,
δόχμιον ὄμμα τίταινε δι' αἰθέρος, ἧχι φαείνει
αἰγλήεις Ὀφιοῦχος Ὄφιν δινωτὸν ἀείρων,
καὶ Στέφανον περίκυκλον ἐσαθρήσεις Ἀριάδνης
σύνδρομον Ἠελίοιο, συναντέλλοντα Σελήνῃ,
ἵμερον ἀγγέλλοντα φιλοστεφάνου Διονύσου.
Οἶδα μόθον Μίνωος, ὃν ὤπασε θῆλυς Ἐνυὼ

---

[a] *Cf.* xlviii. 971; the Northern Crown is the wedding-garland of Ariadne at her marriage with Dionysos.

[b] Nonnos himself tells the story pretty fully; the fanciful details about the powers of love fighting for Minos are pure allegory. Minos, king of Crete and son of Zeus by

Olympos ; but she is unhappy still even in the sky. Often the poor creature thus complained with reproachful voice :

126 " What good was it, bridegroom Perseus, that you brought me into the sky ? A precious bridegift was your Olympos to me ! The Seamonster chases me even here among the stars ! After earth and all that terror of the sea, I still have chains like the old ones, even among the stars ! Your heavenly sickle has not saved me. In vain Medusa's eye softens for me in Olympos as it shines among the stars. The Monster chases me still, and you do not stretch your light wings ! my mother Cassiepeia is vexed and presses me, because the poor thing must dive herself through the air into the brine, trembling at the Nereïds and she deems the Bear happy in his course, never drenched in the Ocean never touching the sea ; old Cepheus is unhappy still, when he sees Andromeda's fear, and the Monster of Olympos coming, after what happened here on earth ! "

140 Complaints like these the nymph often would utter in her heavy chains ; she called on Perseus, and her husband helped her not. And if Perseus is proud of Andromeda too in the stars, do but cast your eye towards that side of the heavens, where the brilliant Ophiuchos is conspicuous holding up his encircling Serpent ; and you will see the circlet of Ariadne's Crown, the Sun's companion, which rises with the Moon and proclaims the desire of crownloving Dionysos.

148 [a] I know also the war of Minos,[b] which a woman's

Europa, besieged Megara, whose king, Nisos, had a purple lock which was the luck of the city and prevented it from being taken. His daughter Scylla fell in love with Minos, cut off the lock while Nisos slept, and so gave Minos the victory. It is the widespread tale of Maiden Castle.

κεστὸν ἐλαφρίζουσα καὶ οὐ τελαμῶνα βοείης,
ὁππότε Κύπρις ἔην κορυθαιόλος, ὁππότε Πειθὼ
χάλκεον ἔγχος ἔπαλλε καὶ ἔπλετο Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη,
μαρναμένῳ Μίνωι συνέμπορος, ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
ἀπτολέμων τόξευε γαμοστόλος ἑσμὸς Ἐρώτων,
καὶ Πόθος ἱμερόεις πτολιπόρθιος, ἡνίκα λαῷ
Νισαίῳ Μεγαρῆι Κυδωνιὰς ἔβρεμε σάλπιγξ,
εὖτε Φόβον καὶ Δεῖμον ἰδὼν συνάεθλον Ἐρώτων
ἴχνεσιν αἰδομένοισιν ἐχάζετο χάλκεος Ἄρης,
ἀσπίδα κουφίζουσαν ὀπιπεύων Ἀφροδίτην
καὶ Πόθον αἰχμάζοντα, καὶ εὐθώρηκι μαχητῇ
ἀβροχίτων ἐτέλεσσεν Ἔρως καλλίτριχα νίκην·
Σκύλλα γὰρ ὑπνώοντος ἀκερσικόμοιο τοκῆος
ἤλικα πορφυρέης ἀπεκείρατο βότρυν ἐθείρης,
καὶ πόλιν ἔπραθε πᾶσαν ἑνὶ τμητῆρι σιδήρῳ
βόστρυχον ἀμήσασα πολισσούχοιο καρήνου.
Μίνως μὲν πτολίπορθος ἑῷ ποτε κάλλεϊ γυμνῷ
ὑσμίνης τέλος εὗρε, καὶ οὐ νίκησε σιδήρῳ,
ἀλλὰ πόθῳ καὶ ἔρωτι· κορυσσομένου δὲ Λυαίου
οὐ Πόθος ἐπρήυνεν ἀκοντοφόρων μόθον Ἰνδῶν,
οὐ Παφίη κεκόρυστο συναιχμάζουσα Λυαίῳ,
κάλλεϊ νικήσασα, μόθου τέλος οὐ μία κούρη
οἰστρομανὴς χραίσμησεν ἐρασσαμένη Διονύσου,
οὐ δόλος ἱμερόεις, οὐ βόστρυχα Δηριαδῆος,
ἀλλὰ πολυσπερέων πολέμων ἑτερότροπος Ἰνδὸς
νίκης εὖχος ἔχων παλιναυξέος.—εἰ δὲ γεραίρεις
Ἴναχον Ἡρακλῆος, ὅλον πόνον αὐτὸς ἐλέγξω.
Οἶδα μέν, ὅττι λέοντι βραχίονα λοξὸν ἑλίξας
εὐπαλάμῳ πῆχυνε περίπλοκον αὐχένα δεσμῷ,

[a] The Labours of Heracles are too well known to need

battle accomplished, handling the lovegirdle instead of the shieldstrap, when Cypris wore a gleaming helmet, when Peitho shook a brazen spear and turned into Pallas Athena to stand by Minos in the fray, when the bridal swarm of unwarlike Loves shot their arrows in battle ; I know how tender Desire sacked a city, when the Cydonian trumpet blared against Nisos of Megara and his people, when brazen Ares shrank back for very shame, when he saw his Rout and his Terror supporting the Loves, when he beheld Aphrodite holding a buckler and Desire casting a lance, while daintyrobe Eros wrought a fairhair victory against the fighting men in arms. For Scylla, while her uncropt father was lying asleep, had cut off from his hair the purple cluster which had grown there from his birth, and by severing one tress from the sceptred head with her iron shears, sacked a whole city.

165 So Minos citysacker by his own bare beauty won the prize of the battle ; he conquered not by steel, but by love and desire. But when Lyaios armed for battle, no Desire tamed the fray of Indian spearmen, no Paphian armed to support Lyaios, or conquered by beauty, no girl mad with passion gave by herself the prize of battle to Dionysos, no lover's trick, no curls of Deriades' hair, but the changes and chances of Indian wars far-scattered gave him the glory of victory ever renewed.

174 If you boast of Heracles and the Inachos, I will examine all his labours.[a]

176 I know he threw his arm from one side and circled the lion's neck entangled in mighty grip,

explaining ; they are detailed in every handbook of mythology.

πότμον ἄγων ἀσίδηρον, ὅπῃ ζωαρκέι λαιμῷ
ἔμπνοος ἀσφαράγοιο μέσος πορθμεύεται ἀήρ·
οὐκ ἄγαμαι καὶ τοῦτο· παρ' εὐπετάλῳ ποτὲ λόχμῃ
χερσὶ λεοντοφόνοισιν ἀριστεύουσα Κυρήνη
παρθένος ἔργον ἔτευξεν ὁμοίιον, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴ
ἄρσενα θῆρα δάμασσεν ἀκαμπέι θήλεϊ δεσμῷ·
ἀρτιθαλὴς δ' ἔτι κοῦρος ἐν οὔρεσι Βάκχος ἀθύρων
χειρὶ μιῇ λασίου δεδραγμένος αὐθερεῶνος
φοίνιον εἷλκε λέοντα, καὶ ὤρεγε μητέρι Ῥείῃ
αὐχενίου πλοκάμοιο κεχηνότα θῆρα πιέζων·
εἷλκεν ἔτι ζώοντα, περισφίγξας δὲ λεπάδνῳ
θῆρα κυβερνητῆρι διεσφήκωσε χαλινῷ
ζεύξας δοῦλα γένεια, καὶ ἥμενος ὑψόθι δίφρου
ἄγρια ταρβαλέων ἐπεμάστιε νῶτα λεόντων.
πορδαλίων δὲ γένεθλα καὶ ὠμοβόρων γένος ἄρκτων
νηπιάχοις παλάμῃσιν ἐδουλώθη Διονύσου.
Οἶδα καὶ Ἀρκάδα κάπρον ὀρίδρομον· ἀλλὰ Λυαίῳ
παίγνια κουρίζοντι σύες καὶ φῦλα λεόντων.
Τί πλέον Ἡρακλέης θρασὺς ἤνυσεν, εἴ τινα πηγὴν
πολλὰ καμὼν ὀλίγην ὀφιώδεα λύσατο Λέρνην,
τέμνων αὐτοτέλεστα θαλύσια φωλάδος ὕδρης
φυταλίην πολύδειρον ἀνασταχύοντα δρακόντων;
αἴθε δὲ μοῦνος ἔπεφνε, καὶ οὐκ ἐκάλεσσε μογήσας
ἀρτιφύτων Ἰόλαον ἀλοιητῆρα καρήνων,
δαλὸν ἀερτάζοντα σελασφόρον, εἰσόκεν ἄμφω
θῆλυν ὄφιν πρήνιξαν. ἐγὼ δ' οὐκ οἶδα γεραίρειν
οὐτιδανῇ δύο φῶτας ἐριδμαίνοντας ἐχίδνῃ·
εἷς πόνος ἀμφοτέροισι μερίζετο· θυρσοφόρος δὲ
μοῦνος ἀποτμήξας ὀφιώδεας υἷας Ἀρούρης

and so without weapon brought death, in that spot where the breath passes through the gullet of the lifesufficing throat. I see nothing surprising in that. There was Cyrene,[a] a champion in the leafy forest with her lionslaying hands, that girl did an exploit quite as good, when she also mastered a male lion with a woman's grip which he could not shake off. Bacchos too when still a young lad, while playing in the mountains, grasped a deadly lion by the shaggy throat with one hand, dragged him away and presented him to his mother Rheia, pressing down the maned neck of the gaping beast—dragged him still alive, and fastened him under the yokestrap, put on the guiding bridle over slavish cheeks, then seated high in the car whipt the back of the frightful creatures. Troops of panthers also and the ravening tribe of bears were slaves to the baby hands of Dionysos.

194 I know also the boar of the Arcadian mountains; but for Lyaios, boars and the brood of lions were the playthings of childhood.

196 What good did bold Heracles do, if he took all that trouble to liberate some little snaky brook like Lerna, by cutting down the selfgrowing firstfruits of the lurking serpent, as that plentiful crop of snake-heads grew spiking up? If only he had done the killing alone! instead of calling in his distress for Iolaos, to destroy the heads as they grew afresh, by lifting a burning torch, until the two together managed to get the better of one female serpent. I do not see how to praise two fellows fighting with a miserable viper, and one job divided between two. But Euios wand in hand cut down the snaky

[a] See v. 216.

Εὔιος ἔχραε πᾶσι, Διὸς πρόμος, ὧν ὑπὲρ ὤμων
ἀμφιλαφεῖς ἑκάτερθεν ἀμοιβάδες ἔρρεον ὕδραι,
ὕδρης Ἰναχίης πολὺ μείζονες, ἀντὶ δὲ Λέρνης
ἀσταθέες σύριζον ἐν αἰθέρι γείτονες ἄστρων.
ἱλήκοις, Ἰόλαε· σὺ γὰρ δέμας ἔφλεγες ὕδρης,
καὶ μόνος Ἡρακλέης, μόνος ἥρπασεν οὔνομα νίκης.
οὐ Νεμέην ἐλάχειαν ἐμὸς πρόμος, οὔ τινα Λέρνην
Βάκχος ἀνεζώγρησε πολυσφαράγων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν,
θάμνον ἐχιδνήεντα ταμὼν παλιναυξέος ὕδρης,
ἀλλὰ Νότον καὶ ταρσὰ Βορήια καὶ πτερὸν Εὔρου
καὶ Ζέφυρον κήρυκα φέρων τετράζυγι νίκῃ
Ὠκεανόν, χθόνα, πόντον ἑῶν ἔπλησεν ἀέθλων.
εἰ κλέος ἀνδρὶ φέρουσι δράκων, εἰ φωλάδες ὕδραι,
Βάκχου στέμματα ταῦτα λεχώια, ταῦτα Λυαίου
φρικτὰ δρακοντείων ὀφιώδεα δεσμὰ κομάων,
ἐξ ὅτε πατρὸς ἔλειπε τελεσσιγόνου πτύχα μηροῦ.
  Σιγήσω κεμάδος χρύσεον κέρας, οὔ τι χαλέψω
τηλίκον Ἡρακλῆα μιῆς ἐλάφοιο φονῆα·
μὴ τρομερῆς ἐλάφου μιμνήσκεο· νεβροφόνῳ γὰρ
θυιάδι βαιὸν ἄθυρμα πέλει κεμαδοσσόος ἄγρη.
  Κνώσσιον Ἡρακλῆος ἔα πόνον· οἰστρομανῆ γὰρ
οὐκ ἄγαμαί τινα ταῦρον, ὃν ἤλασεν, ὅττι τινάσσων
τοσσατίην κορύνην ὀλίγην ἔτμηξε κεραίην·
πολλάκι τοῦτο τέλεσσε γυνὴ μία, πολλάκι Βάκχη
ἄσπετον εὐκεράων ἀγέλην δαιτρεύσατο ταύρων,
οὐτιδανὴ θεράπαινα βοοκραίρου Διονύσου·

[a] Nonnos conveniently forgets that Heracles took a prominent part in the battle with the Giants and the gods could not have won without him.

[b] Heracles kills the hind only in late versions of the story. The whole point of the labour was that it was sacred

sons of Earth alone[a]—that champion of Zeus! attacked them all, with huge serpents flowing over their shoulders equally on both sides much bigger than the Inachian snake, while they went hissing restlessly about among the stars of heaven, not in the pool of Lerna. Forgive me Iolaos, for you burnt the hydra's body, and Heracles, only Heracles, grabbed the name of victory.

213 No humble Nemea Bacchos my champion saved from loud-roaring throats, no paltry Lerna, by cutting down a bush of heads which ever grew again on so many necks; he took for heralds of his fourfold victory West Wind and South Wind, the feet of the North and the wing of the East, and filled Ocean, land and sea with his exploits. If a serpent brings fame to a man, if lurking snakes, these are the birthday garlands of Bacchos, these are the terrible serpentine fillets of his snaky hair, ever since he left the teeming fold of his father's thigh.

223 I will say nothing of the pricket with golden horns; I will not disparage great Heracles as the slayer[b] of a single deer. Forget the timid deer: for killing of fawns and hunting of prickets is a only little play for the Bacchant woman.

227 Let pass the Cnossian labour of Heracles. I cannot admire just a mad bull which he chased, and how shaking that great club he knocked off a little horn.[c] One woman alone has often done as much; and a Bacchant woman, the least of the servants of oxhorn Dionysos, has often butchered a vast herd of

and might not be hurt, but must be caught by sheer speed and endurance.

[c] Nonnos seems to confuse the catching of the Cretan bull with the mutilating of Acheloös, for which *cf.* xvii. 238.

θηγαλέην δ' ἐπίκυρτον ἀνειρύσσασα κεραίην
πολλάκις, εἰ κεράεσσιν ἐμάρνατο μαινόμενος βοῦς,
εἰς γόνυ ταῦρον ἔκαμψεν, ἀκοντιστῆρα λεόντων.
Κάλλιπε καὶ τριλόφοιο καρήατα Γηρυονῆος·
καὶ γὰρ ἐμὸς Διόνυσος ἑῷ ταμεσίχροϊ κισσῷ
Ἄλπον ἀπηλοίησε, θεημάχον υἱὸν Ἀρούρης,
Ἄλπον ἐχιδναίοις ἑκατὸν κομόωντα καρήνοις,
Ἠελίου ψαύοντα καὶ αὖ ἐρύοντα Σελήνην,
ἀστραίην πλοκάμοισι περιθλίβοντα χορείην.
Ἆθλα μὲν Ἡρακλῆος, ὃν ἤροσεν ἀθάνατος Ζεὺς
Ἀλκμήνης τρισέληνον ἔχων παιδοσπόρον εὐνήν,
οὐτιδανὸς πόνος ἦεν ὀρίτροφος· ἔργα δὲ Βάκχου
ἠὲ Γίγας πολύπηχυς ἢ ὑψιλόφων πρόμος Ἰνδῶν,
οὐ κεμάς, οὐ βοέης ἀγέλης στίχες, οὐ λάσιος σῦς,
οὐδὲ κύων, ἢ ταῦρος, ἢ αὐτόπρεμνος ὀπώρη
χρυσοφαής, ἢ κόπρος, ἢ ἄστατος ὄρνις ἀλήτης
οὐτιδανὴν ἀσίδηρον ἔχων πτερόεσσαν ἀκωκήν,
ἢ γένυς ἱππείη ξεινοκτόνος, οὐ μία μίτρη
Ἱππολύτης ἐλάχεια· Διωνύσοιο δὲ νίκη
Δηριάδης ἀπέλεθρος ἢ εἰκοσίπηχυς Ὀρόντης.
Παμφαὲς υἱὲ Μέλητος, Ἀχαιίδος ἄφθιτε κῆρυξ,
ἱλήκοι σέο βίβλος ὁμόχρονος ἠριγενείῃ·
Τρῳάδος ὑσμίνης οὐ μνήσομαι· οὐ γὰρ ἐίσκω
Αἰακίδῃ Διόνυσον ἢ Ἕκτορι Δηριαδῆα.
ὑμνήσειν μὲν ὄφελλε τόσον καὶ τοῖον ἀγῶνα
Μοῦσα τεὴ καὶ Βάκχον ἀκοντιστῆρα Γιγάντων,
ἄλλοις δ' ὑμνοπόλοισι πόνους Ἀχιλῆος ἐᾶσαι,
εἰ μὴ τοῦτο Θέτις γέρας ἥρπασεν. ἀλλὰ λιγαίνειν
πνεῦσον ἐμοὶ τεὸν ἄσθμα θεόσσυτον· ὑμετέρης γὰρ

horned bulls. Often if a mad ox showed fight with his horns, she has pulled back the sharp curved horns and brought down to his knees a bull that has lightly tossed lions.

236 Leave aside also the heads of threecrested Geryones ; for my Dionysos with his fleshcutting ivy shore through Alpos,[a] that godfighting son of Earth, Alpos with a hundred vipers on his head for hair, who touched the Sun, and pulled back the Moon, and tormented the company of stars with his tresses.

242 The Labours of Heracles, who was son of immortal Zeus, when for three moonlights he possessed the fruitful bed of Alcmene, were a petty job in the mountains : but the exploits of Bacchos, whether Giant of many arms or chief of the highcrested Indians, were not a deer, no herds of oxen, no shaggy boar, no dog or bull, no goldglinting fruit[b] and its roots, no dung, no random wandering bird with silly wing-shafts not made of steel, no horse's man-eating teeth, no little belt of Hippolyta. The victory of Dionysos was huge Deriades and twenty-cubit Orontes.

253 O brilliant son of Meles,[c] deathless herald of Achaia, may your book pardon me, immortal as the Dawn ! I will not speak of the Trojan War ; for I do not compare Dionysos to Aiacides, or Deriades to Hector. Your Muse ought to have hymned so great and mighty a struggle, how Bacchos brought low the Giants, and ought to have left the labours of Achilles to other bards, had not Thetis stolen that glory from you. But breathe into me your inspired breath to sing my lay ; for I need your lovely speech, since I

[a] See xlv. 172. [b] The Apples of the Hesperides.
[c] Homer.

δεύομαι εὐεπίης, ὅτι τηλίκον Ἄρεα μέλπων
Ἰνδοφόνους ἱδρῶτας ἀμαλδύνω Διονύσου.
Ἀλλά, θεά, με κόμιζε τὸ δεύτερον
εἰς μέσον Ἰνδῶν,
ἔμπνοον ἔγχος ἔχοντα καὶ ἀσπίδα πατρὸς Ὁμήρου,
μαρνάμενον Μορρῆι καὶ ἄφρονι Δηριαδῆι
σὺν Διὶ καὶ Βρομίῳ κεκορυθμένον· ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
Βακχιάδος σύριγγος ἀγέστρατον ἦχον ἀκούσω
καὶ κτύπον οὐ λήγοντα σοφῆς σάλπιγγος Ὁμήρου,
ὄφρα κατακτείνω νοερῷ δορὶ λείψανον Ἰνδῶν.
Ὣς ὁ μὲν Ἰνδῴοιο περὶ ῥάχιν εὔβοτον ὕλης
ἕζετο Βάκχος ὅμιλος ἐρημάδος ἀστὸς ἐρίπνης,
ἀμβολίῃ πολέμοιο· φόβῳ δ' ἐλελίζετο Γάγγης
οἰκτείρων ἑὰ τέκνα· νεοφθιμένων δ' ἐπὶ πότμῳ
πᾶσα πόλις δεδόνητο· φιλοθρήνων δὲ γυναικῶν
πενθαλέοις πατάγοισιν ἐπεσμαράγησαν ἀγυιαί.
Δηριάδην δ' ἐλέλιζε φόβος καὶ θαῦμα καὶ αἰδώς·
ἤδη γὰρ κλύε πάντα· τὸ δὲ πλέον ὄμματι λοξῷ
ἄχνυτο παπταίνων, ὅτι θέσκελον εἶδος ἀμείψας
οἴνῳ κυματόεντι μέλας κελάρυζεν Ὑδάσπης.
Κεῖθι καὶ εὐρυγένειος ἑὸν πόδα νωθρὸν ἑλίσσων
κάμμορος ἀχλυόεσσαν ἔχων ἀλαωπὸν ὀμίχλην,
ξανθὴν λυσιπόνοιο μέθης ἔρραινεν ἐέρσην
ὄμμασι κολλητοῖσιν· ἀρυομένου δὲ προσώπου
οἰνωπὰς ῥαθάμιγγας ἀνωίχθησαν ὀπωπαί·
τερπομένοις δὲ πόδεσσι γέρων ἐχόρευε λιγαίνων
ἰκμάδα φοινίσσουσαν ἀλεξικάκου ποταμοῖο·
χερσὶ δὲ γηραλέῃσι ῥόον νεφεληδὸν ἀφύσσων
πορφυρέης ἔπλησε μέθης εὐώδεας ἀσκούς,
καὶ Διὶ βωμὸν ἀνῆψε καὶ οἰνοχύτῳ Διονύσῳ,
ἀθρήσας Φαέθοντος ἀήθεος ὄψιμον αἴγλην.
καὶ κύνας οἰνωθέντας ἐπ' ᾐόνι κοῦρος ἐάσας

make nothing of the sweat of Dionysos, the fatal foe of India, when I hymn so great a war.

264 Then bring me, O goddess, into the midst of the Indians again, holding the inspired spear and shield of Father Homer, while I attack Morrheus and the folly of Deriades, armed by the side of Zeus and Bromios! Let me hear the syrinx of Bacchos summon the host to battle, and the ceaseless call of the trumpet in Homer's verse, that I may destroy what is left of the Indians with my spear of the spirit.

271 So on the fertile slopes of the Indian forest sat the host of Bacchos, at home on the lonely rocks, during this pause in the war. Ganges was shaken with fear, pitying his children; all the city was moved at the fate of the lately dead; the streets resounded with the mournful noise of the women's dirge.

277 Deriades was shaken with fear and wonder and shame, for he had already heard all; and most deeply was he grieved when he saw by a glance aside that Hydaspes had lost his divine aspect, and murmured black with waves of wine.

281 In that place was an old broadbeard moving with a slow step, since the hapless man was in the dark shadow of blindness. He sprinkled the yellow drops of the nomorepain liquor upon his fast-closed eyes; and as his face felt the drops of wine, his eyes were opened. The old man danced for joy, and praised the purple juice of the evil-averting river; then with his old hands he ladled up the purple liquor in torrents, and filled his fragrant skins, and kindled the altar for Zeus and Dionysos giver of wine, now he had seen at last the sun which he had not seen for so long. A lad hunting on the mountains with the Archeress

λαρὸν ὕδωρ λάπτοντας ἐρευθομένου ποταμοῖο
θηρητὴρ ὁμόφοιτος ὀρειάδος ἰοχεαίρης
εἰς πόλιν ἴχνος ἔκαμψεν, ἀπειθέι Δηριαδῆι
ἀγγέλλων γλυκὺ χεῦμα μεθυσφαλέος ποταμοῖο.
  Ἤδη δ' ἀμπελόεσσα δι' ἄστεος ἔτρεχεν ὀδμὴ
καὶ λιαροῖς ἀνέμοισιν ὅλας ἐμέθυσσεν ἀγυιάς,
νίκην Ἰνδοφόνοιο προθεσπίζουσα Λυαίου·
πύργοις δ' ἠλιβάτοισιν ἐναυλίζοντο πολῖται
δειδιότες, καὶ τεῖχος ἐμιτρώσαντο βοείαις
ἄστεος ὑψιλόφοιο φυλάκτορες. ἐν δὲ κολώναις
ἀσχαλόων Διόνυσος ἐμέμφετο πολλάκις Ἥρῃ,
ὅττι πάλιν φθονέουσα μάχην ἀνεσείρασεν Ἰνδῶν, 304
πλησαμένης δέκα κύκλα παλιννόστοιο Σελήνης 307
μετρήσασα μόθοιο τριηκοστῆς δρόμον Ἠοῦς· 308
νίκης δ' ἐλπίδα πᾶσαν ἀνερρίπιζον ἀῆται. 305
παπταίνων δὲ λέοντας ἀεργηλῇ παρὰ φάτνῃ, 306
οἷα λέων βρυχᾶτο καὶ ἔστενεν ἔνδοθι λόχμης 309
ὄμμασιν ἀκλαύτοισι· κατηφιόωντι δὲ Βάκχῳ
ἑλκεχίτων Σκυθικοῖο δι' οὔρεος ἄσπορος Ἄττις
ἵκετο μαστίζων μετανάστιον ἅρμα λεόντων,
Ῥείης θεσπεσίης ταχὺς ἄγγελος, ὅς ποτε χαλκῷ
φοινίξας γονόεντα τελεσσιγάμου στάχυν ἥβης
ῥῖψεν ἀνυμφεύτων φιλοτήσιον ὄγμον ἀρότρων,
ἄρσενος ἀμητοῖο θαλύσιον, αἱμαλέῃ δὲ
παιδογόνῳ ῥαθάμιγγι περιρραίνων πτύχα μηροῦ
θερμὸν ἀλοιητῆρι δέμας θήλυνε σιδήρῳ·
ὃς τότε διφρεύων Κυβεληίδος ἅρμα θεαίνης
ἄγγελος ἀσχαλόωντι παρήγορος ἦλθε Λυαίῳ·
καί μιν ἰδὼν Διόνυσος ἀνέδραμε, μὴ σχεδὸν ἔλθῃ
Ῥείην πανδαμάτειραν ἄγων ἐπὶ φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν.
στήσας δ' ἄγριον ἅρμα, δι' ἄντυγος ἡνία τείνας,

left his dogs on the river bank, drunken and lapping the rich water of the reddening river, and returned to the city, to tell incredulous Deriades about the sweet stream of the drunk-reeling river.

297 Already the scent of the vine was spreading through the city on the soft warm breeze, and intoxicating all the streets, foretelling victory for Indian-slaying Lyaios. The people spent the night on the lofty towers in fear, and the guards of the highcrested citadel lined its wall with their shields. On the hills, Dionysos often angrily reproached Hera, that she had again checked his battle with the Indians for jealousy, having measured a course of thirty dawns for the battle [a] after the moon returning again and again had fulfilled ten circuits, while the winds scattered all his hopes of victory. When he saw the lions idle beside their manger, he roared like a lion and mourned in the woods with tearless eyes. But while Bacchos was thus despondent, came a messenger in haste through the Scythian mountains from divine Rheia, sterile Attis in his trailing robe, whipping up the travelling team of lions. He once had stained with a knife the creative stalk of marriage-consecrating youth, and threw away the burden of the plowshare without love or wedlock, the man's harvest-offering ; so he showered upon his two thighs the bloody generative drops, and made womanish his warm body with the shearing steel. This was the messenger who came driving the car of goddess Cybele, to comfort discouraged Lyaios. Seeing him Dionysos sprang up, thinking perchance he might have brought the allconquering Rheia to the Indian War. Attis checked the wild team, and hung the reins on the handrail, and disclosing the

[a] That is, the interval until it began again : 11 months.

καὶ ῥοδέης ἀχάρακτα γενειάδος ἄκρα φαείνων
Βάκχῳ μῦθον ἔλεξε, χέων ὀξεῖαν ἰωήν·
"Ἀμπελόεις Διόνυσε, Διὸς τέκος, ἔγγονε Ῥείης,
εἰπέ μοι εἰρομένῳ, πότε νόστιμος εἰς χθόνα Λυδῶν
ἵξεαι οὐλοκάρηνον ἀιστώσας γένος Ἰνδῶν;
οὔ πω ληιδίας κυανόχροας ἔδρακε Ῥείη,
οὔ πω σοὶ μετὰ δῆριν ὀρεσσαύλῳ παρὰ φάτνῃ
Μυγδονίων ἔσμηξε τεῶν ἱδρῶτα λεόντων
Πακτωλοῦ παρὰ χεῦμα ῥυηφενές· ἀλλὰ κυδοιμοῦ
ἄψοφον ἀενάων ἐτέων στροφάλιγγα κυλίνδεις·
οὔ πω θηροκόμῳ θεομήτορι σύμβολα νίκης
Ἰνδῴων ἐκόμισσας ἑώια φῦλα λεόντων.
ἀλλὰ παρ' Ἡφαίστοιο καὶ ἀθανάτης σέο Ῥείης
δέχνυσο τεύχεα ταῦτα, τά περ κάμε Λήμνιος ἄκμων,
σὺν χθονὶ πόντον ἔχοντα καὶ αἰθέρα καὶ χορὸν ἄστρων."
Οὔ πω μῦθος ἔληγε, καὶ ἴαχε Βάκχος ἀγήνωρ·
"Σχέτλιοί εἰσι θεοί, ζηλήμονες· ἐν πολέμοις μὲν
εἰς μίαν ἠριγένειαν ἀιστῶσαι πόλιν Ἰνδῶν
ἔγχεϊ κισσήεντι δυνήσομαι· ἀλλά με νίκης
μητρυιῆς ἀέκοντα παραπλάζει φθόνος Ἥρης.
ἀμφαδὰ Δηριάδῃ πρόμος ἵσταται ἄγριος Ἄρης
μαρνάμενος Σατύροισιν· ἐγὼ δέ ἑ πολλάκι θύρσῳ
οὐτῆσαι μενέαινον· ἀπειλήσας δὲ Κρονίων
βρονταίοις πατάγοισιν ἐμὴν ἀνεσείρασεν ὁρμήν.
ἀλλὰ βαρυσμαράγων νεφέων κτύπον οὐράνιος Ζεὺς
σήμερον εὐνήσειε, καὶ αὔριον Ἄρεα δήσω,
εἰσόκεν εὐπήληκα διατμήξω στάχυν Ἰνδῶν."

[a] Nonnos seems to imagine that Indians are negroes. Perhaps he is thinking of the two divisions of Ethiopians.

[b] Nonnos is more than usually tasteless in providing divine armour for Dionysos, who is divine already. Homer

smooth surface of his rosy cheeks, called out a flood of loud words to Bacchos—

326 "Dionysos of the vine, son of Zeus, offspring of Rheia! Answer me: when will you destroy the woollyheaded [a] nation of Indians and come back to the Lydian land? Not yet has Rheia seen your blackskin captives; not yet has she wiped off the sweat from your Mygdonian lions after the war, beside the highland manger, where the rich river of Pactolos runs; but without a sound you roll out the conflict through circuits of everlasting years! Not yet have you brought a herd of eastern lions from India as a token of victory for the breeder of beasts, the mother of gods! Very well, accept from Hephaistos and your immortal Rheia this armour which the Lemnian anvil made [b]; you will see upon it earth and sea, the sky and the company of stars!" [c]

339 Before he had finished, Bacchos called out angrily—

340 "Hard are the gods, and jealous! [d] In my war I can destroy the Indian city in one day with my ivy-bound spear: but the jealousy of stepmother Hera keeps me back from victory, do what I will. Furious Ares openly stands up as champion for Deriades, and assails my Satyrs. Often I have meant to wound him with my wand, but Cronion menacing with claps of thunder has checked my attack. Just let heavenly Zeus for this day give rest to the noise of his heavy-rattling clouds, and to-morrow I will shackle Ares until I cut down the harvest of helmeted Indians!"

provides it for the mortal Achilles, who at the crisis of his fortunes needs and receives supernatural help.

[c] Compare the description of the armour of Achilles in Hom. *Il.* xviii. 468 ff.

[d] Quoted from *Od.* v. 118.

Ὣς φάμενον Διόνυσον ἀμείβετο Λύδιος Ἄττις·
"Αἰθέρος ἀστερόεσσαν ἀνούτατον ἀσπίδα πάλλων,
ὦ φίλος, οὐ τρομέοις χόλον Ἄρεος, οὐ φθόνον Ἥρης·
οὐ μακάρων στίχα πᾶσαν, ἔχων παμμήτορα Ῥείην,
οὐ στρατὸν ἀγκυλότοξον, ὅπως μὴ δούρατα πέμπων
Ἠέλιον πλήξειεν ἢ οὐτήσειε Σελήνην.
τίς ξίφος Ὠρίωνος ἀμαλδύνειε μαχαίρῃ,
ἢ χθονίοις βελέεσσιν ὀιστεύσειε Βοώτην;
ἀλλ᾽ ἐρέεις γενέτην κεραελκέα Δηριαδῆος·
Ὠκεανὸν φορέοντι τί σοι ῥέξειεν Ὑδάσπης;
θαρσήεις πολέμιζε τὸ δεύτερον, ὅττι κυδοιμοῦ
νίκην ὀψιτέλεστον ἐμὴ μαντεύσατο Ῥείη·
οὐ γὰρ πρὶν πολέμου τέλος ἔσσεται, εἰσόκε χάρμης
ἕκτον ἀναπλήσωσιν ἔτος τετράζυγες Ὧραι·
οὕτω γὰρ Διὸς ὄμμα καὶ ἀτρέπτου λίνα Μοίρης
νεύμασιν Ἡραίοισιν ἐπέτρεπον· ἐσσομένῳ δὲ
ἑβδομάτῳ λυκάβαντι διαρραίσεις πόλιν Ἰνδῶν."
Ὣς εἰπὼν Βρομίῳ πόρεν ἀσπίδα·
καὶ φρένα τέρπων
οἴνου λυσιπόνοιο φιλακρήτοισι κυπέλλοις
εἰλαπίνης ἔψαυσεν· ἀρεσσάμενος δὲ τραπέζῃ
θυμὸν ἑὸν παλίνορσος ἐμάστιε νῶτα λεόντων,
νόστιμον εἰς Φρυγίην ὀρεσίδρομον ἅρμα νομεύων.
Καυκασίων δ᾽ ἤλαυνε παρὰ πρηῶνας ἐναύλων,
Ἀσσυρίων δὲ κάρηνα καὶ οὔρεα δύσβατα Βάκτρων
καὶ σκοπιὰς Λιβάνοιο παρήλυθε καὶ ῥία Ταύρου,
εἰσόκε Μαιονίης ἐπέβη χθονός· αὐτοπαγῆ δὲ
Ῥείης ὀβριμόπαιδος ἐδύσατο θέσκελον αὐλήν·
ὠμοβόρους δὲ λέοντας ἀπεσφήκωσε λεπάδνων,
φάτνης δ᾽ ἐγγὺς ἔδησε καὶ ἀμβροσίην πόρε φορβήν.

351 Lydian Attis answered these words of Dionysos: 352 "If you carry this starry shield of the sky inviolate, my friend, you need not tremble before the wrath of Ares, or the jealousy of Hera, or all the company of the Blessed, while Allmother Rheia is with you; you need fear no army with bended bows, lest they cast their spears and strike Helios or wound Selene! Who could blunt the sword of Orion with a knife, or shoot the Waggoner with earthly arrows? Perhaps you will name the hornstrong father of Deriades: but what could Hydaspes do to you, when you can bring in Oceanos?

361 "Be of good courage: to the battle again! for my Rheia has prophesied victory for you at last. The war shall not end until the four Seasons complete the sixth year. So much the eye of Zeus and the threads of the unturning Fate [a] have granted to the will of Hera; in the seventh lichtgang which follows, you shall destroy the Indian city."

368 With these words he handed the shield to Bromios; then he tasted of the feast, and cheered his heart with unmixed cups of nomorepain wine. When he had satisfied his appetite at table, once more he touched up the flanks of his lions with the whip, and guided the hillranging car on the road back to Phrygia. He drove along the heights above the Caucasian valleys, the Assyrian peaks and the dangerous Bactrian mountains, the summits of Libanos and the crests of Tauros, until he passed into the Maionian land. There he entered the divine precinct selfbuilt of Rheia, mother of mighty sons. He freed his ravening lions from the yokestraps, and haltered them at the manger which he filled with ambrosial fodder.

[a] Atropos: he etymologizes her name.

Αὐτὰρ ὁ μητρῴην δεδαημένος ἔνθεον ὀμφὴν
θυρσομανὴς Διόνυσος ὀρειάσι μίσγετο Βάκχαις,
καλλείψας ἀνέμοισι κατηφέος ὄγκον ἀνίης,
χειρὶ σάκος δονέων πολυδαίδαλον, ὅπλον Ὀλύμπου,
Ἡφαίστου σοφὸν ἔργον. ἀολλίζοιντο δὲ λαοί,
ποικίλα παπταίνοντες Ὀλύμπια θαύματα τέχνης,
θαύματα μαρμαίροντα, τά περ κάμεν οὐρανίη χεὶρ
ἀσπίδα δαιδάλλουσα πολύχροον, ἧς ἐνὶ μέσσῳ
ἐν μὲν γαῖαν ἔτευξε περίδρομον, ἀμφὶ δὲ γαίῃ
οὐρανὸν ἐσφαίρωσε χορῷ κεχαραγμένον ἄστρων,
καὶ χθονὶ πόντον ἔτευξεν ὁμόζυγον· αἰθέριον δὲ
χρυσῷ μὲν φλογέων ἐποχημένον ἄντυγι δίφρων
Ἠέλιον ποίκιλλεν, ἀπ' ἀργυρέου δὲ μετάλλου
λευκαίνων τροχόεσσαν ὅλην κύκλωσε Σελήνην·
ἐν δέ τε τείρεα πάντα, τά περ πολυφεγγέι κόσμῳ
μιτρώσας στεφανηδὸν ἕλιξ ποικίλλεται αἰθὴρ
ἑπτὰ περὶ ζώνῃσι, καὶ ἀξονίῳ παρὰ κύκλῳ
ἄβροχον οὐρανίης διδυμάονα ῥυμὸν Ἀμάξης·
ἄμφω γὰρ παρὰ νύσσαν ὑπέρτερον Ὠκεανοῖο
ἀλλήλων στιχόωσιν ἐπ' ἰξύι, καὶ τόσον αἰεὶ
νειόθι δυομένης κεφαλὴ κατακάμπτεται Ἄρκτου,
ὅσσον ἀνερχομένης ἑτέρης ἀνατείνεται αὐχήν·
διχθαδίης δὲ Δράκοντα μέσον ποίκιλλεν Ἀμάξης,
ὃς σχεδὸν ἀμφοτέρων μεμερισμένα γυῖα συνάπτων
γαστέρος οὐρανίης ἑλικώδεϊ κάμπτεται ὁλκῷ,
ἂψ ἀνασειράζων δέμας αἰόλον, οἷά τε λοξοῦ
Μαιάνδρου κελάδοντος ἕλιξ ῥόος, ὃς διὰ γαίης
δοχμώσας ἐπίκυρτον ὕδωρ σπειρηδὸν ὁδεύει,
εἰς κεφαλὴν Ἑλίκης ἀντώπιον ὄμμα τιταίνων
ἀστραίαις φολίδεσσι δέμας μιτρούμενος, Ἄρκτων

380 But now that Dionysos had heard the Mother's inspired message, he mingled thyrsus-mad with the Bacchant women upon the hills. He threw to the winds his burden of anxious pain, as he shook the shield curiously wrought, the shield of Olympos, the clever work of Hephaistos.

384 Multitudes gathered to look at the varied wonders of Olympian art, shining wonders which a heavenly hand had made. The shield was emblazoned in many colours. In the middle was the circle of the earth, sea joined to land, and round about it the heaven dotted with a troop of stars; in the sky was Helios in the basket of his blazing chariot, made of gold, and the white round circle of the full moon in silver. All the constellations were there which adorn the upper air, surrounding it as with a crown of many shining jewels throughout the seven zones. Beside the socket of the axle were the poles of the two heavenly Waggons,[a] never touched by the water; for these both move head to loin together round a point higher than Oceanos, and the head of the sinking Bear always bends down exactly as much as the neck of the rising Bear stretches up. Between the two Waggons he made the Serpent, which is close by and joins the two separated bodies, bending his heavenly belly in spiral shape and turning to and fro his speckled body, like the spirals of Maiandros and its curving murmuring waters, as it runs to and fro in twists and turns over the ground: the Serpent keeps his eye ever fixt on the head of Helice, while his body is girdled with starry scales. The constellations of the Bears en-

[a] The Waggons are the Bears, Ursa Maior and Ursa Minor, *cf.* Eng. "Charles's Wain."

τείρεσιν ἀμφίζωστος· ἐπὶ γλώσσῃ δέ οἱ ἄκρῃ
φέγγος ἀποπτύων προτενὴς ἀμαρύσσεται ἀστήρ,
πέμπων πουλυόδοντα μέσην φλόγα χείλεσι γείτων.
Τοῖα μὲν εἰς μέσα νῶτα
σοφὸς τεχνήσατο χαλκεὺς
ἀσπίδος εὐτύκτοιο· χαριζόμενος δὲ Λυαίῳ
τεῦξε λυροδμήτοιο βοόκτιτα τείχεα Θήβης,
ἑπταπόρων στοιχηδὸν ἀμοιβαίων πυλεώνων
κτιζομένων· καὶ Ζῆθος ἔην περὶ πατρίδι κάμνων,
θλιβομένῃ πετραῖον ἐπωμίδι φόρτον ἀείρων·
Ἀμφίων δ' ἐλίγαινε λυροκτύπος· ἀμφὶ δὲ μολπῇ
εἰς δρόμον αὐτοκύλιστον ἔλιξ ἐχόρευε κολώνη,
οἷά τε θελγομένη καὶ ἐν ἀσπίδι· καὶ τάχα φαίης . . .
ποιητήν περ ἐοῦσαν, ὅτι σκιρτήματι παίζων
κοῦφος ἀκινήτης ἐλελίζετο παλμὸς ἐρίπνης·
σιγαλέῃ δὲ λύρῃ μεμελημένον ἄνδρα δοκεύων,
κραιπνὸν ἀνακρούοντα μέλος ψευδήμονι νευρῇ,
ἀγχιμολεῖν ἔσπευδες, ὅπως τεὸν οὖας ἐρείσας
πυργοδόμῳ φόρμιγγι καὶ ὑμετέρην φρένα τέρψῃς,
μολπῆς ἑπτατόνοιο λιθοσσόον ἦχον ἀκούων.
Καὶ σάκος εὐδίνητον, ὅπῃ χορὸς αἰόλος ἄστρων,
δαίδαλον ἅρμενον εἶχεν, ἐπεὶ Διὸς ἔνδοθεν αὐλῆς
Τρώιος οἰνοχόος ζαθέῃ ποικίλλετο τέχνῃ
αἰετὸν εὐποίητον ἔχων πτερόεντα φορῆα,
οἷα καὶ ἐν γραφίδεσσι, κατάσχετος ἅρπαγι ταρσῷ·
ταρβαλέος δ' ἥικτο δι' αἰθέρος ἱπτάμενος Ζεύς,
ἁβρύπτοις ὀνύχεσσι τεθηπότα κοῦρον ἀείρων,
ἠρέμα κινυμένων πτερύγων πεφιδημένος ὁρμῇ,
μὴ φονίοις ῥοθίοισι κατακρύπτοιτο θαλάσσης
ἠερόθεν προκάρηνος ὀλισθήσας Γανυμήδης·

compass him round: on the point of his tongue is held out a sparkling star, which close to his lips shoots light, and spits forth flame from the midst of his many teeth.

413 Such were the designs which the master-smith worked on the back of the wellwrought shield, in the middle; and to please Lyaios he wrought also the harpbuilt walls of cowfounded [a] Thebes, when one after another the seven gateways were a-building in a row. There was Zethos carrying a load of stones on his chafing shoulder, and working hard for his country; while Amphion played and twanged the harp, and at the tune a whole hill rolled along of itself as if bewitched and seemed to dance even on the shield. It was only a work of art, but you might have said, the immovable rock went lightly skipping and tripping along! When you saw the man busy with his silent harp, striking up a quick tune on his make-believe strings, you would quickly come closer to stretch your ear and delight your own heart with that harp which could build a wall, to hear the music of seven strings which could make the stones to move.

429 The wellrounded shield had another beautiful scene amid the sparkling company of the stars, where the Trojan winepourer [b] was cunningly depicted with art divine being carried into the court of Zeus. There well wrought was the Eagle, just as we see in pictures, on the wing, holding him fast in his predatory talons. Zeus appeared to be anxious as he flew through the air, holding the terrified boy with claws that tore not, gently moving the wings and sparing his strength, for he feared that Ganymede might slip and fall headlong from the sky, and the deadly surf of the sea might

[a] See iv. 297 ff.

[b] Ganymedes.

Μοίρας δ' ἔτρεμε μᾶλλον, ὅπως μὴ πρῶτον ὀπάσσας
ἡβητὴς ἐρόεις ἑὸν οὔνομα γείτονι πόντῳ
ὄψιμον ἁρπάξειε γέρας πεφυλαγμένον Ἕλλῃ·
οὐρανίης δ' ἤσκητο θεῶν παρὰ δαῖτα τραπέζης
κοῦρος ἀφυσσομένῳ πανομοίιος· αὐτοχύτου δὲ
νεκταρέης κρητῆρα βεβυσμένον εἶχεν ἐέρσης,
καὶ Διὶ δαινυμένῳ δέπας ὤρεγεν· ἕζετο δ' Ἥρη
οἷα χολωομένη καὶ ἐν ἀσπίδι, μάρτυρι μορφῇ
ψυχῆς ζῆλον ἔχουσα, παρεζομένῃ δὲ θεαίνῃ
Παλλάδι δείκνυε κοῦρον,
ὅτι γλυκὺ νέκταρ Ὀλύμπου
βουκόλος ἀστερόφοιτος ἐῳνοχόει Γανυμήδης
πάλλων χειρὶ κύπελλα, τά περ λάχε παρθένος Ἥβη.
Μαιονίην δ' ἤσκησεν, ἐπεὶ τροφὸς ἔπλετο Βάκχου,
καὶ Μορίην καὶ στικτὸν ὄφιν καὶ θέσπιδα ποίην,
καὶ χθονὸς ἄπλετον υἷα δρακοντοφόνον Δαμασῆνα,
καὶ Τύλον ἰοβόλῳ κεχαραγμένον ὀξέι πότμῳ
Μαιονίης ναέτην μινυώριον, ὅς ποτε βαίνων
Μυγδονίου ποταμοῖο παρ' ὀφρύσι γείτονος Ἕρμου
ἥψατο χειρὶ δράκοντος· ὁ δὲ πλατὺν αὐχένα τείνας,
ὑψώσας δὲ κάρηνον ἀφειδέι χάσματι λαιμοῦ
ἀντίον ἀνδρὸς ὄρουσε, καὶ ἰσχία φωτὸς ἱμάσσων
ὁλκαίην ἑλέλιζε θυελλήεσσαν ὁμοκλήν,
καὶ βροτέῳ στεφανηδὸν ἐπὶ χροῒ νῶτα συνάπτων,

[a] Zeus is afraid that Ganymedes will fall and the sea be named the Ganymedean, as the Icarian Sea was named when Icaros fell into it after his wax wings melted. The name Hellespont ("sea of Helle" in popular etymology) was derived from Helle daughter of Athamas, who was said to have fallen into it from the back of the ram as it went to Colchis.

[b] Maionia is Lydia. This Moria is an obscure person, whose story no one but Nonnos tells fully, though there are

drown him. Even more he feared the Fates, and hoped that the lovely youth might not first give his name to the sea below and rob Helle of the honour which was reserved for her in future.[a] Next the boy was depicted at the feast of the heavenly table, as one ladling the wine. There was a mixing-bowl beside him full of self-flowing nectarean dew, and he offered a cup to Zeus at the table. There Hera sat, looking furious even upon the shield, and showing in her mien how jealousy filled her soul; for she was pointing a finger at the boy, to show goddess Pallas who sat next her how a cowboy Ganymedes walked among the stars to pour out their wine, the sweet nectar of Olympos, and there he was handing the cups which were the lot of virgin Hebe.

451 Maionia he also portrayed, for she was the nurse of Bacchos; and Moria, and the dappled serpent, and the divine plant, and Damasen Serpent-killer the terrible son of Earth; Tylos, also, who lived in Maionia so short a time, was there mangled in his quick poisonous death.[b]

455 Tylos was walking once on the overhanging bank of neighbouring Hermos the Mygdonian River, when his hand touched a serpent. The creature lifted his head and stretched his hood, opened wide his ruthless gaping mouth and leapt on the man, whipt round the man's loins his trailing tail and hissed like a whistling wind, curled round the man's body in cling-

allusions to it elsewhere; it is said to have been recounted in the historical work of Xanthos the Lydian. Tylos is Tylon, supposed ancestor of the Tylonians, a Lydian clan. Under this affected telling of the story may well be hidden a genuine Lydian legend. The incident of the snake-wort which gives life to the dead is a very old *märchen*-theme.

ἀλλόμενος περὶ κύκλα νεότριχος ἀνθερεῶνος,
ὄγμῳ πουλυόδοντι παρηίδος ἄκρα χαράξας
ἰοβόλοις γενύεσσιν ἀπέπτυεν ἰκμάδα Μοίρης,
καί οἱ ἐπιθρῴσκοντι βαρυνομένων ὑπὲρ ὤμων
οὐραίαις ἑλίκεσσιν ἐμιτρώθη μέσος αὐχήν,
Ἄιδος ὁρμὸν ἔχων ὀφιώδεα, γείτονα Μοίρης.
καὶ νέκυς εἰς χθόνα πῖπτεν ὁμοίιος ἔρνεϊ γαίης.
καὶ νέον οἰκτείρουσα δεδουπότα μάρτυρι πότμῳ
Νηιὰς ἀκρήδεμνος ἐπέστενε γείτονι νεκρῷ,
καὶ τότε θῆρα πέλωρον ἐρήτυεν, ὄφρα δαμείη·
οὐ γὰρ ἕνα πρήνιζεν ὁδοιπόρον οὐδὲ νομῆα,
καὶ Τύλον οὐ κτάνε μοῦνον ἀώριον, ἡ δ' ἐνὶ λόχμῃ
ἐνδιάων καὶ θῆρας ἐδαίνυτο, πολλάκι δ' ἕλκων
ἄστατον αὐτόρριζον ὑπὸ χνοίῃσιν ὀδόντων
δένδρεον εὐρώεντι κατέκρυφεν ἀνθερεῶνι,
ἔμπαλιν αὖ ἐρύων βλοσυρὸν φύσημα γενείων·
πολλάκι δ' ἑλκυσθέντα παλινδίνητον ὁδίτην
ἄσθμασιν ἐνδομύχοις πεφοβημένον εἰς στόμα σύρων
τηλεφανὴς ὅλον ἄνδρα κεχηνότι δέξατο λαιμῷ.
καὶ Μορίη σκοπίαζε κασιγνήτοιο φονῆα
τηλόθι παπταίνουσα, φόβῳ δ' ἐλελίζετο νύμφη,
ἰοβόλων ὁρόωσα πολύστιχον ὄγμον ὀδόντων,
καὶ θανάτου στέφος εἶδε περίπλοκον ἀνθερεῶνι·
πυκνὰ δὲ κωκύουσα δρακοντοβότῳ παρὰ λόχμῃ
ἠλιβάτῳ Δαμασῆνι συνήντεεν υἱέι Γαίης,
ὃν πάρος αὐτογόνοισι τόκοις μαιώσατο μήτηρ
ἐκ γενετῆς μεθέποντα δασύτριχα κύκλα γενείου·
τικτομένῳ δέ οἱ ἦεν Ἔρις τροφός· ἔγχεα δ' αὐτῷ
μαζὸς ἔην καὶ χύτλα φόνοι καὶ σπάργανα θώρηξ,
καὶ δολιχῶν μελέων βεβαρημένος εὐρέι φόρτῳ
νήπιος αἰχμάζων, βρέφος ἄλκιμον, αἰθέρι γείτων

ing rings, then darting at his face tore the cheeks and downy chin with sharp rows of teeth, and spat the juice of Fate out of his poisonous jaws. The man struggled with all that weight on his shoulders, while his neck was encircled by the coiling tail, a snaky necklace of death bringing Fate very near. Then he fell dead to the ground, like an uprooted tree.

470 A Naiad unveiled pitied one so young, fallen dead before her eyes; she wailed over the body beside her, and pulled off the monstrous beast, to bring him down. For this was not the first wayfarer that he had laid low, not the first shepherd, Tylos not the only one he had killed untimely; lurking in his thicket he battened on the wild beasts, and often pulled up a tree by the roots and dragged it in, then under the joints of his jaws swallowed it into his dank darksome throat, blowing out again a great blast from his mouth. Often he pulled in the wayfarer terrified by his lurking breath, and dragged him rolling over and over into his mouth—he could be seen from afar swallowing the man whole in his gaping maw.

481 So Moria watching afar saw her brother's murderer; the nymph trembled with fear when she beheld the serried ranks of poisonous teeth, and the garland of death wrapt round his neck. Wailing loudly beside the dragonvittling den, she met Damasen, a gigantic son of Earth, whom his mother once conceived of herself and brought forth by herself. From his birth, a thick hairy beard covered his chin. At his birth, Quarrel was his nurse, spears his mother's pap, carnage his bath, the corselet his swaddlings. Under the heavy weight of those long broad limbs, a warlike babe, he cast lances as a boy; touching

ἐκ γενετῆς δόρυ πάλλεν ὁμόγνιον, ἀρτιφανῆ δὲ
ὥπλισεν Εἰλείθυια λεχώιον ἀσπιδιώτην.
τὸν μὲν ἐσαθρήσασα παρὰ κλέτας εὔβοτον ὕλης
κάμπτετο λισσομένη, κινυρὴ δ' ἐπεδείκνυε νύμφη
ἄπλετον ἑρπηστῆρα κασιγνήτοιο φονῆα
καὶ Τύλον ἀρτιχάρακτον ἔτι σπαίροντα κονίῃ·
οὐδὲ Γίγας ἀμέλησε, πέλωρ πρόμος· ἀλλὰ πιέσσας
δένδρεον αὐτόπρεμνον ἀνέσπασε μητρὸς ἀρούρης,
ὠμοβόρου δὲ δράκοντος ἐναντία δόχμιος ἔστη·
καὶ πρόμος εἰλικόεις ὀφιώδεϊ μάρνατο τιμῇ,
αὐχενίῃ σάλπιγγι μόθου συριγμὸν ἰάλλων,
πεντηκονταπέλεθρος ὄφις κυκλούμενος ὁλκῷ·
καὶ διδύμῳ σφιγκτῆρι πόδας σφηκώσατο δεσμῷ,
καὶ σκολιαῖς ἑλίκεσσι δέμας Δαμασῆνος ἱμάσσων
χάσματι λυσσήεντι πύλας ὤιξεν ὀδόντων,
χείλεσι τοξεύων διερὸν βέλος, ὄμματα σείων
ὠμὰ φόνου πνείοντα, Γιγαντείῳ δὲ προσώπῳ
ἔπτυεν ὀμβρηρῇσι γενειάσι πίδακας ἰοῦ,
χλωρὸν ὀιστεύων δολιχόσκιον ἀφρὸν ὀδόντων·
ὑψιλόφου δὲ Γίγαντος ἐπεσκίρτησε καρήνῳ,
ὄρθιος ἀίξας μελέων ἐνοσίχθονι παλμῷ.
ἀλλὰ δρακοντείης ἀπεσείσατο φόρτον ἀκάνθης
αἰνογίγας, σκοπέλοισιν ἐοικότα γυῖα τινάσσων·
καὶ παλάμῃ τανύφυλλον ἑὴν ἐλέλιζεν ἀκωκήν,
ὀρθὸν ἀκοντίζων δρυόεν βέλος· ἀμφὶ δὲ κόρσῃ
πῆξε φυτὸν προθέλυμνον, ὅπῃ περὶ κυκλάδα δειρὴν
αὐχενίῃ γλωχῖνι συνήπτετο δεσμὸς ἀκάνθης·
καὶ φυτὸν ἐρρίζωτο τὸ δεύτερον· ἀμφὶ δὲ γαίῃ
κεῖτο δράκων ἀτίνακτος, ἕλιξ νέκυς. ἐξαπίνης δὲ
θῆλυς ὄφις ξύουσα παλιννόστῳ πέδον ὁλκῷ

the sky, from birth he shook a spear born with him ; no sooner did he appear than Eileithyia armed the nursling with a shield.

495 This was he whom the nymph beheld on the fertile slope of the woodland. She bowed weeping before him in prayer, and pointed to the horrible reptile, her brother's murderer, and Tylos newly mangled and still breathing in the dust. The Giant did not reject her prayer, that monstrous champion ; but he seized a tree and tore it up from its roots in mother earth, then stood and came sidelong upon the ravening dragon. The coiling champion fought him in serpent fashion, hissing battle from the wartrumpet of his throat, a fiftyfurlong serpent coil upon coil. With two circles he bound first Damasen's feet, madly whipping his writhing coils about his body, and opened the gates of his raging teeth to show a mad chasm : rolling his wild eyes, breathing death, he shot watery spurts from his lips, and spat into the giant's face fountains of poison in showers from his jaws, and sent a long spout of yellow foam out of his teeth. He darted up straight and danced over the giant's highcrested head, while the movement of his body made the earth quake.

514 But the terrible giant shook his great limbs like mountains, and threw off the weight of the serpent's long spine. His hand whirled aloft his weapon, shooting straight like a missile the great tree with all its leaves, and brought down the plant roots and all upon the serpent's head, where the backbone joins it at the narrow part of the rounded neck. Then the tree took root again, and the serpent lay on the ground immovable, a coiling corpse. Suddenly the female serpent his mate came coiling

εὐνέτις ἀμφιέλικτος ἐδίζετο λοξὸν ἀκοίτην,
οἷα γυνὴ ποθέουσα νέκυν πόσιν· εἰς σκοπέλους δὲ
μηκεδανῆς ἐλέλιζε θοώτερον ὁλκὸν ἀκάνθης,
εἰς ὄρος ἐσσυμένη βοταιηφόρον· ἀμφὶ δὲ λόχμην
δρεψαμένη Διὸς ἄνθος ἐχιδνήεντι γενείῳ
χείλεσιν ἀκροτάτοις ὀδυνήφατον ἤγαγε ποίην,
καὶ νέκυος δασπλῆτος ἀλεξήτειραν ὀλέθρου
ἀζαλέῳ μυκτῆρι συνήρμοσεν, ἰοβόλῳ δὲ
ζωὴν ἀνθεμόεσσαν ἀκινήτῳ πόρε νεκρῷ·
καὶ νέκυς αὐτοέλικτος ἐπάλλετο·
καὶ τὸ μὲν αὐτοῦ
ἄπνοον ἦν, ἕτερον δὲ διέστιχεν, ἄλλο δὲ σείων
ἡμιτελὴς νέκυς ἦεν ἔχων αὐτόσσυτον οὐρήν·
καὶ ψυχραῖς γενύεσσι παλίμπνοον ἆσθμα τιταίνων
οἰγομένῳ κατὰ βαιὸν ἐθήμονι βόμβεε λαιμῷ,
συριγμὸν προχέων παλινάγρετον· ὀψὲ δὲ βαίνων
νόστιμος ἀρχαίην ὑπεδύσατο φωλάδα χειήν.
Καὶ Μορίη Διὸς ἄνθος ἐκούφισεν,
ἀμφὶ δὲ νεκροῦ
ζωοτόκῳ μυκτῆρι φερέσβιον ἥρμοσε ποίην.
καὶ βοτάνη ζείδωρος ἀκεσσιπόνοισι κορύμβοις
ἔμπνοον ἐψύχωσε δέμας παλιναυξέι νεκρῷ.
ψυχὴ δ' εἰς δέμας ἦλθε τὸ δεύτερον· ἐνδομύχῳ δὲ
ψυχρὸν ἀοσσητῆρι δέμας θερμαίνετο πυρσῷ·
καὶ νέκυς ἀμφιέπων βιοτῆς παλινάγρετον ἀρχὴν
δεξιτεροῦ μὲν ἔπαλλε ποδὸς θέναρ, ἀμφὶ δὲ λαιὸν
ὀρθώσας στατὸν ἴχνος ὅλῳ στηρίζετο ταρσῷ,
ἀνδρὸς ἔχων τύπον ἶσον, ὃς ἐν λεχέεσσιν ἰαύων
ὄρθριον οἰγομένης ἀποσείεται ὕπνον ὀπωπῆς.
καὶ πάλιν ἔζεεν αἷμα· νεοπνεύστοιο δὲ νεκροῦ
χεῖρες ἐλαφρίζοντο· καὶ ἁρμονίη πέλε μορφῇ,
ποσσὶν ὁδοιπορίη, φάος ὄμμασι, χείλεσι φωνή.

up, scraping the ground with her undulating train, and crept about seeking for her misshapen husband, like a woman who missed her husband dead. She wound her long trailing spine with all speed among the tall rocks, hurrying towards the herbdecked hillside; in the coppice she plucked the flower of Zeus with her snaky jaws, and brought back the pain-killing herb in her lips, dropt the antidote of death into the dry nostril of the horrible dead, and gave life with the flower to the stark poisonous corpse. The body moved of itself and shuddered ; part of it still had no life, another part stirred, half-restored the body shook another part and the tail moved of itself ; breath came again through the cold jaws, slowly the throat opened and the familiar sound came out, pouring the same long hiss again. At last the serpent moved, and disappeared into his furtive hole.

539 Moria also caught up the flower of Zeus, and laid the lifegiving herb in the lifebegetting nostril. The wholesome plant with its painhealing clusters brought back the breathing soul into the dead body and made it rise again. Soul came into body the second time ; the cold frame grew warm with the help of the inward fire. The body, busy again with the beginning of life, moved the sole of the right foot, rose upon the left and stood firmly based on both feet, like a man lying in bed who shakes the sleep from his eyes in the morning. His blood boiled again ; the hands of the newly breathing corpse were lifted, the body recovered its rhythm, the feet their movement, the eyes their sight, and the lips their voice.

Καὶ Κυβέλη κεχάρακτο νεητόκος, οἷά τε κόλπῳ
μιμηλὴν ἀλόχευτον ἐλαφρίζουσα λοχείην
πήχεσι ποιητοῖσι, καὶ ἀστόργῳ παρακοίτῃ
λαϊνέην ὠδῖνα δολοπλόκος ὤρεγε Ῥείη,
ὀκρυόεν βαρὺ δεῖπνον· ὁ δὲ βροτοειδέα μορφὴν
ἔκρυφε μάρμαρον υἷα πατὴρ θοινήτορι λαιμῷ,
ἄλλου ψευδομένοιο Διὸς δέμας εἰλαπινάζων·
καὶ λίθον ἐν λαγόνεσσι μογοστόκον ἔνδον ἀείρων
θλιβομένην πολύτεκνον ἀνηκόντιζε γενέθλην,
φόρτον ἀποπτύων ἐγκύμονος ἀνθερεῶνος.
Τοῖα μὲν ἐργοπόνοιο πολύτροπα δαίδαλα τέχνης
εἶχεν ἐνυαλίη πολυπίδακος ἀσπὶς Ὀλύμπου
Βακχιάς, ἣν ὁρόωντες ἐθάμβεον ἄλλος ἐπ᾽ ἄλλῳ,
καὶ σάκεος τροχόεντος ἐκυκλώσαντο φορῆα,
ἔμπυρον αἰνήσαντες Ὀλύμπιον ἐσχαρεῶνα.
Τοῖσι δὲ τερπομένοισι δύσιν διεμέτρεεν Ἠώς,
φέγγος ἀναστείλασα πυριγλήνοιο προσώπου·
καὶ σκιερὴν ἐμέλαινεν ὅλην χθόνα σιγαλέη Νύξ.
λαοὶ δ᾽ ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα χαμαιστρώτων ἐπὶ λέκτρων
ἑσπερίῃ μετὰ δόρπον ὀρειάδι κάππεσον εὐνῇ.

---

[a] The picture was one of Rheia-Cybele offering Cronos the swaddled stone which she tricked him into swallowing

553 Cybele[a] also was depicted, newly delivered; she seemed to hold in her arms pressed to her bosom a mock-child she had not borne, all worked by the artist's hands; aye, cunning Rheia offered to her callous consort a babe of stone, a spiky heavy dinner. There was the father swallowing the stony son, the thing shaped like humanity, in his voracious maw, and making his meal of another pretended Zeus. There he was again in heavy labour, with the stone inside him, bringing up all those children squeezed together and disgorging the burden from his pregnant throat.

563 Such were the varied scenes depicted by the artist's clever hand upon the warshield, brought for Lyaios from Olympos with its becks and brooks. All thronged about to see the bearer of the round shield, admiring each in turn, and praising the fiery Olympian forge.

568 While they still enjoyed the sight, the daylight crossed the west and veiled the light of her fire-eyed face; quiet Night covered all the earth in her dark shades, and after their evening meal all the people lay down in their mountain bed, scattered on pallets here and there over the ground.

instead of Zeus. He later was caused to vomit the stone and the elder children (Hestia, Demeter, Hera, Poseidon and Hades) with it.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΕΙΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΕΚΤΟΝ

Εἰκοστὸν λάχεν ἕκτον ἐπίκλοπον εἶδος Ἀθήνης
καὶ πολὺν ἐγρεκύδοιμον ἀγειρομένων στόλον Ἰνδῶν.

Δηριάδῃ δ' εὕδοντι κατηφέος ὑψόθεν εὐνῆς
Βάκχῳ πιστὰ φέρουσα παρίστατο θοῦρις Ἀθήνη,
γνωτῷ δ' ἐσσομένην ἑτέρην μνηστεύετο νίκην·
καὶ δέμας ἀλλάξασα μετάτροπον ἶσον Ὀρόντῃ
γαμβρὸν ἀερσιλόφου μιμήσατο Δηριαδῆος·
καί μιν ἀπορρίψαντα μιαιφόνον οἶστρον Ἐνυοῦς
μιμηλὴ δολίοιο παρήπαφεν ὄψις ὀνείρου,
τοῖον ἔπος βοόωσα, καὶ ἀλλυμένων ἐπὶ πότμῳ
ταρβαλέον θάρσυνεν ἐς ὑσμίνην Διονύσου·
"Εὕδεις, Δηριάδη· σὲ δὲ μέμφομαι· ἀστυόχων γὰρ
πάννυχον ὕπνον ἔχειν ἀλλότριόν ἐστιν ἀνάκτων·
ὕπνου μέτρον ἔχει βουληφόρος. ἀμφὶ δὲ πύργων

---

[a] In this book Nonnos reflects clearly the decline in geographic knowledge which took place after the second century of the Roman Empire. He knows nothing of the extensive exploration of all Indian coasts by Graeco-Roman merchants of the first and second centuries after Christ, and bases his geography in very ill fashion on the traditional record of Alexander's invasion of India in the fourth century before Christ. All that Nonnos reveals is some vague knowledge of the borderlands of India, of the Hindu Kush mountains, and of North-Western India, including

BOOK XXVI

The twenty-sixth[a] has the counterfeit shape of Athena, and the great assembly of the Indian host to stir up battle.

While Deriades slept on his mournful bed, bold Athena approached, faithful to Bacchos, and wooing a second victory for her brother. She had changed her shape to one like Orontes, and imitated the goodson of highcrested Deriades. So although he had thrown off the murderous ardour for war, scared by the fate of those who had perished, he was deceived by the counterfeit vision of a false dream, which encouraged him again to make war against Dionysos, in these words:

"You sleep, Deriades, but I blame you[b]: for it is not proper that princes who rule a city should sleep all the night. The sleep of the Counsellor is measured. About your walls the enemy are throng-

the rivers Indus, Jhelum, and Ganges. Of the Indian peninsula he knows nothing. Some of his geographic names are unknown elsewhere, and cannot be identified. Lastly, there is in him a tendency common amongst the ignorant of every Graeco-Roman age—namely, to believe that Indians were somehow connected with the Ethiopians of North-East Africa, and that India and North-East Africa were joined together.

[b] This scene imitates Hom. *Il.* ii. 23 ff.

δυσμενέες κλονέουσι, καὶ οὐ δόρυ θοῦρον ἀείρεις,
οὐκ ἀίεις τυπάνων ῥόθιον κτύπον, οὐ μέλος αὐλῶν,
οὐ φονίης σάλπιγγος ἀγέστρατον ἦχον ἀκούεις.
ὑμετέρην δὲ θύγατρα νεήνιδα πενθάδα χήρην
Πρωτονόην ἐλέαιρε, κινυρομένην παρακοίτην,
μηδὲ λίπῃς, σκηπτοῦχε, τεὸν νήποινον Ὀρόντην.
κτεῖνον ἐμοὺς ὀλετῆρας ἀτευχέας· ὠκυμόρου γὰρ
γαμβροῦ σεῖο θανόντος ἔτι ζώουσι φονῆες.
στῆθος ἐμὸν σκοπίαζε τετυμμένον ὀξέι θύρσῳ·
ὤμοι, ὅτ' οὐ Λυκόοργος Ἀρήιος ἐνθάδε ναίει,
ὤμοι, ὅτ' οὐκ Ἀράβεσσιν ὑπερφιάλοισιν ἀνάσσεις·
οὐ θεὸς ἦν Διόνυσος, ὃν εἰς ἁλὸς οἶδμα διώκων
θνητὸς ἀνὴρ ποίησεν ὑποβρύχιον μετανάστην.
Δηριάδην ἐνόησα πεφυζότα θῆλυν Ἐνυώ.
ἄτρομος ἔσσο λέων, ὅτι χάλκεον ἀνέρα φεύγων
νεβροχίτων Διόνυσος ὁμοίιος ἔπλετο νεβρῷ.
οὐ κεῖνος κατέπεφνεν Ἀρειμανέων γένος Ἰνδῶν,
ἀλλά μιν αὐτὸς ἔπεφνε πατὴρ τεός· ἐν πολέμοις γὰρ
σοὺς προμάχους φεύγοντας ἰδὼν
ἐδάμασσεν Ὑδάσπης.
οὐ σὺ πέλεις ἑτέροισιν ὁμοίιος· οὐράνιον γὰρ
θυγατέρος Φαέθοντος ἐριφλεγέος σέο πάππου
αἷμα φέρεις· οὐ θνητὸν ἔχεις δέμας· οὔ σε δαμάσσει
οὐ ξίφος ἠὲ βέλεμνον ἐπιβρίθοντα Λυαίῳ."
Ὣς φαμένη
πρὸς Ὄλυμπον ἔβη πολύμητις Ἀθήνη,
εἶδος ὀνειρείοιο μεταλλάξασα προσώπου.
Δηριάδης δ' ἠῷος ἀπὸ πτολίων, ἀπὸ νήσων
κέκλετο κηρύκεσσι πολυσπερὲς ἔθνος ἀγείρειν·
καὶ πολὺς ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα θυελλήεντι πεδίλῳ
λαὸν ἀολλίζων ἑτερόπτολιν ἤιε κῆρυξ
Ἠῴην παρὰ πέζαν· Ἀρειμανέες δὲ μαχηταὶ

ing; and you raise not the soldier's spear, you hear not the surging noise of drums or the sound of pipes, or the voice of the murderous trumpet summoning the host. Pity your daughter Protonoë, a young widow mourning a husband, and leave not, O King, your Orontes unavenged! Slay my unarmed slayers—the murderers of your goodson untimely dead—who yet live! See my breast pierced by a sharp thyrsus-wand. Alas that brave Lycurgos dwells not here! Alas that you rule not the proud Arabs! Dionysos was no god, when a mortal man chased him and made him migrate below the sea! I have beheld Deriades running away before battling women! Be a fearless lion, for a man in armour made Dionysos in his tunic of fawnskins run like a fawn! Not he destroyed that nation of warlike Indians—your own father destroyed them: for Hydaspes saw your champions in flight, and he brought them low! You are not like other men, for you have in you the heavenly blood of a daughter of Phaëthon, your blazing grandfather. Your body is not mortal: neither sword nor spear shall bring you low when you throw yourself on Lyaios."

36 So spoke artful Athena, and returned to Olympos, when she had put off the shape of the dream.

38 In the morning, Deriades sent heralds to summon his farscattered troops from cities and from islands. Many a herald went this way and that way on stormswift shoe to gather the people from the various cities of the eastern region; warriors mad

πάντοθεν ἠγερέθοντο καλεσσαμένου βασιλῆος.
Πρῶτα μὲν ὡπλίζοντο κυβερνητῆρες Ἐνυοῦς,
Ἀγραῖος Φλόγιός τε, συνήλυδες ἡγεμονῆες,
ἀρτιτελὲς μετὰ σῆμα νεοφθιμένοιο τοκῆος,
Εὐλαίου δύο τέκνα· συνεστρατόωντο δὲ λαοί,
ὅσσοι Κῦρα νέμοντο καὶ Ἰνδῴου ποταμοῖο
Βαίδιον Ὀμβηλοῖο παρὰ πλατὺ βάρβαρον ὕδωρ,
καὶ Ῥοδόην εὔπυργον, Ἀρειμανέων πέδον Ἰνδῶν,
καὶ κραναὸν Προπάνισον, ὅσοι τ' ἔχον ἄντυγα νήσου
Γραιάων, ὅθι παῖδες ἐθήμονος ἀντὶ τεκούσης
ἄρσενα μαζὸν ἔχουσι γαλακτοφόρου γενετῆρος,
χείλεσιν ἀκροτάτοισιν ὑποκλέπτοντες ἐέρσην·
οἵ τε Σεσίνδιον αἰπύ, καὶ οἳ λινοερκέι κύκλῳ
Γάζον ἐπυργώσαντο μιτοπλέκτοισι δομαίοις, 56
ἀρραγές, εὐποίητον ἐυκλώστοισι θεμέθλοις, 59
Ἄρεος ἀκλινὲς ἕρμα, καὶ οὔ ποτε δήιος ἀνὴρ 57
χαλκὸν ἔχων ἔρρηξε λινοχλαίνων στίχα πύργων. 58
Τοῖς δ' ἐπὶ θαρσήεντες ἐπεστρατόωντο μαχηταί,
Δάρδαι καὶ Πρασίων στρατιαί, καὶ φῦλα Σαλαγγῶν
χρυσοφόρων, οἷς πλοῦτος ὁμέστιος, οἷς θέμις αἰεὶ
χέδροπα καρπὸν ἔδειν βιοτήσιον· ἀντὶ δὲ σίτου
κεῖνον ἀλετρεύουσι μύλης τροχοειδέι κύκλῳ·
καὶ σκολιοπλοκάμων Ζαβίων στίχες, οἷσιν ἐχέφρων
Παλθάνωρ πρόμος ἦεν, ὃς ἔστυγε Δηριαδῆα
ἤθεσιν εὐσεβέεσσιν ὁμοφρονέων Διονύσῳ·
τὸν μὲν ἄναξ Διόνυσος ἄγων μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν
ἀλλοδαπὸν ναετῆρα λυροδμήτῳ πόρε Θήβῃ·
καὶ Δίρκῃ παρέμιμνε λιπὼν πατρῷον Ὑδάσπην,

---

[a] This or Paropamisos was the usual Greek name for the Hindu Kush.

[b] Nonnos is evidently using some book dealing with the

for war gathered from every side at the summons of their king.

44 First to arm themselves were those pilots of warfare, Agraios and Phlogios, the two sons of Eulaios, partners in leadership, after the burial lately made of their father newly dead. With them came all the people who dwelt in Cyra and Baidion beside the broad barbarian stream of Indian Ombelos; those from castellated Rhodoë, a place of warmad Indians, and rocky Propanisos,[a] and those who held the round island of the Graiai, where children use the manly breast of a milch father, and steal thence their drink with pouting lips in place of the usual mother.[b] Others came from steep Sesindion, and those who had fortified Gazos with a rampart of linen built with blocks of plaited threads, impregnable, wellmade with wellspun foundations, a steadfast fortress of Ares: no enemy hand has ever broken with bronze that line of linenclad towers.

60 After them followed those warriors bold, the Dardian[c] and Prasian[d] armies, and the tribes of goldwearing Salangoi, where Wealth is a family friend. Their way it is to eat pulse as their fruit of life; this they grind with round millstones instead of corn. Then a procession of curlyheaded Zabioi; their leader was wise Palthanor, a man of godfearing ways, who hated Deriades and was of one mind with Dionysos. After the war, Dionysos took this man with him and settled him as a foreign settler in lyrebuilt Thebes; there he remained beside Dirce,

wonders of the East, but it does not seem to be known what his source is.

[c] He means probably the people of Dardistan.

[d] The Prasii were a people extending inland from the mouth of the Ganges, and centred round Palibothra (Patna).

Ἀονίου ποταμοῖο πιὼν Ἰσμήνιον ὕδωρ.
  Τοῖς δ' ἐπὶ κυδιόων
                στρατὸν ἄσπετον ὥπλισε Μορρεὺς
Διδνασίδης, γενετῆρι συνέμπορος, ὃς τότε λυγρῷ
γήραϊ πένθος ἔχων κεκερασμένον ἥψατο χάρμης,
γηραλέῃ παλάμῃ πολυδαίδαλον ἀσπίδα πάλλων
καὶ πολιῷ λειμῶνι κατάσκιον ἀνθερεῶνα
αὐτόματον κήρυκα χρόνου δολιχοῖο τινάσσων,
υἱὸν ἔτι στενάχων μινυώριον, Ἰνδὸν Ὀρόντην,
Δίδνασος αἰολόδακρυς· ἄναξ δέ οἱ ἕσπετο Μορρεὺς
ὄρθιον ἔγχος ἔχων τιμήορον, ὄφρα δαμάσσῃ
λαὸν ὅλον Βρομίοιο, καὶ ἤθελε μοῦνος ἐρίζειν
Βάκχῳ γνωτοφόνῳ, καὶ ἀνούτατον υἷα Θυώνης
οὐτῆσαι μενέαινε κασιγνήτοιο φονῆα.
καί σφισιν ὡμάρτησε πολυγλώσσων γένος Ἰνδῶν,
οἵ τ' ἔχον Ἠελίοιο πόλιν, καλλίκτιτον Αἴθρην,
ἀννεφέλου δαπέδοιο θεμείλιον, οἵ τ' ἔχον ἄμφω,
Ἀνθηνῆς λασιῶνα καὶ Ὠρυκίης δονακῆα,
καὶ φλογερὴν Νήσαιαν ἀχειμάντους τε Μελαίνας,
καὶ πέδον εὐδίνητον ἁλιστεφάνου Παταλήνης·
τοῖς ἔπι Δυσσαίων πυκιναὶ στίχες, οἷσι καὶ αὐτῶν
φρικτὰ δασυστέρνων ἐκορύσσετο φῦλα Σαβείρων,
τοῖσιν ἐνὶ κραδίῃ λάσιαι τρίχες, ὧν χάριν αἰεὶ
ψυχῆς θάρσος ἔχουσι καὶ οὐ πτώσσουσιν Ἐνυώ.
  Τοῖσι συνεστρατόωντο καὶ ἀνέρες Οὐατοκοῖται,
οἷσι θέμις δολιχοῖσιν ἐπ' οὔασιν ὕπνον ἰαύειν·
τοὺς μὲν Φρίγγος ἴκανε
                καὶ Ἄσπετος εἰς μόθον ἕλκων
αὐχήεις τε Δάνυκλος ὁμόστολος, οἷς ἅμα βαίνων
Ἱππουρῷ συνάεθλος ἑκηβόλος ἔστιχε Μορρεύς·

[a] The region of the Indus delta.

and drank the Ismenian water of the Aonian river, having left his native Hydaspes.

72 Next came Morrheus Didnasides, proud of his vast armed host. His father Didnasos came with him to the war, his old age embittered with sorrow. He bore a buckler of wonderful work upon his aged arm ; a heath of hoary white spread shadows over his chin, proclaiming of itself how many and how long were his years. He still mourned his son untimely dead, Indian Orontes. There was Didnasos dropping tears ; King Morrheus followed, holding upright his avenging spear, ready to slay the whole host of Bromios—indeed he was resolved to fight alone with Bacchos who slew his brother, he meant to wound the unwounded son of Thyone, his brother's murderer ! With them came a polyglot host of Indians : those who dwelt in fairbuilded Aithra, the city of the Sun, founded upon a cloudless plain ; those who dwelt both in the jungles of Anthene and the reed-beds of Orycië, in blazing Nesaia, and winterless Melainai, and the round seagirt district of Patalene.[a] Next came thick companies of Dyssaioi, and with them terrible armed hordes of shaggybreast[b] Sabeiroi —thick hair is upon their hearts, wherefore they always have boldness of soul and shrink not from battle.

94 With them marched the Uatocoitai, the Ear-sleepers, men whose way it is to sleep lying upon their long ears.[c] These were led to the war by Phringos and Aspetos and haughty Danyclos, who came together, and with them Hippuros Horsetail

[b] The Homeric λάσιος (*Il.* ii. 851, etc.) is a mark of strength.

[c] These are placed by Pliny v. 95, in the extreme north of Europe or Asia.

καὶ νόον ἶσον ἔχοντες ὅλον στρατὸν Οὐατοκοίτην
πέντε δαφοινήεντες ἐκόσμεον ἡγεμονῆες.
Τέκταφος εἰς μόθον ἦλθεν ἐκηβόλος,
ὅς ποτε κούρης
χείλεσι πειναλέοισιν ἀλεξητήρια πότμου
πατροκόμου δολόεντος ἀμέλγετο χεύματα μαζοῦ,
Τέκταφος, αὐαλέος ψαφαρῷ χροΐ, νεκρὸς ἐχέφρων,
ὁππότε μιν σκηπτοῦχος ἔχων ἄστοργον ἀπειλὴν
Δηριάδης, σειρῇσι πολυπλέκτοισι πιέζων,
δέσμιον εὐρώεντι κατεκλήισσε βερέθρῳ,
ἄτροφον, αὐχμώοντα, δέμας κεκαφηότα λιμῷ,
ἄμμορον ἠελίοιο καὶ εὐκύκλοιο σελήνης.
καὶ χθονίῳ κεκάλυπτο βυθῷ πεπεδημένος ἀνήρ,
οὐ ποτόν, οὔ τινα δαῖτα φέρων, οὐ φῶτα δοκεύων,
ἀλλὰ πεδοσκαφέων λαγόνων ὑπὸ κοιλάδι πέτρῃ
κεῖτο δυηπαθέων· χρονίῳ δ' ἐστρεύγετο λιμῷ
πειναλέων στομάτων ὀλιγοδρανὲς ἆσθμα τιταίνων,
ἔμπνοος ἀπνεύστοισιν ὁμοῖος· οἷα δὲ νεκροῦ
ἐκ χροὸς ἀζαλέοιο δυσώδεες ἔπνεον αὖραι.
καὶ φυλάκων στρατὸς ἦεν ἐελμένον ἄνδρα φυλάσσων,
ὃν τότε κερδαλέη θυγάτηρ ἀπατήνορι μύθῳ
ἤπαφεν· ἱκεσίην δὲ βαρύστονον ἴαχε φωνὴν
σεισαμένη δολόεντα νεητόκος εἵματα νύμφη·
"Μή με κατακτείνητε, φυλάκτορες· οὐδὲν ἀείρω,
οὐ ποτὸν ἦλθον ἄγουσα καὶ οὔ τινα δαῖτα τοκῆι·
δάκρυα, δάκρυα μοῦνον ἐμῷ γενετῆρι κομίζω·
χεῖρες ἀπαγγέλλουσιν ἐλεύθεροι· εἰ νόος ὑμῖν,
εἰ νόος ἐστὶν ἄπιστος, ἀμεμφέα λύσατε μίτρην,
ῥίψατέ μοι κρήδεμνα, τινάξατε χερσὶ χιτῶνα·
οὐ ποτὸν ἦλθον ἄγουσα φερέσβιον. ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴν

[a] A widespread folktale. See Stith Thompson, *Folklore Fellows Communications* xlvi., p. 202, R 81

and his farshooting comrade Morrheus: thus the whole host of Earsleepers moved by one purpose were commanded by five bloodthirsty chieftains.

101 Farshooter Tectaphos came to the war. Once he had been saved from fate by sucking the milk from a daughter's breast with starving lips—she devised this trick to nourish her father—Tectaphos, parched, with crumbling skin, a living corpse.[a] Deriades the monarch had carried out a heartless threat, and bound him fast with twisted ropes, and held him a prisoner behind lock and key in a mouldy pit, unfed, unwashed, worn out with famine, without his part in the sun or the rounded moon. There lay the man fettered in the depths of the earth, with no drink, no food, seeing no man, there in a cavern dug deep under the soil he lay in agony. Long he was wasted by famine, breathing yet like those who breathe not, as the air passed weak and fluttering through his hungry lips ; ugly whiffs came from his dry flesh as if he were a corpse. There was a band of jailers watching the imprisoned man, but his clever daughter outwitted them with delusive words, a young nursing mother, when she uttered a mournful appeal and shook [b] her deceiving garments :

121 "Do not let me die, watchmen ! I have nothing here, I have brought no drink and no food for my father ! Tears, only tears I bring for him that begat me ! My empty hands tell you that ! If you do not believe me, if you do not believe, undo my innocent girdle, tear off my veil, shake my dress—I have brought no drink to save his life ! Do but shut

[b] To show she had nothing hidden in them. *Excutere* is the word used of the Roman customs officers: *cf. excutedum pallium*, Plautus, *Aul.* 646.

κρύψατε σὺν γενετῆρι καταχθονίῳ με βερέθρῳ·
οὐ φόβος, οὐ φόβος εἰμί,
καὶ ἣν σκηπτοῦχος ἀκούσῃ·
τίς νέκυν οἰκτείροντι χολώεται; αἰνομόρῳ δὲ
τίς κοτέει θνήσκοντι; τίς ἄπνοον οὐκ ἐλεαίρει;
ὄμματα δ' ἠμύοντα κατακλείσω γενετῆρος·
κρύψατε· τίς θανάτοιο πέλει φθόνος; ὀλλυμένους δὲ
εἷς τάφος ἀμφοτέρους, γενέτην καὶ παῖδα, δεχέσθω."
Ὣς φαμένη παρέπεισε.
καὶ εἰς μυχὸν ἔδραμε κούρη,
ὀρφναίῳ γενετῆρι φαεσφόρος· ἐν δὲ βερέθρῳ
εἰς στόμα πατρὸς ἔχευεν ἀλεξικάκων γάλα μαζῶν
ἄτρομος. Ἠερίης δὲ θεουδέος ἔργον ἀκούων
Δηριάδης θάμβησε· περισσονόοιο δὲ κούρης
εἴκελον εἰδώλῳ γενέτην ἀνελύσατο δεσμῶν·
φήμη δ' ἀμφιβόητος ἀκούετο, καὶ στρατὸς Ἰνδῶν
μαζὸν ἀλεξικάκοιο δολοπλόκον ᾔνεσε νύμφης.
ὃς τότε Βωλίγγεσσι μετέπρεπεν, ὡς μέσος ἄστρων
αἰθέρα φαιδρύνων ἀμαρύσσεται Ἕσπερος ἀστήρ,
Ἕσπερος, ἑσπομένης λιποφεγγέος ἄγγελος ὄρφνης.
Γίγγλων δ' ὑψικάρηνος ἀερσιπόδης τε Θυραιεὺς
ὑψινεφής θ' Ἵππαλμος ὑπὲρ πυμάτης κλίμα γαίης
ὥπλισαν αἰόλα φῦλα δοριθρασέων Ἀραχωτῶν
Δερσαίων τε φάλαγγας ὁμήλυδας, οἵ τε σιδήρῳ
κτεινομένους κατ' Ἄρηα χυτῇ κρύπτουσι κονίῃ
(κτεινομένους κατὰ δῆριν ἐτυμβεύοντο κονίῃ).
Καὶ στρατὸν ἀγκυλότοξον ἀολλίσσας ἐπικούρων
Ἀβράθοος βραδὺς ἦλθε· νεοτμήτων δὲ κομάων
αἰδόμενος κεκόρυστο, χόλον καὶ πένθος ἀέξων

[a] A people east of the middle Indus.
[b] Round Candahar in Afghanistan.
[c] Line 151 is only a variant of 150, and something is lost.

me up too with my father in the deep pit. I am nothing for you to fear, nothing, even if the king hears of it. Who is angry with one who pities a corpse? Who is angry with one dying a cruel death? Who does not pity the dead? I will close my father's sinking eyes. Shut me up there: who grudges death? Let us die together, and let one tomb receive daughter and father!"

135 Her pleading won them. The girl ran into the den, bringing light for her father's darkness. In that pit, she let the milk of her breast flow into her father's mouth, to avert his destruction, and felt no fear.

138 Deriades marvelled to hear the pious deed of Eërië. He set free the clever girl's father from his prison, like a ghost; the fame of it was noised abroad, and the Indian people praised the girl's breast which had saved a life by its cunning.

143 So now this man was conspicuous among the Bolinges,[a] as Hesperos shines amid the stars and brightens the sky, Hesperos, harbinger of the murky gloom which follows when light fails.

146 Ginglon highheaded, and Thyraieus striding big, and Hippalmos tall as the clouds, beyond the farthest region of earth had armed the different tribes of spearproud Arachotes,[b] and battalions of Dersaioi their neighbours, who when men are slain with steel in battle cover their bodies under mounds of earth.[c]

152 Habrathoös came with a host of bowmen whom he had gathered in support, but he had been slow in arming for shame of his hair newly shorn. He nursed

to the effect that those who are not killed in battle are buried in some other way, or not at all.

βουκεράου βασιλῆος, ἐπεί νύ οἱ ἄφρονι λύσσῃ
Δηριάδης ὑπέροπλος ὅλην ἀπεκείρατο χαίτην,
Ἰνδοῖς πικρὸν ὄνειδος. ἀναγκαῖος δὲ μαχητὴς
εἰς ἐνοπὴν μόγις ἦλθε, καὶ αἰπυλόφῳ τρυφαλείῃ
λωβητὴν ἐκάλυπτε λιπότριχον ἄντυγα κόρσης,
κρυπτὸν ἐνὶ κραδίῃ μεθέπων κότον· ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
ἤματι μὲν πολέμιζεν, ἀεὶ δ' ὑπὸ πάννυχον ὥρην
ἄγγελον ἀγγέλλοντα νοήματα Δηριαδῆος
Βάκχῳ πιστὸν ἔπεμπεν ὀπάονα· λαθριδίως δὲ
Δηριάδῃ κεκόρυστο καὶ ἀμφαδίην Διονύσῳ.
Ξούθων δ' ἄγρια φῦλα καὶ ἐγρεμόθων Ἀρηνῶν
καὶ Ζοάρων ἐκόρυσσε γονὴν καὶ φῦλον Ἐάρων
Κασπείρων τε γένεθλα καὶ Ἀρβίας, οἵ τ' ἔχον αὐτὸν
Ὕσπορον αἰγλήεντι διαστίλβοντα ῥεέθρῳ,
ἠλέκτρου κομόωντα βαθυπλούτοισι μετάλλοις,
οἵ τ' ἔχον Ἀρσανίην εὐδείελον, ἧχι γυναῖκες
εἰς μίαν ἠριγένειαν ἐθήμονι Παλλάδος ἱστῷ
ὀξείαις παλάμῃσιν ὅλον τελέουσι χιτῶνα.
Τοῖς δ' ἐπὶ χωρήσσοντο κυβιστητῆρι κυδοιμῷ
Κυραῖοι, δεδαῶτες ἀλίκτυπον ἄντυγα νήσων,
Ἄρεος εἰναλίοιο δαήμονες· ὑγροπόρους δὲ
ὁλκάδας οὐ δεδάασιν, ἀδεψήτῳ δὲ βοείῃ
δουρατέων πλώουσι τύπῳ τεχνήμονι νηῶν·
δέρμασι δ' ἰθύνουσι νόθον πλόον, οἷς ἔνι ναύτης
ἕζεται ἀκλύστοισιν ἐν οἴδμασι ποντοπορεύων,
ὁλκάσι μιμηλοῖσι θαλάσσια νῶτα χαράσσων.
τοὺς Θύαμις κόσμησε καὶ Ὅλκασος, ὄρχαμος ἀνδρῶν,

* So he says!

resentment and grievance against Deriades the horned king; because the overbearing monarch in a fit of mad folly had cut off all his hair, a bitter insult to an Indian. Compelled to join in the war, he came unwillingly, and hid the shame of his hairless temples under a highplumed helmet, cherishing secret rancour in his heart. When battle came, he joined the fight in the daytime; but always in the hours of the night he would send a trusty servant to Bacchos, and tell him the plans of Deriades. Thus he fought secretly for Deriades, but openly for Dionysos.[a] He brought the savage tribes of Xuthoi and of battle-stirring Arienoi [b] and the breed of Zoares and the clan of Eares, the Caspeirian [c] peoples and Arbians [d]: those who held Hysporos that bright shining stream, so proud of its deep wealthy mines of amber; and those who held conspicuous Arsanië, where the women in one day at the loom of Pallas, which they know so well, finish a whole robe with their quick hands.

173 Besides these came the Cyraioi,[e] ready for diving-work in the war. They know the seabeaten coasts of islands, and they are skilful in battle by sea; but seafaring barges they know not. They go floating in coracles of untanned hide, which they manage as well as a shipwright's vessel of wood; they guide their makeshift course in the skins, where the mariner sits in shelter, navigating over the waves and cutting the back of the sea in his mimic barge. These were commanded by Thyamis and princely

[b] Probably the people of Aria, that is eastern Khorassan and western and N.-W. Afghanistan.

[c] Of Cashmir.

[d] Probably the people round the river Arabis, the Purali or else the Habb, both situated west of the Indus.

[e] From places round the mouths of the Indus.

Ταρβήλου δύο παῖδες ἀκοντοφόροιο τοκῆος.
  Καὶ πολὺς ἑσμὸς ἵκανεν Ἀρειζάντειαν ἐάσας,
ξείνου δουρατέου μέλιτος τροφόν, ἧχι πιόντα
ἠερίης ζείδωρον Ἑώιον ἀρδμὸν ἐέρσης
δένδρεα χαιτήεντα μελίρρυτον, ὡς ἀπὸ σίμβλων,
δαιδαλέην ὠδῖνα σοφῆς τίκτουσι μελίσσης,
αὐτοτόκων πετάλων χλοερὸν ποτόν· εἰς πεδίον γὰρ
ἀρτιφανὴς Φαέθων, ὅτε λούεται Ὠκεανοῖο,
ὄμπνιον Ἠώης ἀποσείεται ἰκμάδα χαίτης,
ῥαίνων ζωοτόκοιο φυτηκόμον αὔλακα γαίης.
τοῖον Ἀρειζάντεια φέρει μέλι, τῷ ἔπι χαίρων
νηχόμενος πτερύγεσσιν ὑπὲρ πετάλοιο χορεύων
ἵπταται ἄσπετος ὄρνις· ὄφις δέ τις ἀγκύλος ἕρπων,
μιτρώσας ἑλικηδόν, ὁμόπλοκος ἡδέι δένδρῳ,
ἰκμάδα λειριόεσσαν ἀμέλγεται ἅρπαγι λαιμῷ,
χείλεσι λιχμώων γλυκερὴν ὠδῖνα κορύμβων·
δενδραίην δὲ δράκοντες ἀναβλύζοντες ἐέρσην
ἡδὺ μέλι προχέουσι, καὶ οὐ τόσον ἰὸν ἀλήτην
πικρὸν ἀποπτύουσιν, ὅσον γλυκὺ χεῦμα μελίσσης·
ἧχι μελισταγέεσσιν ἐπ' ἀκρεμόνεσσιν ἀείδει
ὠρίων, γλυκὺς ὄρνις, ὁμοίιος ἔμφρονι κύκνῳ·
οὐ μὲν ἀνακρούει Ζεφυρηίδι σύνθροος αὔρῃ
ὑμνοτόκων πτερύγων ἀνεμώδεα ῥοῖζον ἰάλλων,
ἀλλὰ σοφοῖς στομάτεσσι μελίζεται, οἷά τις ἀνὴρ
πηκτίδι νυμφοκόμῳ θαλαμηπόλον ὕμνον ἀράσσων. 206
κατρεὺς δ' ἐσσομένοιο προθεσπίζει χύσιν ὄμβρου, 212

---

[a] This seems to be a much distorted version of sugar-cane. Perhaps it alludes to tapping for toddy.

[b] The *horion* is unidentified, if any such bird exists at all. Our only detailed account of it, Cleitarchos cited by Aelian, *De natura animalium* xvii. 22, says it is like a heron,

Holcasos, two sons of one father, Tarbelos the javelineer.

183 A great swarm had come from Areizanteia, nurse of the strange tree-honey; where the trees drink the fruitful moisture of morning dew, and their leaves run honey, and so they produce the neat travail of the clever bee as if from a hive, the yellow juice born of the leaves alone.[a] For Hyperion, just appearing after his bath in the Ocean, scatters upon the plain the wholesome juice of his hair in the morning, and waters the plant-growing furrows of earth the giver of life. Such honey Areizanteia brings: rejoicing in this, great flocks of birds swim on their wings and dance above the leaves; or a coiling serpent creeps along, and girdles the sweet tree with enfolding loops, while he sucks the delicate juice with greedy mouth and licks with his lips the sweet travail of the clusters. So snakes dribble out the treejuice and drop delicious honey, they spit out abroad more of the sweet sap of the bee than their own bitter scattering poison. There on the honeydropping branches is that sweet bird the horion,[b] singing like the inspired swan. He does not strike up in tune with the west wind whirring in the air with musical wings; but he sings a lay with understanding beak, like a man twangling the strings for a wedding hymn to wait upon a bride. There the catreus[c] foretells a shower

except that its eyes are dark blue, an admirable singer and very amorous.

[c] The *katreus* is probably the monâl pheasant. But the accounts we have of it (this passage, Cleitarchos in Aelian, *op. cit.* xvii. 23, Strabo xv. 1. 69, which also mentions the melodious song of the *horion* and cites Cleitarchos) give no accurate picture and contain details which do not fit the monâl. Anyhow, no pheasant can sing a note.

ξανθοφυής, λιγύφωνος· ἀπὸ βλεφάρων δέ οἱ αἴγλη
πέμπεται ὀρθρινῇσι βολαῖς ἀντίρροπος Ἠοῦς·
πολλάκι δ' ἠνεμόεντος ὑπὲρ δένδροιο λιγαίνων
σύνθροος ὡρίωνος ἀνέπλεκε γείτονα μολπήν,
φοινικέαις πτερύγεσσι κεκασμένος· ἢ τάχα φαίης,
μελπομένου κατρῆος ἑώιον ὕμνον ἀκούων,
ὄρθριον αἰολόδειρον ἀηδόνα κῶμον ὑφαίνειν.
κεῖθι καὶ ἐγρεμόθων μερόπων στρατός,
οὓς ἐπὶ χάρμην
ἄτρομος Ἱππάλμοιο πάις θώρηξε Πυλοίτης,
γνωτὸν ἔχων Βιλλαῖον, ὁμόστολον ἡγεμονῆα.
Τοῖς δ' ἐπὶ θωρήσσοιντο Σίβαι καὶ λαὸς Ὑδάρκης,
καὶ στρατὸς ἄλλος ἵκανε πόλιν Καρμῖναν ἐάσας·
τῶν ἅμα Κύλλαρος ἦρχε καὶ Ἀστράεις,
πρόμος Ἰνδῶν,
Βρόγγου δίζυγα τέκνα τετιμένα Δηριαδῆι.
Καὶ στόλος ἄλλος ἵκανε τριηκοσίων ἀπὸ νήσων,
αἵ τε περιστιχόωσιν ἀμοιβάδες ἄλλυδις ἄλλαι
γείτονες ἀλλήλῃσιν, ὅπῃ περιμήκεϊ πορθμῷ
δίστομος Ἰνδὸς ἄγων μεταναστιον ἀγκύλον ὕδωρ,
ἑρπύζων κατὰ βαιὸν ἀπ' Ἰνδῴου δονακῆος
λοξὸς ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο παρ' Ἠῴου στόμα πόντου,
ἔρχεται αὐτοκύλιστος ὑπὲρ λόφον Αἰθιοπῆα·
ἦχι θερειγενέων ὑδάτων ὑψούμενος ὁλκῷ
χεύμασιν αὐτογόνοις ἐπὶ πήχεϊ πῆχυν ἀέξει,
καὶ χθόνα πιαλέην ἀγκάζεται ὑγρὸς ἀκοίτης,
τέρπων ἰκμαλέοισι φιλήμασι διψάδα νύμφην,
οἶστρον ἔχων πολύπηχυν ἀμαλλοτόκων ὑμεναίων,
μέτρῳ ἀμοιβαίῳ παλιναυξέα χεύματα τίκτων

---

a These represent, if anything, the few islands of the Gulf of Kutch.

of rain to come, goldenyellow, clearintoning; sparkles flash from his eyes like the morning gleams of Dawn. Often trilling upon a treetop in the air he weaves a song in tune with the horion beside him, splendid with purple wings; if you hear the catreus singing his early hymn, you might almost say it was the nightingale pouring her morning music from her changeful throat. There also dwelt the battle-stirring host which Pyloites the fearless son of Hippalmos had armed for the war, and with him was Billaios his brother and fellow-leader.

218 Next came the Sibai under arms, and the Hydarcan people, with another host from the city of Carmina. Their joint leaders were Cyllaros and Astraëis the Indian prince, two sons of Brongos honoured by Deriades.

222 Another host came from three hundred islands,[a] scattered here and there, or in groups together, which lie about that place where the Indos on an endless course pours out its winding travelling stream by two enclosing mouths,[b] after creeping in its slow curving course from the Indian reedbeds over the plain to its mouth by the Eastern sea, after first rolling down the heights of the Ethiopian mountains[c]: swollen by the mass of summerbegotten waters it increases cubit by cubit with selfrising floods, and embraces the rich land like a watery husband, who rejoices a thirsty bride with his moist kisses and enfolds her in many passionate arms for a sheaf-bearing bridal, while he begets in his turn other

[b] The delta.

[c] The Eastern and Western Ethiopians are mentioned in Hom. *Od.* i. 23. Nonnos seems to see the Eastern in the Himalayas or the Hindu Kush.

Νεῖλος ἐν Αἰγύπτῳ καὶ ἑώιος[1] Ἰνδὸς Ὑδάσπης.
κεῖθι μελαμψήφιδα διαξύων ῥόον ὁπλῇ
νήχεται ὑδατόεις ποταμήιος ἵππος ἀλήτης,
οἷος ἐμοῦ Νείλοιο θερειγενὲς οἶδμα χαράσσων
ναιετάει,[2] βυθίοιο δι᾽ ὕδατος ὑγρὸς ὁδίτης
μηκεδαναῖς γενύεσσιν· ἐπ᾽ αἰγιαλοῖο δὲ βαίνει
αἰχμῇ καρχαρόδοντι διασχίζων ῥάχιν ὕλης,
καὶ διερὴν ἀχάρακτον ἔχων γένυν ἅρπαγα καρπῶν
μιμηλῇ δρεπάνῃ σταχυηφόρα λήια τέμνει,
ἀμητὴρ ἀσίδηρος ἀμαλλοφόρου τοκετοῖο·
τοῖα μὲν ἐπταπόροιο φατίζεται εἴκελα Νείλου
Ἰνδῴου ποταμοῖο φέρειν μένος. οἱ δὲ λιπόντες
νήσων ἀγκύλα κύκλα καὶ ἕδρανα γείτονος Ἰνδοῦ
ἄνδρες ἐθωρήσσοντο μαχήμονες, ὧν πρόμος ἀνὴρ
Ῥίγβασος ἡγεμόνευεν, ἔχων ἴνδαλμα Γιγάντων.
Οὐδὲ γέρων Ἄρητος ἐλείπετο Δηριαδῆος
εἰς ἐνοπὴν καλέοντος, ἀνὴρ βαρύς· ἀλλὰ καθάψας
χαλκοβαρῆ λασίοιο κατὰ στέρνοιο χιτῶνα
γηραλέου κούφιζεν ὑπὲρ νώτοιο βοείην,
αὐχένι κυρτωθέντι περικρεμάσας τελαμῶνα.
καὶ στρατιὴν θώρηξεν ἀναγκαῖος πολεμιστὴς
πέντε σὺν υἱήεσσι, Λύκῳ καὶ ὁμήλυδι Μύρσῳ,
Γλαύκῳ καὶ Περίφαντι καὶ ὀψιγόνῳ Μελανῆι.
καὶ πολιὴν πλοκαμῖδα περισφίγξας τρυφαλείῃ
λαιὸν ἐυτροχάλοιο μετέστιχε δηιοτῆτος,
δεξιτερὸν πολέμοιο κέρας τεκέεσσιν ἐάσας,
οὓς φύσις ἀφθόγγων στομάτων σφρηγίσσατο δεσμῷ,
γλῶσσαν ὑποσφίγξασα σοφῆς ὀχετηγὸν ἰωῆς·
ὁππότε γὰρ θαλάμοιο παρὰ φλιῇσι χορεύων

ever-recurrent streams[a]: so Nile in Egypt, and the eastern Hydaspes in India. There swims the travelling riverhorse through the waters, cleaving with his hoof the blackpebble stream, just like the dweller in my own Nile, who cuts the summer-begotten flood and travels through the watery deeps with his long jaws. He mounts the shores, splitting the woody ridges with sharp-pointed tooth; with only a wet ungraven jaw to ravage the fruits, he cuts the cornbearing harvest with this makeshift sickle, reaper of sheafbearing crops without steel.

245 Such are said to be the doings of the mighty Indian river like sevenmouth Nile. These men of war then, from the rounded shores of the islands and from the settlements of the Indos, now came under arms: their leader was Rhigbasos, one of gigantic stature.

250 Nor was old Aretos missing when Deriades summoned all to war. A heavy man he was; but he fitted a heavy bronze corselet over his hairy chest, and carried an oxhide shield on his aged back, slung by a strap over his bent neck. He also armed his force under compulsion for the war, he and five sons, Lycos and Myrsos together, Glaucos and Periphas and Melaneus the lateborn. He covered his gray curly hairs with a helmet, and repaired to the left wing of his battle circuit, leaving the right to his sons.

261 These were men whose lips nature had closed with the seal of silence, having tied each tongue, the channel of intelligent speech. For when at the door-posts of the bridal chamber in the sacred dance

[a] Irrigating canals or the like, filling in the rainy season.

[1] So mss.: Ludwich Νείλου . . . λώιον.
[2] So mss.: Ludwich ἀντιάει.

Λαοβίην ζυγίοιο γάμου πιστώσατο θεσμῷ
παιδογόνοις Ἄρητος ὁμιλήσας ὑμεναίοις,
ἔνθεον ἔπλετο θάμβος, ἐπεὶ γαμίῳ παρὰ βωμῷ
νυμφοκόμῳ πεπόνητο θυηπολέων Ἀφροδίτῃ
νυμφίος ἀρτιχόρευτος, ἐν εὐύμνῳ δὲ μελάθρῳ
δοῦπον ἀνακλάγξασα λεχώιον ἀνθερεῶνος
μάντις ἐπεσσομένων ἐβαρύνετο πουλυτόκος σῦς,
ἀλλοίην καὶ ἄπιστον ἐλαφρίζουσα λοχείην,
καὶ νεπόδων ὤδινε νόθον γένος, ἐκ λαγόνων δὲ
ὑγρὴν ἰχθυόεσσαν ἀνηκόντιζε γενέθλην,
ἀντὶ τόκου χθονίοιο λοχευσαμένη τόκον ἅλμης.
καὶ συὸς ἰχθυγόνοιο πολύστομος ἵπτατο Φήμη
λαὸν ἀολλίζουσα· πολυσπερέες δὲ πολῖται
χερσαίην πολύτεκνον ἐθηήσαντο γενέθλην,
ἰσοφυὲς μίμημα θαλασσοτόκοιο λοχείης.
μαντιπόλον δ' ἐρέεινε θεηγόρον· εἰρομένῳ δὲ
ἐσσομένην θέσπιζεν ἀφωνήτων στίχα παίδων,
εἰναλίης ἴνδαλμα λιπογλώσσοιο γενέθλης.
καὶ τότε μάντις ἔλεξε προάγγελα θέσφατα κεύθειν,
ὄφρα κεν ἱλάσκοιτο τανύπτερον υἱέα Μαίης,
γλώσσης ἡγεμονῆα, σοφῆς ἰθύντορα φωνῆς.
Λαοβίη δ' ὤδινεν, ἀμοιβαίῃ δὲ λοχείῃ
τίκτε συὸς βρεφέεσσιν ἰσηρίθμων στίχα παίδων,
ἰχθύσιν ἀφθόγγοισιν ἐοικότας, οὓς μετὰ νίκην
Βάκχος ἄναξ ἐλέαιρε, λιποφθόγγων δ' ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
γλώσσης δεσμὸν ἔλυσε, καὶ ἤλασεν ἥλικα σιγήν,
φωνὴν δ' ὀψιτέλεστον ἐπεξύνωσεν ἑκάστῳ.
τοῖσι συνεστρατόωντο φερεσσακέες πολεμισταί,
οἵ τε Πύλας ἐνέμοντο καὶ οἳ λάχον ἐγγύθεν Εὔρου

Aretos pledged his troth to Laobië, according to the rites of lawful marriage, joining with her in wedlock for the begetting of children, a miracle divine was wrought. The bridegroom, fresh from his own wedding dance, had been busy at the marriage-altar sacrificing to Aphrodite the Lady of Brides; and while the hall resounded with hymns, a sow big with young in her pain shrieked out the cry of labour from her throat, prophetic of things to come, and dropt an uncanny incredible litter—a bastard brood of marine creatures, a shoal of wet fish she shot out of her womb, spat of the brine not spat of the land! Rumour flew abroad with many mouths, telling of the fishmother sow and gathering the people; farscattered burghers came to stare at this numerous generation of land-creatures, the very image of seaborn spawn.

279 He asked the prophetic interpreter of God's will: to the question, he foretold a succession of dumb children to come, like the voiceless generation of the deep sea. And the seer bade him to hide the prophetic oracle, that he might propitiate the long-winged son of Maia, governor of the tongue, guide of intelligent speech.

285 Laobië was brought to bed, and in one birth after another brought forth children equal in number to the sow's young ones, and dumb like fishes. After the victory, Lord Bacchos had pity on these, and loosed the tie of the tongue in their dumb throats, drove away the silence which had been their companion from birth, bestowed upon each a voice perfected at last.

291 Along with these were mustered shieldbearing warriors: those who dwelt in Pylai, and those who

ναιομένην Εὔκολλα, μαχήμονος ἔνδιον Ἠοῦς,
καὶ ζαθέην Γορύανδιν ἐύσπορον αὔλακα γαίης.
Τοῖς δ' ἐπὶ θωρήχθησαν,
ὅσοι λάχον ἄντυγας Οἴτης,
μητέρα δενδρήεσσαν ἀμετροβίων ἐλεφάντων,
οἷς φύσις ὤπασε κύκλα διηκοσίων ἐνιαυτῶν
ζώειν ἀενάοιο χρόνου πολυκαμπέι νύσσῃ,
ἠὲ τριηκοσίων· καὶ βόσκεται ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ,
ἐκ ποδὸς ἀκροτάτου μελανόχροος ἄχρι καρήνου·
γναθμοῖς μηκεδανοῖσιν ἔχων προβλῆτας ὀδόντας
δίζυγας, ἀμητῆρι τύπῳ γαμψώνυχος ἅρπης,
θηγαλέῳ τμητῆρι, διαστείχει στίχα δένδρων
ποσσὶ ταινυκνήμοισιν· ἔχων δ' ἴνδαλμα καμήλων
καὶ λοφίην ἐπίκυρτον, ἑῷ πολυχανδέι νώτῳ
ἑσμὸν ἄγει νήριθμον ἐπασσυτέρων ἐλατήρων,
δινεύων στατὸν ἴχνος ἀκαμπέι γούνατος ὁλκῷ,
καὶ τύπον εὐρυμέτωπον ἐχιδναίοιο καρήνου,
αὐχένα βαιὸν ἔχων κυρτούμενον· εἶλε δὲ λεπτὸν
ὄμμασιν ἰσοτύποισι συῶν ἴνδαλμα προσώπου,
ὑψιφανής, περίμετρος· ἑλισσομένου δὲ πορείῃ
οὔατα μὲν λιπόσαρκα, παρήορα γείτονι κόρσῃ,
λεπταλέων ἀνέμων ὀλίγῃ ῥιπίζεται αὔρῃ·
πυκνὰ δὲ μαστίζουσα δέμας νωμήτορι παλμῷ
λεπτοφυὴς ἐλάχεια τινάσσεται ἄστατος οὐρή.
πολλάκι δ' ἐν πολέμοισι γένυν προβλῆτα τινάσσων
ἀνέρι ταυροκάρηνος ἐπέχραεν ἠλίβατος θήρ,
ξείνην καρχαρόδοντα φέρων ἑτερόστομον ἅρπην,
δινεύων ἑκάτερθε γενειάδος ἔμφυτον αἰχμήν·
πολλάκι δ' εὐθώρηκα μετάρσιον ἀσπιδιώτην
ὄρθιον ἠέρταζε πεπαρμένον ἅρπαγι λαιμῷ,
ἄνδρα δὲ καρχαρόδοντι κατεπρήνιξεν ἀκωκῇ
καὶ νέκυν αὐτοκύλιστον ἐπὶ στροφάλιγγι κονίης

possessed a habitation in Eucolla, the district of warlike Eos near the East Wind, and divine Goryandis with soil well fitted for seed.

295 After these came armed those who possessed the curves of Oita,[a] woody mother of longliving elephants, to which nature has granted to live through two hundred rolling years, rounding so often the turning-point of eternal time, or even three hundred. Black they are from the point of the foot to the head, and they feed side by side. Each has projecting teeth on his long jaws, two of them, hooked like a reaper's sickle, sharp and cutting, and he marches through the ranks of trees on his long legs ; he has a curved neck like a camel, and on his capacious back he carries an innumerable swarm of riders in rows, swinging a firm foot with unbending [b] knees. He has a short curved neck, and a wide forehead shaped like a snake. The eyes on his face are like the little eyes of a pig. He is towering, enormous : as he rolls along, the skinny ears close to the temple on each side, move like fans in the lightest breath of air. A thin little restless waving tail whips the body with a continual regular movement. Often in battle the mountainous beast shakes a tusk and attacks a man like a pilking bull, striking with the borrowed sharptoothed sickle on each side of his mouth [c] and swinging natural spears on both cheeks. Often when he has pierced a man, he lifts him straight up with greedy throat, armour and shield and all ; or he throws one down with sharp-pointed tusk, picks up the body as it rolls helpless

[a] Not the Greek Oita.
[b] A common ancient delusion.
[c] Meaning apparently that he has blades fastened to his tusks.

ὑψόθεν ἠκόντιζε παλινδίνητον ἀλήτην,
αἰθύσσων ἑλικηδὸν ἴτυν σκολιοῖο γενείου
κάρχαρον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα παρὰ προβολῇσιν ὀδόντων
ἀντίτυπον σπειρηδὸν ἐχιδνήεσσιν ἀκάνθαις,
ἄχρι ποδῶν ταινύων κεχαραγμένον ἆορ ὀδόντων.
τοὺς μὲν ἄναξ Διόνυσος ἄγων μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν
Καυκασίην παρὰ πέζαν Ἀμαζονίου ποταμοῖο
εἰς φόβον εὐπήληκας ἀνεπτοίησε γυναῖκας,
ἠλιβάτων λοφίῃσιν ἐφεδρήσσων ἐλεφάντων.
ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν μετὰ δῆριν. ἐς ὑσμίνην δὲ Λυαίου
Δηριάδῃ καλέοντι τότε πρόμος ἦλθε Πυλοίτης,
ὀρθοπόδην ἐλέφαντα κατὰ κλόνον ἡνιοχεύων,
καλλιτόκου Μαραθῶνος Ἀρειμανὲς αἷμα γενέθλης·
καί οἱ ἐς ὑσμίνην ἑτερόθροος ἕσπετο γείτων
λαὸς ἐυκρήδεμνον Ἐριστοβάρειαν ἐάσας.
  Δερβίκων δὲ γένεθλα συνέσπετο Δηριαδῆι
Αἰθίοπές τε Σάκαι τε καὶ ἔθνεα ποικίλα Βάκτρων,
καὶ πολὺς οὐλοκόμων Βλεμύων στρατός.
                                        ἀλλοφανῆ δὲ
Αἰθίοπες μεθέπουσι τύπον τεχνήμονα χάρμης·
ἵππου γὰρ φορέοντες ὁλωλότος ἄντυγα κόρσης
ψευδόμενοι κρύπτουσιν ἀληθέα κύκλον ὀπωπῆς,
καὶ κεφαλὴν βροτέην ἑτέρῳ σφίγγουσι προσώπῳ,
ἄπνοον ἀσκήσαντες ἐς ἔμπνοον, ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
δήιον ἀγνώσσοντα νόθῳ κλονέουσι καρήνῳ·
καὶ πρόμος ἐκ στομάτων ἀπατήλιον ἦχον ἰάλλει,
ἵππιον ἀνδρομέῃ προχέων χρεμετισμὸν ἰωῇ.
  Οἱ μὲν ἀολλίζοντο καλεσσαμένου βασιλῆος.

---

[a] See Plutarch, *Greek Questions* 56, with Halliday's notes.

[b] Of the Pamir plateau.

[c] Of Afghan Turkestan and Badakshan.

in a swirl of dust and throws it hurtling through the air at random ; he throws about this way and that way the jagged ring of teeth in his crooked jaw, beside the tusks ranged in strings like the backbone of a snake, and stretches down to his feet the sharp sword of the tusks.

329 These creatures after the Indian war [a] Lord Dionysos led to the Caucasian district by the Amazonian River, and scattered those helmeted women, as he sat on the back of a mountainous elephant. But this was after the war. In this conflict, when Deriades sent out his summons to war with Lyaios, the chieftain Pyloites joined him driving a straightlegged elephant into the fray. He was the warlike blood of the race which produced Marathon, one blessed in his children ; and he was followed to the conflict by a neighbouring people of different speech, from Eristobareia with her lovely coronals.

339 Tribes of Derbices were there with Deriades, Ethiopians and Sacai [b] and various nations of Bactrians,[c] and a great host of woolly-headed Blemyes.[d] The Ethiopians follow a peculiar and clever fashion in battle.[e] They wear the top of a dead horse's head, hiding in this disguise the true shape of their faces. Thus they fasten another face on the human head, and join the dead to the living. So in the battle they startle the unwitting foe with this bastard head ; and their chieftain lets out a deceitful sound from his mouth, and gives vent to a horse's neigh with his manly voice.

350 These were the hosts which gathered at their

[d] A tribe who dwelt south of Egypt. These and the Ethiopians had no connexion with India.

[e] For the Ethiopian war-dress, see Herodotus vii. 70. 2.

πάντων δ' ἡγεμόνευεν ἐς Ἄρεα κοίρανος Ἰνδῶν,
ὃν διερῇ φιλότητι πατὴρ ἔσπειρεν Ὑδάσπης,
Ἀστρίδος εὐώδινος ὁμιλήσας ὑμεναίοις,
κούρης Ἠελίοιο. φάτις δέ τις, ὅττι ἑ μήτηρ
Νηιὰς Ὠκεανοῖο γένος τεκνώσατο Κητώ,
ἥν ποτε παφλάζοντι διερπύζων περὶ παστῷ
νυμφίος ὑδατόεντι γάμῳ πήχυνεν Ὑδάσπης
γνήσιον αἷμα φέρων Τιτήνιον· ἀρχεγόνων γὰρ
ἐκ λεχέων Θαύμαντος ἐγείνατο δίζυγα φύτλην
Ἠλέκτρη ῥοδόπηχυς ὁμευνέτις, ἧς ἀπὸ λέκτρων
καὶ ποταμὸς βλάστησε καὶ ἄγγελος Οὐρανιώνων,
Ἶρις ἀελλήεσσα καὶ ὠκυρέεθρος Ὑδάσπης,
ἡ μὲν ἐπεντύνουσα ποδῶν δρόμον, ὃς δὲ ῥοάων·
ἄμφω δ' ἀντικέλευθον ἴσην μεθέπουσι πορείην,
Ἶρις ἐν ἀθανάτοισι καὶ ἐν ποταμοῖσιν Ὑδάσπης.
  Τόσσος ἄρα στρατὸς ἦλθε· πόλις δ' ἐστείνετο λαῷ·
καὶ στίχες εὐπήληκες ἐμιτρώθησαν ἀίταις,[1]
τετραπόρων πλήσαντες ἐν ἄστεϊ κύκλα κελεύθων·
οἱ μὲν ἐπὶ τριόδοισιν ἐπήτριμοι, οἱ δ' ἐνὶ βόθροις,
ἄλλοι δ' ἠλιβάτοιο πρὸ τείχεος, οἱ δ' ἐπὶ πύργων
νήδυμον ὕπνον ἴαυον ἀκοντοφόρων ἐπὶ λέκτρων.
ἡγεμόνων δὲ φάλαγγας ἑῷ ξείνισσε μελάθρῳ
Δηριάδης, καὶ πάντες ἀμοιβαίων ἐπὶ θώκων
ξεινοδόκῳ βασιλῆι μιῆς ἥπτοντο τραπέζης.
τοῖσι μὲν ἕσπερα δεῖπνα καὶ ἐννυχίου πτερὸν Ὕπνου
μέμβλετο, καὶ στρατὸς εὗδεν ἐνόπλιος Ἄρεϊ γείτων·
ἐγρεμόθῳ δ' εὕδοντες ἐφωμίλησαν ὀνείρῳ,
μιμηλὴν Σατύροισιν ἀναστήσαντες Ἐνυώ.

[1] ἀίταις Rose, ἀήταις MSS.

king's call. The whole army was led to battle by the emperor of the Indians, son of Hydaspes the watery lover in union with Astris daughter of Helios, happy in her offspring—men say that her mother was Ceto, a Naiad daughter of Oceanos—and Hydaspes crept into her bower till he flooded it, and wooed her to his embrace with conjugal waves. He had the genuine Titan blood ; for from the bed of primeval Thaumas his rosyarm consort Electra brought forth two children—from that bed came a river and a messenger of the heavenly ones, Iris quick as the wind and swiftly flowing Hydaspes, Iris travelling on foot and Hydaspes by water. Both had an equal speed on two contrasted paths : Iris among the immortals and Hydaspes among the rivers.

366 So great then, was the host there assembled. The city was crammed with people ; helmeted crowds were surrounded by favourite young squires till they filled the circle of the streets that ran all four ways in the city, some thick at the threeways, some in the moat, some on the height of the walls, while others lay quietly on the turrets and slept under arms. The company of leaders was entertained by Deriades in his own hall, and all touched the same table as their hospitable king in turns on rows of seats. Feasting engaged them in the evening, the wing of sleep in the night : the army slumbered under arms on the eve of battle, and slumbering they had to do with battlestirring dreams, as they fought against shadows like Satyrs.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΕΙΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΕΒΔΟΜΟΝ

Ἕβδομον εἰκοστὸν μεθέπει στίχας, ᾗσι Κρονίων
εἰς μόθον ὁπλίζει Βρομίῳ ναετῆρας Ὀλύμπου.

Ἄρτι δὲ λυσιπόνοιο τιναξαμένη πτερὸν Ὕπνου
ἀντολίης ὤιξε θύρας πολεμητόκος Ἠώς,
καὶ Κεφάλου λίπε λέκτρα σελασφόρα· βαλλόμενος δὲ
ἀντιπόρῳ Φαέθοντι μέλας λευκαίνετο Γάγγης·
καὶ φυγὰς ἀρτιχάρακτος ἐχάζετο κῶνος ὀμίχλης
σχιζόμενος φαέεσσιν· ἀπὸ δροσεροῖο δὲ δίφρου
ὄρθριος εἰαρινῇσιν ἐλούετο καρπὸς ἐέρσαις.
Καὶ κλόνος ἦν.
Φαέθων δὲ πυριτρεφέων δρόμον ἵππων
ἀενάων ἐτέων φλογόεις ἀνεσείρασε ποιμήν,
γείτονος εἰσαΐων κορυθαιόλον Ἄρεος ἠχώ,
καὶ στρατὸν αἰχμάζειν προκαλίζετο μάρτυρι πυρσῷ,
θερμὸν ἀκοντίζων ῥοδόεν βέλος· ἀμφὶ δὲ γαίῃ
αἱμαλέης ξένον ὄμβρον ἀπ' ἰκμάδος ὑέτιος Ζεὺς
οὐρανόθεν κατέχευε, φόνου πρωτάγγελον Ἰνδῶν.
καὶ φονίαις λιβάδεσσιν Ἐνυαλίου νιφετοῖο
δίψια κυανέης ἐρυθαίνετο νῶτα κονίης
Ἰνδῴου δαπέδοιο· νεοσμήκτου δὲ σιδήρου
Ἠελίου σελάγιζε βολαῖς ἀντίρροπος αἴγλη.
Φαινομένας δὲ φάλαγγας
ἐπὶ κλόνον ὥπλισεν Ἰνδῶν

BOOK XXVII

The twenty-seventh deals with the array in which Cronion musters the dwellers in Olympos for battle to help Dionysos.

Now warbreeding Dawn had just shaken off the wing of carefree sleep and opened the gates of sunrise, leaving the lightbringing couch of Cephalos. Dark Ganges was whitened as he met the touches of Phaëthon, and the cone[a] of gloom newly cleft apart fled away torn by his beams; the crops were bathed in the spring morning by the drops of dew from his car.

8 Then came tumult. Phaëthon, blazing shepherd of the everflowing years, checked the course of his firebred steeds, when he heard the sound of flash-helm Ares rattling close by, and summoned the host to spearthrust, shooting a rosy ray with witnessing torch: Rainy Zeus poured down from heaven a rain of blood,[b] a strange shower which foretold bloodshed for the Indians. The thirsty back of black dust on the Indian ground was reddened with those gory drops of battle-shower; the sheen of newburnished steel glittered against the beams of Helios.

19 Now the battalions of Indians were seen:

[a] *i.e.* the conical shadow of the earth.
[b] Hom. *Il.* xi. 53, xvi. 459.

Δηριάδης ὑπέροπλος, ἐποτρύνων δὲ μαχητὰς
μῦθον ἀπειλητῆρος ἀνήρυγεν ἀνθερεῶνος·
"Δμῶες ἐμοί, μάρνασθε, πεποιθότες ἠθάδι Νίκῃ,
καὶ θρασὺν ὃν καλέουσι κερασφόρον υἷα Θυώνης
λάτριν ἰσοκραίροιο τελέσσατε Δηριαδῆος.
κτείνατέ μοι καὶ Πᾶνας ἀλοιητῆρι σιδήρῳ·
εἰ δὲ θεοὶ γεγάασι, καὶ οὐ θέμις ἐστὶ δαΐξαι
Πανὸς ἀνουτήτοιο δέμας τμητῆρι σιδήρῳ,
Πᾶνας ὀρεσσινόμους ληίσσομαι, ἔνδοθι λόχμης
ἔθνεα βουκολέοντας ἐρημονόμων ἐλεφάντων.
πολλοὶ θῆρες ἔασι καὶ ἐνθάδε, τοῖσι συνάψω
Φῆρας ὁμοῦ καὶ Πᾶνας ὀρεσσινόμου Διονύσου·
κούρῃ δ' ἡμετέρῃ θαλαμηπόλον ἑσμὸν ὀπάσσω,
δαινυμένου Μορρῆος ὑποδρηστῆρα τραπέζης.
καί τις ἀνὴρ Φρυγίηθεν ὁμόστολος οἴνοπι Βάκχῳ
Ἰνδῴου ποταμοῖο δέμας λούσειε ῥεέθροις,
ἀντὶ δὲ Σαγγαρίου καλέσει πατρῷον Ὑδάσπην·
ἄλλος ἀνὴρ Ἀλύβηθεν ὁμαρτήσας Διονύσῳ
ἐνθάδε θητεύσειε, καὶ ἀργυρέου ποταμοῖο
χεύματα καλλείψας πιέτω χρυσαυγέα Γάγγην.
χάζεό μοι, Διόνυσε, φυγὼν δόρυ Δηριαδῆος·
ἔστι καὶ ἐνθάδε πόντος ἀπείριτος· ἀλλὰ θαλάσσης
Ἀρραβίης μετὰ κῦμα καὶ ἡμετέρη σε δεχέσθω·
εὐρύτερος βυθὸς οὗτος ἐρεύγεται ἄγριον[1] ὕδωρ,
καὶ Σατύρους καὶ Βάκχον ἐπάρκιός ἐστι καλύψαι
καὶ στίχα Βασσαρίδων· οὐ μείλιχος ἐνθάδε Νηρεύς,
οὐ Θέτις Ἰνδῴη σε δεδέξεται, οὐδέ σε κόλπῳ
ξεινοδόκον μετὰ κῦμα πάλιν φεύγοντα σαώσει,
αἰδομένη βαρύδουπον ἐμὸν πατρῷον Ὑδάσπην.

[1] So mss.: ἀγκύλον Ludwich.

Deriades the presumptuous made them arm for battle, and encouraged his soldiers as he uttered this menacing speech :

22 " Fight, my servants, and look for our wonted victory ! The bold hornbearing son of Thyone, as they call him, you must make the lackey of Deriades, who also bears horns on his head ! Kill me those Pans also with devastating steel. Or if they are gods, and it is not permitted to pierce the body of unwounded Pan with cutting steel, then I make prey of the mountainranging Pans, and they shall tend herds of elephants in the wilderness. There are plenty of wild beasts here also, with which I will join the wildbeast Centaurs and Pans of hillranging Dionysos ; or I will make them a swarm of attendants for my daughter, and waiters upon the festal table of Morrheus.

34 " Many a Phrygian soldier in the train of wineface Bacchos will bathe his body in the streams of the Indian river, and call Hydaspes home instead of Sangarios ; many a soldier who has come from Alybe with Dionysos shall here be a serf—let him forget the water of his silvern [a] river and drink of the goldgleaming Ganges.

40 " Give place to me, Dionysos ! flee from the spear of Deriades ! We have a vast sea here also ; then let ours also receive you, after the Arabian waves ! Ours is a wider deep which spouts its wild waters, enough to swallow Satyrs and Bacchants and ranks of Bassarids. Here no friendly Nereus, no Indian Thetis will receive you and save you, like those hospitable waves, when you flee a second time ; for our Thetis dreads the deep rumbling Hydaspes of my

[a] *Cf.* xi. 311.

ἀλλ' ἐρέεις· 'Κρονίωνος Ὀλύμπιον αἷμα κομίζω.'
Αἰθέρα Γαῖα λόχευσε χορῷ κεχαραγμένον ἄστρων·
Οὐρανόθεν γένος ἔσχες· ἐμὴ δέ σε Γαῖα καλύψει·
καὶ Κρόνον ὠμηστῆρα νέων θοινήτορα παίδων
Οὐρανόθεν γεγαῶτα κατέκρυφε κόλπος ἀρούρης.
εἰμὶ δοριθρασέος στρατιῆς πρόμος· εἰμὶ Λυκούργου
φέρτερος, ὅς σε δίωκε καὶ ἀπτολέμους σέο Βάκχας·
σὸν γένος οὐ κλονέει με Διιπετές· αἰνομόρου γὰρ
σῆς Σεμέλης ἤκουσα πυριβλήτους ὑμεναίους·
μὴ στεροπὴν ἀγόρευε Διὸς νυμφοστόλον εὐνῆς,
μὴ κεφαλὴν Κρονίωνος ἢ ἄρσενα μηρὸν ἐνίψῃς·
οὐ Διὸς ὠδίνοντος ἐμὲ κλονέουσι λοχεῖαι·
πολλάκις ὠδίνουσαν ἐμὴν ἐνόησα γυναῖκα.
σὺν σοὶ δ', ἢν ἐθέλῃ, γενέτης τεὸς αὐτοτόκος Ζεὺς
ἄρσενι θωρήξειεν ἀρηγόνα θῆλυν Ἀθήνην,
Νίκην ἣν καλέουσιν, ἵνα πρηῶνας ἀράξας
Παλλάδος αἱμάξω κεφαλὴν ταμεσίχροϊ πέτρῳ
ἢ δορὶ τολμήεντι, καὶ εὐκεράων ἀπὸ τόξων
μηρὸν ἀπειλητῆρος ὀιστεύσω Διονύσου,
βουκεράων Σατύρων ἡγήτορος, οὐταμένου δὲ
καὶ Διὶ καὶ Βρομίῳ καὶ Παλλάδι μῶμον ἀνάψω·
εἰ δὲ σὺν ἀμφοτέροισι κορύσσεται ἀμφιγυήεις,
δεύομαι Ἡφαίστου τεχνήμονος, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτῷ
τεύχεα χαλκεύσειε πολύτροπα Δηριαδῆι.
οὐ τρομέω ποτὲ θῆλυν ἐγὼ πρόμον· εἰ δὲ τινάσσει
ἀστεροπὴν γενετῆρος, ἔχω πατρώιον ὕδωρ.
καὶ θρασύν, ὃν καλέουσιν ὁμόγνιον αἷμα Λυαίου,
Αἰακὸν οὐρανίοιο Διὸς βλάστημα τοκῆος
Ζηνὶ καταχθονίῳ δεδαϊγμένον Ἄιδι πέμψω·

---

[a] Nice is sometimes a title of Athena, sometimes the name of an attendant on her.
[b] Hephaistos.

home. But you will say: 'I have in me Cronion's Olympian blood.' But Earth produced the sky dotted with its troop of stars: you have your birth from heaven, but my Earth shall cover you up. Cronos himself, who banqueted on his own young children in cannibal wise, was covered up in Earth's bosom, son of Heaven though he was. I am chief of a spearbold army; I am stronger than Lycurgos, who drove you away and your unwarlike Bacchant women. Your divine birth does not trouble me, for I have heard of the firestruck nuptials of your ill-fated Semele. Speak not of the lightning which attended upon the bed of Zeus, boast not of Cronion's head or his manly thigh. The childbed of Zeus in labour does not trouble me; I have often seen my own wife in labour. Let your father help you, if he likes, your father Zeus self-delivered, by arming female Athena, whom they call [a] Victory, to help you the male: only that I may break off cliffs, and make the head of Pallas bloody with a cutflesh rock or a daring spear, and hit with an arrow from my bow of horn the thigh of threatening Dionysos, while he leads his horned Satyrs; and when he is wounded may fasten disgrace upon Zeus and Bromios and Pallas! And if the Hobbler [b] shall arm to support them both, Hephaistos the artist is the one I want, to make all sorts of armour in his smithy for Deriades also.[c] I fear not the female chieftain: if she brandishes her father's lightning, I have my father's water.

75 "Bold Aiacos also, who is of kindred blood with Lyaios as they say, offspring of heavenly Zeus, I will smash and send to Hades, the Zeus of the under-

[c] As well as Achilles, *Il.* xviii.

οὐδέ μιν ἁρπάξειε δι' ἠέρος ἱπτάμενος Ζεύς.
καὶ πολέας Κρονίδαο δεδουπότας υἷας ἀκούω·
Δάρδανος ἐκ Διὸς ἔσκε καὶ ὤλετο, καὶ θάνε Μίνως,
οὐδέ μιν ἐρρύσαντο Διὸς ταυρώπιδες εὐναί·
εἰ δὲ θεμιστεύει καὶ ἐν Ἄϊδι, τίς φθόνος Ἰνδοῖς,
Αἰακὸς εἰ φθιμένοισι δικάζεται; ἢν δ' ἐθελήσῃ,
κοιρανίην νεκύων ἐχέτω καὶ σκῆπτρα βερέθρου.
καὶ δολιχοῖς μελέεσσιν ἐπιψαύοντας Ὀλύμπου
Γηγενέας Κύκλωπας ὀλέσσατε μὴ δορὸς αἰχμὴν
γαστρὶ μέσῃ πήξαντες ἢ αὐχένι, χαλκοβαρὲς δὲ
ὀφθαλμῷ τροχόεντι βέλος τετορημένον ἔστω.
μὴ χθονίους Κύκλωπας ὀλέσσατε· καὶ γὰρ ἐκείνων
δεύομαι· Ἰνδῴῳ δὲ παρήμενος ἐσχαρεῶνι
Βρόντης μὲν βαρύδουπον ἐμοὶ σάλπιγγα τελέσσῃ
βρονταίοις πατάγοισιν ἰσόκτυπον, ὄφρά κεν εἴην
Ζεὺς χθόνιος, Στερόπης δὲ νέην ἀντίρροπον αἴγλην
ἀστεροπῆς τεύξειε καὶ ἐνθάδε· καί μιν ἐλέγξω
μαρνάμενος Σατύροισιν, ἵνα φρένα μᾶλλον ἀμύξῃ
Δηριάδην κτυπέοντα καὶ ἀστράπτοντα δοκεύων
ζηλήμων Κρονίδης, πεφοβημένος ὄρχαμον Ἰνδῶν
ὑψιγόνου φλογόεντος ἀκοντιστῆρα κεραυνοῦ.
τίς φθόνος, εἰ πρηστῆρι μαχήμονα χεῖρα κορύσσω;
μητρὸς ἐμῆς γενέτης, φλογερῶν ἐπιήρανος ἄστρων,
αὐτὸς ὅλος Φαέθων πυρόεις πρόμος· εἰ δὲ τοκῆος
αἷμα φέρω ποταμοῖο, καὶ ὑδατόεντι βελέμνῳ
μαρνάμενος μόθον ὑγρὸν ἀναστήσω Διονύσῳ,
Βάκχων ἐχθρὰ κάρηνα ῥοαῖς ποταμοῖο καλύπτων.
καὶ βυθίων τμήξαντες ἀλοιητῆρι σιδήρῳ

[a] Son of Zeus and Electra the Pleiad, ancestor of the Trojan kings.

world; Zeus will not fly through the air and carry him off. Indeed I hear that many sons of Zeus have been struck down in the past. Dardanos [a] was sprung from Zeus, and he perished; Minos died, and the bullfaced marriage of Zeus did not save him —if he is a judge still in Hades, what do Indians care if Aiacos does become a judge among the dead? [b] If he likes, let him be king of the corpses and monarch of the pit! Do not kill the Earthborn Cyclopeans who touch Olympos with their long limbs, do not transfix them with a spearpoint in belly or neck, let the heavy stroke of bronze pierce their one round eye.—No, kill not the Cyclopeans of the earth, for I want them too: they shall sit in an Indian smithy! Brontes shall make me a heavyrumbling trumpet to mock the thunder's roar, that I may be an earthly Zeus; Steropes shall make here on earth a new rival lightning: I will try it in fighting against Satyrs,[c] that Cronides may be jealous, and tear his heart yet more to see Deriades thundering and lightening—he shall fear the Indian chieftain hurling a newmade fiery thunderbolt!

99 "Who can begrudge it, if I provide my warrior hand with the fiery whirlwind? My mother's father, governor of the flaming stars, Phaëthon, is himself a potentate all of fire; and if on my father's side I have the blood of a river, I will fight even with watery missiles and make watery war upon Dionysos, drowning the heads of my enemy Bacchants in river floods. Go and cut down the Telchines of the deep

[b] Minos, son of Zeus and Europa, has this position from Homer (*Od.* xi. 568 ff.) on; Aiacos, in the Attic tradition.

[c] Nonsense; there would be none left to fight. Either Nonnos is more than usually puzzle-headed or his text is corrupt.

σώματα Τελχίνων τυμβεύσατε γείτονι πόντῳ,
πατρὶ Ποσειδάωνι μεμηλότα, δαιδαλέου δὲ
δίφρου γλαυκὰ λέπαδνα καὶ ὑγροπόρων γένος ἵππων
νίκης πότνια δῶρα κομίσσατε Δηριαδῆι.
καὶ ναέτην βαρύδεσμον ἀπειρώδινος Ἀθήνης
Ἡφαίστου πυρόεντος ἀπόσπορον αἴθοπι πυρσῷ
φλέξατε, τὸν καλέουσιν Ἐρεχθέα· καὶ γὰρ ἐκείνου
αἷμα φέρει περίπυστον Ἐρεχθέος, ὅν ποτε μαζῷ
παρθενικῇ φυγόδεμνος ἀνέτρεφε Παλλὰς ἀμήτωρ,
λάθριον ἀγρύπνῳ πεφυλαγμένον αἴθοπι λύχνῳ·
μιμνέτω Ἰνδῴῃ κεκαλυμμένος αἴθοπι κίστῃ,
καὶ κενεῷ ζοφόεντος ἐν ἕρκεϊ παρθενεῶνος.
καὶ τροχαλοὺς δρηστῆρας ἐυσκάρθμοιο βοείης,
ἴδμονας εὐπήληκος Ἐνυαλίοιο χορείης,
ἄξατέ μοι Κορύβαντας ἀτευχέας· ὀλλυμένοις δὲ
διχθαδίοις τεκέεσσιν ἐπικλαύσειε Καβειρώ,
Λημνιὰς ἀκρήδεμνος· ἀπορρίψας δὲ πυράγρην
αἰθαλόεις Ἥφαιστος ἑῆς ὀλετῆρα γενέθλης
ἥμενον ἀθρήσειεν ὑπὲρ δίφροιο Καβείρων
ἵππων χαλκοπόδων ἐπιβήτορα Δηριαδῆα.
κτείνω μὲν Διὸς υἷας· Ἀρισταῖον δὲ δαμάσσαι
οὐ φθονέω Μορρῆι, λαγωβόλον υἱέα Φοίβου,
οὐτιδανῆς ἐλατῆρα φιλοπτολέμοιο μελίσσης.
ὑμεῖς μὲν δρεπάνοισι καὶ ἀμφιπλῆγι μαχαίρῃ
κτείνετε Βασσαρίδων ἁπαλὰς στίχας, ὑψικέρων δὲ
παῖδα Διὸς κερόεις ποταμήιος υἱὸς ὀλέσσει,
μή τις ὑποπτήσσειεν ἰδὼν ἐλατῆρα λεαίνης
ἢ πρόμον ἀγροτέρης ἐπιβήμενον ἰξύος ἄρκτου,

with devastating steel, bury their bodies in the neighbouring sea and let Poseidon their father look after them, and bring to Deriades, as trophies of victory from the sea, the blue harness of their finewrought car and all their seafaring horses! Burn with your blazing torch the burgher heavychained of the city of maiden Athena, the offspring of fiery Hephaistos whom they call Erechtheus; for he too has the blood of that illustrious Erechtheus,[a] whom unmothered Pallas once nursed at her breast, she the virgin enemy of wedlock, secretly guarding him by the wakeful light of a lamp: let him remain hidden in a shining Indian box, and enclosed in an empty cell of her darksome maiden chamber.[b]

120 "Disarm me the Corybants also and lead them captive; let Lemnian Cabeiro [c] unveiled lament the death of her two sons; let sooty Hephaistos throw down his tongs, and see the destroyer of his race sitting in the car of the Cabeiroi, see Deriades driving the bronzefoot horses!

126 "I will slay the sons of Zeus! I do not grudge Morrheus to conquer Aristaios, that son of Phoibos who hunts the hare and scatters the poor pugnacious bees.[d] Go you and slay the battalions of soft Bassarids with your sickles and twoedged swords; but the highhorned son of Zeus shall fall to the horned son of a river. Let no one shrink when he sees him riding a lioness, or mounted like a champion on the loins of a wild bear, let none shrink from the grim

[a] He means Erichthonios, *cf.* xiii. 172 ff.

[b] *i.e.* she hid him in a box when he was a baby; now she may have (the ashes of) his descendant sent to her in another.

[c] Mother (in late mythology) of the Cabeiroi.

[d] *Cf.* Virg. *Georg.* iv. 86-87.

μὴ θηρῶν ζυγίων βλοσυρὸν στόμα· τίς γὰρ ἀλύξει
πόρδαλιν ἠὲ λέοντα κορυσσομένων ἐλεφάντων;"
Ὣς φαμένου βασιλῆος ἐπὶ κλόνον ἤιον Ἰνδοί,
οἱ μὲν ὑπὲρ νώτοιο σιδηροφόρων ἐλεφάντων,
οἱ δὲ συνεστρατόωντο θυελλοπόδων ὑπὲρ ἵππων.
καὶ πέλας ἦν πρυλέων στρατὸς ἄπλετος, οἱ μὲν ἀκωκάς,
οἱ δὲ σάκος φορέοντες, ὁ δὲ κληῖδα φαρέτρης·
ἄλλος ἀνηέρταζεν ἀνὴρ χαλκήλατον ἅρπην
ἀμητὴρ πολέμοιο, καὶ ἔστιχεν ἄλλος ἀείρων
ἀσπίδα καὶ θοὰ τόξα καὶ ἠνεμόεντας ὀιστούς.
Καὶ μόθον ἐστήσαντο παρὰ στόμα γείτονος Ἰνδοῦ,
εἰς πεδίον προθέοντες. ἀπ' εὐδένδροιο δὲ λόχμης
ἀσπίσι καὶ ξιφέεσσι καὶ ἀρραγέεσσι πετήλοις
θυρσοφόρος Διόνυσος ἑοὺς ἐκόρυσσε μαχητάς.
καὶ πισύρων ἀνέμων φλογερῆς ἀντώπιον Ἠοῦς
τέτραχα τεμνομένην στρατιὴν ἐστήσατο Βάκχων·
πρώτην μὲν βαθύδενδρα παρὰ σφυρὰ κυκλάδος Ἄρκτου,
ἧχι πολυσπερέων ποταμῶν πεφορημένον ὁλκῷ
Καυκασίου σκοπέλοιο Διπετὲς ἔρχεται ὕδωρ, 152
τὴν αὐτὴν παρὰ πέζαν, ὅπῃ περιμήκεϊ πορθμῷ 157
χεῦμα παλινδίνητον ἄγει βαρύδουπος Ὑδάσπης· 158
τὴν ἑτέρην δὲ φάλαγγα συνήρμοσεν, ὁππόθι γαίης 153
μεσσατίης στεφανηδὸν ἐς ἑσπέριον κλίμα νεύων 154
δίστομος οὐρεσίφοιτος ἑὸν ῥόον Ἰνδὸς ἑλίσσει, 155
χεύμασιν ἀμφίζωστον ἐπιστέψας Παταλήνην· 156
καὶ τριτάτην κόσμησεν, ὅπῃ νοτίῳ παρὰ κόλπῳ 161
κύματι πορφύροντι μεσημβριὰς ἕλκεται ἅλμη· 159
καὶ στρατιὴν εὔχαλκον ἄναξ ἔστησε τετάρτην 160
ἀντολίης ὑπὸ πέζαν, ὅθεν δονακῆα διαίνων 162
στέλλεται εὐόδμοισι κατάρρυτος ὕδασι Γάγγης.

jaws of wild beasts under the yoke: for who will run before leopard or lion with armed elephants on his side?"

136 After this oration of their king, the Indians went to battle, some on the backs of steelclad elephants, some upon stormfoot horses beside them. Close behind came an infinite host of footmen, armed with pikes or shields or capped quiver: one man carried a sickle of beaten bronze like a harvester of war, another marched lifting a buckler and quick bow and windswift arrows.

144 So they rushed forth into the plain, and opened the fray near the mouth of the Indus. But from the trees of the forest Dionysos, thyrsus in hand, armed his warriors with shields and swords and invincible leafage. He divided his army of Bacchants into four parts, and posted them facing the dawn in the direction of the four winds. The first was among the thick trees by the feet of the circling Bear, where the skyfallen water of many scattered rivers comes pouring down from the Caucasos[a] mountains, in that very place where heavyrumbling Hydaspes brings his flood eddying in his endless course. The second battalion he placed where twimouth Indus bends his flood, curving through the mountains towards the western district of the land between,[b] and surrounds Patalene with his waters. The third he drew up where in the southern gulf the southern sea[c] rolls with ruddy waves. The fourth mailed army the king posted towards the land of sunrise, whence Ganges moves watering the reed-

[a] Hindu Kush.
[b] Between the two arms of the delta.
[c] The Erythraian Sea (Indian Ocean).

κεκριμένης δὲ φάλαγγος ἐυκνήμιδος ἑκάστης
τέσσαρας εὐπήληκας ἐκόσμεεν ἡγεμονῆας,
καὶ στρατὸν ὀτρύνων λαοσσόον ἴαχε φωνήν·
"Βασσαρίδες, καὶ δεῦρο χορεύσατε, δυσμενέων δὲ
κτείνατε βάρβαρα φῦλα, καὶ ἔγχεσι μίξατε θύρσους,
μίξατε καὶ ξιφέεσσι· καὶ ἠθάδος ἀντὶ τραπέζης
σάλπιγξ ἐγρεκύδοιμος ἐμοῖς Σατύροισι γενέσθω
πηκτὶς ἐμή· χλοερὴ δὲ καταιχμάζουσα σιδήρου
δούρατα νικήσειεν ἀκαχμένα φυλλὰς ὀπώρη·
ἀντὶ δὲ νυκτελίοιο χοροστασίης Διονύσου
αὐλὸς ἐμὸς φθέγξαιτο μετάτροπον ὕμνον Ἐνυοῦς,
τερψινόου Βρομίοιο λιπὼν ἐπιδόρπιον Ἠχώ.
εἰ μὲν ἐμοὶ γόνυ δοῦλον ὑποκλίνειεν Ὑδάσπης
μηδὲ πάλιν Βάκχοισι παλίγκοτον οἶδμα κορύσσῃ,
ἔσσομαι εὐάντητος, ὅλον δέ οἱ ἀγλαὸν ὕδωρ
χεύμασι ληναίοισιν ἐς Εὔιον οἶνον ἀμείψω,
τεύχων λαρὰ ῥέεθρα, καὶ ἀγριάδος λόφον ὕλης
μιτρώσω πετάλοισι καὶ ἀμπελόεντα τελέσσω·
εἰ δὲ πάλιν προχοῇσιν ἀλεξικάκοισιν ἀρήξει
Ἰνδοῖς κτεινομένοισι καὶ υἱέι Δηριαδῆι,
ἀνδροφυὴς κερόεσσαν ἔχων ποταμηίδα μορφήν,
χεῦμα γεφυρώσαντες ὑπερφιάλου ποταμοῖο
ἴχνεσιν ἀβρέκτοισιν ὁδεύσατε δίψιον ὕδωρ,
καὶ γυμνῇ ψαμάθῳ πατέων αὐχμηρὸν Ὑδάσπην
πεζὸς ὄνυξ εὔιππος ἐπιξύσειε κονίην.
εἰ δὲ πολυπτοίητος Ἀρειμανέων πρόμος Ἰνδῶν
αἰθερίου Φαέθοντος ἀπόσπορός ἐστι γενέθλης,
καὶ Φαέθων πυρόεσσαν ἐμοὶ στήσειεν Ἐνυώ,
θυγατέρος κερόεσσαν ἑῆς ὠδῖνα γεραίρων,
γνωτὸν ἐμοῦ Κρονίδαο πάλιν Φαεθοντίδι χάρμῃ
πόντιον ὑδατόεντα πυρὸς σβεστῆρα κορύσσω·

beds with his fragrant waves. The host thus divided and under arms, he appointed four helmeted leaders, and addressed a rousing oration to them all :

167 " Dance here also, you Bassarids ! Slay the barbarian tribes of your enemies, match thyrsus against spear, against sword also; let my harp become a trumpet which stirs war for the Satyrs, instead of its familiar banqueting-table. May the green leafy vintage strike down the steel, may it conquer the sharpened spear! Instead of the nightly dancings of Dionysos, let my pipes take another tune and sing the battle-hymn—let them leave the supper-tune of mindcharming Bromios.

176 " If Hydaspes would bend a submissive knee to me, and never again arm his rebellious flood against the Bacchoi, I will treat him kindly ; I will change all his glorious water into Euian wine with streams from the winepress, making his waters strong, I will crown the peaks of his wild forest with my leaves and make it all vine : but if ever again he shall help with his protecting flood the falling Indians and his son Deriades, taking the horned river-shape in a man's body, then make a dam over the presumptuous river, and cross the thirsty water as on a highroad with unwetted feet, and let the hoof of fine horses tread on a dry Hydaspes with bare sand and scrape the dust there.

189 " If the terrified chief of warmad Indians is sprung from Phaëthon's heavenly race, and if Phaëthon should set up fiery war against me to honour his daughter's horned offspring, I will arm once more my Cronion's brother [a] against Phaëthon's attack, a quencher for his fire from the watery sea. I

[a] Poseidon.

Θρινακίην δ' ἐπὶ νῆσον ἐλεύσομαι, ὁππόθι ποῖμναι
καὶ βόες αἰθερίοιο πυραυγέος Ἡνιοχῆος,
Ἠελίου δὲ θύγατρα, δορικτήτην ἅτε κούρην,
Λαμπετίην ἀέκουσαν ὑπὸ ζυγὰ δούλια σύρω,
ὄφρα γόνυ κλίνειε· καὶ εἰς ὄρος Ἀστρὶς ἀλάσθω,
μυρομένη βαρύδεσμον ὀπάονα Δηριαδῆα·
ἐλθέτω, ἢν ἐθέλῃ, μετανάστιος εἰς χθόνα Κελτῶν,
ὄφρα φυτὸν γεγαυῖα σὺν Ἡλιάδεσσι καὶ αὐτὴ
πυκνὰ φιλοθρήνοισιν ἐπικλαύσειε ῥεέθροις.
σπεύσατέ μοι καὶ κύκλα μελαρρίνοιο προσώπου
Ἰνδῶν ληιδίων λευκαίνετε μύστιδι γύψῳ,
καὶ θρασὺν ἀμπελόεντι περιπλεχθέντα κορύμβῳ . . .
νεβρίδα χαλκοχίτωνι καθάψατε Δηριαδῆι·
καὶ Βρομίῳ γόνυ δοῦλον ὑποκλίνων μετὰ νίκην .
Ἰνδὸς ἄναξ ῥίψειεν ἑὸν θώρηκα θυέλλαις,
κρείσσονι λαχνήεντι δέμας θώρηκι καλύπτων,
καὶ πόδα πορφυρέοισι περισφίγξειε κοθόρνοις
ἀργυρέας ἀνέμοισιν ἐὰς κνημῖδας ἐάσας,
καὶ μετὰ φοίνια τόξα καὶ ἠθάδος ἔργα κυδοιμοῦ
ὄργια νυκτιχόρευτα διδασκέσθω Διονύσου,
βάρβαρα δινεύων ἐπιλήνια βόστρυχα χαίτης.
δυσμενέων δὲ κάρηνα κομίσσατε σύμβολα νίκης
Τμῶλον ἐς ἠνεμόεντα, πεπαρμένα μάρτυρι θύρσῳ.
πολλὰς δ' ἐκ πολέμοιο μεταστήσω στίχας Ἰνδῶν
ζωγρήσας μετ' Ἄρηα, παρὰ προπύλαια δὲ Λυδῶν
πήξω μαινομένοιο κεράατα Δηριαδῆος."
Ὣς φάμενος θάρσυνεν· ἐπερρώοντο δὲ Βάκχαι,
Σειληνοὶ δ' ἀλάλαζον Ἀρηιφίλης μέλος Ἠχοῦς
καὶ Σάτυροι κελάδησαν ὁμοφθόγγων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν·
καὶ τυπάνου κελάδοντος ὁμόθροος ἔβρεμεν ἠχὼ

[a] *Cf.* Hom. *Od.* xii. 127 ff. [b] *Cf.* xxxviii. 432.
[c] A process of purification in some mystery-cults.

will go to the island of Thrinacia,[a] where are the sheep and oxen of the fireflashing heavenly Charioteer, and drag the sun's daughter Lampetië under the yoke of slavery, to bow the knee like a girl captured by the spear. Then let Astris wander away to the mountains, to bewail her son Deriades a slave in heavy chains: let her go, if she likes, to settle in the Celtic land, that she also may turn into a tree with the Heliads and weep often in floods of sorrowful tears.[b]

204 "Make haste, I pray, and whiten the round blackskin faces of the captive Indians with the initiate's chalk[c]; and bring me the bold king[d] swathed in clusters of vine; throw a fawnskin about Deriades in his coat of mail. Let the Indian king bend a slave's knee to Bromios after my victory, and throw his corselet to the winds, covering his body in a better corselet of fur. Let him press his foot into purple buskins, and leave his silver greaves to the breezes. After his deadly arrows and the deeds of battle which he knows, let him learn the nightdancing rites of Dionysos, and shake his curls of barbarian hair over the winepress. Bring enemy heads as trophies of victory to breezy Tmolos, pierced with the witnessing thyrsus. Many long lines of Indians I will bring away from the war alive after fighting is done, and I will fix on a Lydian gatehouse the horns of mad Deriades."

221 With this speech he gave them courage. The Bacchant women made haste, the Seilenoi shouted the tune of the battle-hymn, the Satyrs opened their throats and shouted in accord; the sound of the beating drum rang out, beating time with its terri-

[d] Something has fallen out.

φρικαλέον μύκημα, φιλοκροτάλων δὲ γυναικῶν
χερσὶν ἀμοιβαίῃσιν ἀράσσετο δίκτυπος ἠχώ·
καὶ νομίη Φρύγα ῥυθμὸν ἀγέστρατος ἴαχε σῦριγξ.
Καὶ στρατιῆς προκέλευθος ἐπιβρίθουσα κυδοιμῷ
Μυγδονίη μάρμαιρε δι' ἠέρος ἀλλομένη φλόξ,
Βακχείην πυρόεσσαν ἀπαγγέλλουσα λοχείην·
Σειληνοῦ δὲ γέροντος ἀπ' εὐκεράοιο μετώπου
μαρμαρυγὴ σελάγιζεν· ὀρεσσαύλοιο δὲ Βάκχης
δέσμιος ἀπλέκτοισι δράκων ἐσφίγγετο χαίταις·
καὶ Σάτυροι πολέμιζον· ἐλευκαίνοντο δὲ γύψῳ
μυστιπόλῳ, καὶ φρικτὸν ἐπῃώρητο παρειαῖς
ψευδομένου νόθον εἶδος ἀφωνήτοιο προσώπου.
καί τις ἐπ' ἀντιβίοισι μεμηνότα τίγριν ἱμάσσων
δίφρα διεπτοίησεν ὁμοζυγέων ἐλεφάντων·
καὶ πολιὸς κεκόρυστο Μάρων ἑλικώδεϊ θαλλῷ,
ἡμερίδων ὅρπηκι διασχίζων δέμας Ἰνδῶν
μαρναμένων.—καὶ πάντες, ὅσοι ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου,
Ζηνὶ παρεδριόωντες ἔσω θεοδέγμονος αὐλῆς
πασσυδὸν ἠγορόωντο πολυχρύσων ἐπὶ θώκων.
τοῖσι δὲ δαινυμένοισιν ἀπὸ κρητῆρος ἀφύσσων
εὐχαίτης γλυκὺ νέκταρ ἐῳνοχόει Γανυμήδης.
οὐ τότε γὰρ Τρώεσσιν Ἀχαιικὸς ἔβρεμεν Ἄρης,
ὡς πάρος ὄφρα κύπελλα πάλιν μακάρεσσι κεράσσῃ
Ἥβη καλλιέθειρα, καὶ ἀθανάτων ἑκὰς εἴη
Τρώιος οἰνοχόος, μὴ πατρίδος οἶτον ἀκούσῃ.
τοῖσι συναγρομένοις ἀγορήσατο μητίετα Ζεύς,
ἔννεπε δ' Ἀπόλλωνι καὶ Ἡφαίστῳ καὶ Ἀθήνῃ·
" Ἄξονος ὀμφαίοιο θεηγόρε κοίρανε Πυθοῦς,
τοξοσύνης σκηπτοῦχε, σελασφόρε, σύγγονε Βάκχου,
μνώεο Παρνησσοῖο καὶ ὑμετέρου Διονύσου·
Ἄμπελος οὔ σε λέληθεν ἐφήμερος· οἶσθα καὶ αὐτὴν
ἀμφοτέρων σκοπέλων διδυμάονα μύστιδα πεύκην·

fying boom, the rattling women clanged their double strokes with alternate hands ; the shepherd's syrinx piped out its Phrygian notes to summon the host.

231 In front of the army, pushing to the fray, the Mygdonian torch shone leaping through the air, proclaiming the fiery birth of Bacchos. The horned brow of old Seilenos sparkled with light ; snakes were twined in the unplaited hair of the hillranging Bacchant women. The Satyrs also fought ; they were whitened with mystic chalk,[a] and on their cheeks hung the terrifying false mask of a sham voiceless face. One lashing a maddened tiger against his foes scattered the cars of linked elephants. Hoary Maron was armed with a clustering shoot, and pierced the bodies of fighting Indians with a branch of garden-vine.

241 All the inhabitants of Olympos were sitting with Zeus in his godwelcoming hall, gathered in full company on golden thrones. As they feasted, fair-hair Ganymedes drew delicious nectar from the mixing-bowl and carried it round. For then there was no noise of Achaian war for the Trojans as once there was, that Hebe with her lovely hair might again mix the cups, and the Trojan cupbearer might be kept apart from the immortals, so as not to hear the fate of his country. Now Zeus Allwise addressed the assembly, and spoke to Apollo and Hephaistos and Athena :

252 " Prophetic sovereign of the prophetic axle of Pytho, Prince of Archery, lightbringer, brother of Bacchos, remember Parnassos and your Dionysos ! You did not fail to see Ampelos who lived but a day ; you know also the double mystic torch of the double

[a] *Cf.* 205.

ἀλλὰ κασιγνήτοιο τεοῦ προμάχιζε Λυαίου,
Βασσαρίδων ἐπίκουρος Ὀλύμπια τόξα τιταίνων·
Παρνησσοῦ δὲ γέραιρε τεὴν ξυνήονα πέτρην,
ὁππόθι κωμάζουσα χοροίτυπος ἴαχε Βάκχη,
σοὶ μέλος ἐντύνουσα καὶ ἀγρύπνῳ Διονύσῳ,
Δελφικὸν ἀμφοτέροισιν ὁμόζυγον ἀψαμένη πῦρ.
μνώεο σῆς, κλυτότοξε, λεοντοφόνοιο Κυρήνης·
δὸς χάριν ἀμφοτέροισι, καὶ Ἀγρέϊ καὶ Διονύσῳ·
ὡς Νόμιος Σατύρων νομίων προμάχιζε γενέθλης.
Ἥρης ζῆλον ἄλαλκε βαρύφρονα, μή ποτε Φοίβου
μητρυιὴ γελάσειε Διωνύσοιο φυγόντος,
ἤ τις ἐμῶν μεθέπουσα χόλον καὶ ζῆλον ἐρώτων
αἰὲν ἐμοῖς τεκέεσσι κορύσσεται· οὔ σε διδάξω
μητέρος ὑμετέρης λόχιον πόνον, ἡνίκα παίδων
δίζυγα φόρτον ἔχουσα πολύπλανος ἤιε Λητώ,
κέντροις παιδογόνοισιν ἱμασσομένη τοκετοῖο,
ὁππότε Πηνειοῖο φυγὰς ῥόος, ὁππότε Δίρκη
μητέρα σὴν ἀπέειπεν, ὅτε δρόμον εἶχε καὶ αὐτὸς
Ἀσωπὸς βαρύγουνος ὀπίστερον ἴχνος ἑλίσσων,
εἰσόκε Δῆλος ἄμυνε μογοστόκος, εἰσόκε Λητὼ
οὐτιδανοῖς πετάλοισι γέρων μαιώσατο φοῖνιξ.
καὶ σύ, Διὸς πατέρος καὶ μητέρος ἄτρομε κούρη,
γνωτῷ, Παλλάς, ἄμυνε τεῆς κοσμήτορι πάτρης·
ῥύεο σοὺς ναετῆρας ἐφεσπομένους Διονύσῳ,
μηδὲ τεοῦ Μαραθῶνος ὀλωλότα τέκνα νοήσῃς·
Ἀκταίης δὲ γέραιρε φερέπτολιν ὄζον ἐλαίης·
Ἰκαρίῳ δὲ γέροντι χαρίζεο· καὶ γὰρ ἐκείνῳ
δώσει ποικιλόβοτρυς ἑὴν Διόνυσος ὀπώρην·
μνώεο Τριπτολέμοιο καὶ εὐαρότου Κελεοῖο,

peaks.[a] Come now, fight for Lyaios your brother! Bend your Olympian bow to help the Bassarids. Glorify the cliff of your Parnassos common to both, where the Bacchant woman holding revel has raised her voice in song to you and sleepless Dionysos, and kindled one common Delphian flame for both. Remember your lionslaying Cyrene,[b] illustrious Archer! Be gracious to Agreus and Dionysos both: as the Herdsman, fight for the generation of Satyr herdsmen. Repel the heavyhearted jealousy of Hera, that the stepmother of Apollo may not laugh to see Dionysos run! She always cherishes jealousy and resentment for my loves, and attacks my children. I will not remind you of your mother's tribulation in childbirth,[c] when Leto carried her twin burden and had to wander over the world, tormented with the pangs of childbirth; when the stream of Peneios fled from her, when Dirce refused your mother, when Asopos himself made off dragging his lame leg behind him—until Delos gave help to her labour, until the old palmtree played the midwife for Leto with her poor little leaves.

278 "And you, Pallas, fearless daughter, for whom Zeus was father and mother both, help your brother, the ornament of your country! Save your people who are following Dionysos, do not look on while the sons of your Marathon perish! Glorify the growth of your Athenian olive, which gave you a city. Grant this grace to old Icarios,[d] for one day Dionysos will give his rich bunches of fruit to him also. Remember Triptolemos and the good plowman Celeos, and do not

[a] The Dionysiac rites held in winter on Parnassos.
[b] *Cf.* v. 215.
[c] *Cf.* Callim. *Hymns* iv. 71 ff.
[d] *Cf.* xlvii. 34 ff.

μὴ ταλάρους γονόεντας ἀτιμήσῃς Μετανείρης·
καὶ γὰρ ἀοσσητῆρος ἐρισταφύλου σέο Βάκχου
Ζεὺς γονόεις ὠδῖνα πατὴρ ἐγκύμονι μηρῷ,
θηλυτέρην δ' ἐλόχευσε τεὴν ὠδῖνα καρήνῳ.
ἀλλὰ τεὴν δονέουσα γενέθλιον ἥλικα λόγχην,
αἰγίδα δ' αἰθύσσουσα κυβερνήτειραν Ἐνυοῦς,
γίνεό μοι Σατύροισι βοηθόος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτοὶ
αἰγὸς ὀρεσσινόμου λασίους φορέουσι χιτῶνας·
καὶ θεὸς ἀγρονόμων, νομίης σύριγγος ἀνάσσων,
αἰγίδος ὑμετέρης ἐπιδεύεται αἰγίβοτος Πάν,
ὃς πρὶν ἀσυλήτοισιν ἐμοῖς σκήπτροις συνερίζων
μάρνατο Γιγήνεσσι, γαλακτοφόρου δὲ τιθήνης
αἰγὸς Ἀμαλθείης ὀρεσίδρομος ἔπλετο ποιμήν·
ῥύεό μιν μετόπισθε βοηθόον Ἀτθίδι χάρμῃ,
Μηδοφόνον ῥυτῆρα τινασσομένου Μαραθῶνος·
αἰγίδα σεῖο τίνασσε προασπίζουσα Λυαίου,
σεῖο κασιγνήτου μελαναίγιδος, ὃς σέο πάτρην
ῥύσεται ἐξελάσας Βοιώτιον ἡγεμονῆα·
καὶ μέλος ἀείσει ζωάγριον ἀστὸς Ἐλευθοῦς
πιστὸν ἀνευάζων Ἀπατούριον υἷα Θυώνης,
εἰ μιγάδην Φρύγα ῥυθμὸν ἀνακρούσουσιν Ἀθῆναι
Λιμναῖον μετὰ Βάκχον Ἐλευσινίῳ Διονύσῳ.
ὢ γένος ἀλλοπρόσαλλον Ὀλύμπιον· ἃ μέγα θαῦμα·
ξείνῳ Δηριαδῆι παρίσταται Ἀργολὶς Ἥρη,

[a] The Eleusinians who received Demeter in her wanderings.

[b] The Boeotians having invaded Attica, it was agreed to settle the matter by single combat between their leader, Xanthos, and the Athenian champion Melanthios. As they were about to begin, Melanthios saw a figure clad in a black goatskin behind his opponent, and objected to having to fight two at once. Xanthos turned round to look, and Melanthios took advantage of this to kill him. Somehow identifying the phantom as Dionysos, the Athenians instituted a cult of him under the title Melanaigis, He of the black

insult the fruitful baskets of Metaneira.[a] For Zeus your fruitful father bore the birthpangs of the helper, your Bacchos of the vine, in his pregnant thigh, and you, the girl-child, in his head. Come now, raise the lance born along with you, shake your goatcape the aegis, the governor of war, be helper to my Satyrs, because they also wear hairy skins of the mountain goats; the god of countrymen himself, lord of the shepherd's pipes, goatfoot Pan, needs your aegis-cape. He once helped to defend my inviolable sceptre and fought against the Titans, he once was mountain-ranging shepherd of the goat Amaltheia my nurse, who gave me milk; save him, for he in the aftertime shall help the Athenian battle, he shall slay the Medes and save shaken Marathon. Shake your aegis-cape and protect Lyaios, your brother in his black goatskin-cape, who shall drive out the Boiotian captain and save your country[b]; then the citizen of Eleutho shall sing a hymn of salvation, calling Euoi for Apaturios the faithful son of Thyone, if Athens shall celebrate together in Phrygian tune, after her Limnaian Bacchos, Dionysos of Eleusis.

308 "O you family of Olympos, facing all ways! Ah, here is a great marvel! Hera of Argos stands by

Goatskin. See, for some modern criticism of this curious tale, Rose, *Handbook of Gk. Lit.*, pp. 131 f.

Iacchos, an obscure Eleusinian god, was identified with Dionysos (Bacchos) at a fairly early date in Athens; he is the "Eleusinian Dionysos" meant here, and was prominent in the historical celebrations under Athenian patronage of the Eleusinian Mysteries. The Apaturia, which Dionysos has really nothing to do with, was a festival at which children were enrolled in their fathers' clans. Limnaios was a local Athenian title of Dionysos, from the position of his temple in the Limnai, or Marshes, a piece of low-lying ground of somewhat uncertain locality.

Κεκροπίδας δὲ φάλαγγας ἀναίνεται Ἀτθὶς Ἀθήνη,
μητρὶ δὲ πιστὰ φέρων, ἐμὸν υἱέα Βάκχον ἐάσας
καὶ στρατιὴν Θρήισσαν ἐφεσπομένην Διονύσῳ,
ῥύεται Ἰνδὸν ὅμιλον ἐμὸς Θρηίκιος Ἄρης.
ἀλλὰ πυρὶ φλογόεντι συναιχμάζων Διονύσῳ,
μοῦνος ἐγὼ πάντεσσι κορύσσομαι, εἰσόκε Βάκχος
κυανέην προθέλυμνον ἀιστώσειε γενέθλην.
καὶ σύ, τελεσσιγόνου φιλοπάρθενε νυμφίε Γαίης,
ἠρεμέεις, Ἥφαιστε, καὶ οὐκ ἀλέγεις Μαραθῶνος,
ἧχι θεᾶς ἀγάμου γάμιον σέλας; οὔ σε διδάξω
μυστιπόλους σπινθῆρας ἀειφανέος σέο λύχνου.
λάρνακα παιδοκόμου μιμνήσκεο παρθενεῶνος,
ᾧ ἔνι κοῦρος ἔην Γαιήιος, ᾧ ἔνι κούρη
σὸν σπόρον αὐτοτέλεστον ἀνέτρεφεν ἄρσενι μαζῷ·
σὸν πέλεκυν κούφιζε μογοστόκον, ὄφρα σαώσῃς
σῷ λοχίῳ βουπλῆγι τεῆς ναετῆρας Ἀθήνης.
ἠρεμέεις, Ἥφαιστε, καὶ οὐ σέο τέκνα σαώσεις;
ἠθάδα πυρσὸν ἄειρε προασπιστῆρα Καβείρων,
ὄμμα δὲ σεῖο τίταινε, καὶ ἀρχαίην σέο νύμφην
μεμφομένην σκοπίαζε τεὴν φιλόπαιδα Καβειρώ·
Λημνιὰς Ἀλκιμάχεια τεῆς ἐπιδεύεται ἀλκῆς."
Ὣς φαμένου σπέρχοντο θεοὶ ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου,
ξυνοὶ ἀοσσητῆρες Ἀθηναίη καὶ Ἀπόλλων,
καὶ πυρόεις Ἥφαιστος ὁμάρτεε Τριτογενείῃ.
ἀθανάτοις δ' ἑτέροισιν ὁμίλεε σύνδρομος Ἥρη,
Ἄρεα χειρὸς ἔχουσα καὶ εὐρυρέεθρον Ὑδάσπην,
δυσμενέων συνάεθλον ὁμοζήλοιο κυδοιμοῦ,

---

[a] Cf. on xiii. 172.

Deriades the foreigner ; Athena of Attica renounces the warriors of Cecrops ; my own Ares of Thrace true to his mother deserts my son Bacchos, and the Thracian host which follows Dionysos, and saves an Indian horde ! But I alone fight for Dionysos with my blazing fire, one against all, until Bacchos shall destroy the black nation root and branch. And you Hephaistos, lover of the Maiden, bridegroom of creative Earth,[a] do you sit still and care nothing for Marathon, where the wedding torch [b] of the unwedded goddess is shining ? I will not remind you of the mystical sparks of your everburning light. Remember the casket in that childcherishing maiden chamber, in which was the son of Earth, in which the Girl nursed your selfbegotten offspring with her manly breast. Lift up your axe that played the midwife,[c] to save the people of your Athena with your delivering hatchet ! Do you sit still, Hephaistos, and will not you save your children ? Lift your accustomed torch to defend the Cabeiroi ; turn your eye and see your ancient bride, your Cabeiro, reproaching you in love for her sons. Valiant Alcimacheia [d] of Lemnos needs your valour ! "

331 After this appeal the gods who dwelt in Olympos departed in haste. Athenaia and Apollo united together as helpers, and fiery Hephaistos went along with Tritogeneia. Hera joined herself to the other party of immortals, leading Ares by the hand, and wideflowing Hydaspes, to help the enemy with equal ardour. Rout and Terror went in their

[b] Obscure. Does Nonnos take some Marathonian rite in which torches were used to commemorate Athena's marriage with Hephaistos ?

[c] He split Zeus's head with it to let Athena out.

[d] A Mainad ; for her death, see xxx. 192.

τοῖσι Φόβος καὶ Δεῖμος ὁμέμποροι, οἷσι καὶ αὐτὴ
ἀντίπαλος Βρομίοιο φερέσταχυς ἵκετο Δηώ,
ζωογόνῳ φθονέουσα φιλοσταφύλῳ Διονύσῳ,
ὅττι μέθης ποτὸν εὗρε, παλαίτερον εὖχος ἐλέγξας
Ζαγρέος ἀρχεγόνοιο φατιζομένου Διονύσου.

company, and with them cornbearing Deo, the rival of Bacchos, being jealous of lifegiving Dionysos who loved the grapes because he had discovered the beverage of wine ; and this dimmed the pride of ancient Zagreus, the god who first of all had the name of Dionysos.[a]

[a] *Cf.* bk. vi., especially 206.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΕΙΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΟΓΔΟΟΝ

Εἰκοστὸν σκοπίαζε καὶ ὄγδοον, ὁππόθι πολλὴν
Κυκλώπων πυρόεσσαν ἐσαθρήσειας Ἐνυώ.

Ἔνθά τις ἀπρήυντος ἔην ἔρις· ἀμφότεροι γὰρ
Φαῦνος Ἀρισταῖός τε μίαν συνέλασσαν Ἐνυώ,
οἷσιν ἐφωμάρτησε καὶ Αἰακός, ἄξια ῥέζων
Ζηνὸς ἑοῦ γενετῆρος, ὑπὲρ νώτοιο τιταίνων
ἀσπίδα χαλκείην πολυδαίδαλον, ἧς ἐνὶ κύκλῳ
δαίδαλα πολλὰ πέπαστο,
τά περ κάμε Λήμνιος ἄκμων.
Καὶ στρατιὴ κεκόρυστο πολύτροπος
εἰς μόθον Ἰνδῶν
σπερχομένων ἀγεληδόν· ὁ μὲν ταμεσίχροϊ κισσῷ
κραιπνὸς ἐς ὑσμίνην πολυδαίδαλα δίφρα νομεύων
πορδαλίων ἐπέβαινεν, ὁ δὲ φρίσσοντι λεπάδνῳ
ζεῦξεν Ἐρυθραίων ὀρεσίδρομον ἅρμα λεόντων
καὶ βλοσυρὴν ἴθυνε συνωρίδα, κυανέας δὲ
ἄλλος ἐριπτοίητος ἀκοντίζων στίχας Ἰνδῶν
ἀστεμφὴς ἀχάλινον ἐτέρπετο ταῦρον ἱμάσσων,
καί τις ἀναΐξας Κυβεληίδος εἰς ῥάχιν ἄρκτου
ἔχραε δυσμενέεσσι, καὶ οἴνοπα θύρσον ἑλίσσων
ἡνιόχους ἐφόβησε ταυνικνήμων ἐλεφάντων·
ἄλλος ἀκοντίζων στρατιὴν ταμεσίχροϊ κισσῷ
οὐ ξίφος, οὐ σάκος εἶχε περίτροχον, οὐ δόρυ χάρμης

BOOK XXVIII

Look at the twenty-eighth also, where you will see a great fiery fight of Cyclopians.

Now there was implacable conflict ; for both Phaunos and Aristaios fought side by side, and Aiacos joined them, doing deeds worthy of Zeus his father, shaking the shield over his back, that shield of bronze curiously wrought on its disc with many patterns of fine art, which the Lemnian anvil had made.

[7] And the host came armed in all its many forms, hastening in troops to the Indian War. One with his fleshcutting ivy stormed into battle, guiding a fine car with a team of panthers ; one yoked lions of the Erythraian hills to his chariot, and drove the grim pair bristling under the yokestrap. Another sat tight on an unbridled bull, and amused himself by lashing its flanks, as he cast his javelins furiously among the black Indian ranks. Another leapt on the back of a bear of Cybele, and attacked the enemy, shaking the vinewrapt thyrsus and scaring the drivers of long-legged elephants. Another shot at the foe with fleshcutting ivy ; no sword he had, no round buckler,

φοίνιον, ἀλλὰ πέτηλα φυτῶν ἑλικώδεα σείων
λεπτῷ χαλκοχίτωνα κατέκτανεν ἀνέρα θαλλῷ.
καὶ πάταγος βροντaῖος ἐπέκτυπεν εἴκελος αὐλῷ·
Σειληνοὶ δ' ἰάχησαν· ἐπεστρατόωντο δὲ Βάκχαι,
νεβρίδας ὡς θώρηκα κατὰ στέρνοιο βαλοῦσαι.
καί τις ὀρεσσινόμων Σατύρων, ἅτε πῶλον ἐλαύνων,
ποσσὶ διχαζομένοισιν ὑπὲρ ῥάχιν ἥστο λεαίνης.
'Ινδοὶ δ' ἀντaλάλαζον, ἀολλίζων δὲ μαχητὰς
βάρβαρος ἐσμαράγησεν ἀγέστρατος αὐλὸς Ἐνυοῦς·
στέμματα μὲν κορύθεσσιν,
ἐπέκτυπε δ' αἰγίδι θώρηξ,
ἔγχεσι θύρσος ἔθυσε, καὶ ἰσάζοντο κοθόρνοις
ἀντίτυποι κνημῖδες· ὁμοζυγέων δὲ φορήων
στοιχάδες ἀλλήλῃσιν ἐπηρείδοντο βοεῖαι,
καὶ πρυλέες πρυλέεσσιν, ἀερσιλόφῳ δὲ καρήνῳ
Μυγδονίην πήληκα Πελασγιὰς ὤθεε πήληξ.
Καὶ κλόνος ἦν προμάχων ἑτερότροπος·
ὃς μὲν ἀείρων
Βακχείης ἐλέλιζε μετάρσιον ἅλμα χορείης,
ὃς δὲ πεσὼν στενάχιζεν, ὁ δ' ἐκροτάλιζε πεδίλῳ,
ὃς δὲ τυπεὶς ἤσπαιρεν, ὁ δ' ἐσκίρτησε Λυαίῳ·
ἄλλος ἀπὸ στομάτων πολεμήιον ἦχον ἰάλλων
Ἄρεος ἔγχος ἔμελπεν, ὁ δ' εἰλαπίνην Διονύσου·
καὶ τελετῇ Βρομίοιο συνεσμαράγησεν Ἐνυώ,
Εὔια δ' ἴαχε ῥόπτρα, καὶ ἡγήτειρα κυδοιμοῦ
λαὸν ἀολλίζουσα συνέκτυπε πηκτίδι σάλπιγξ,
σπονδῇ λύθρον ἔμιξε, φόνον δ' ἐκέρασσε χορείῃ.
Ἔνθα πολὺ πρώτιστος, ἑῷ ποδὶ κοῦφος ὀρούσας,
ἀντία Δηριάδαο κατηκόντιζε Φαληνεύς,
καὶ τύχεν ἀρρήκτοιο σιδηρείοιο χιτῶνος·
οὐ δὲ τιταινομένη χροὸς ἥψατο λοίγιος αἰχμή,
ἀλλὰ παραΐξασα πάγη χθονί· λυσσαλέος δὲ

no deadly spear of battle, but shaking clustered leaves of plants he killed the mailed man with a tiny twig. Thunder crashed like sounding pipes: the Seilenoi shouted, the Bacchant women came to battle with fawnskins thrown across their chests instead of a corselet. And a Satyr of the mountains sat astride on the back of a lioness, as if he were riding a colt.

27 The Indians on their part raised their warcry, and the barbarian pipes of war sounded to summon the host and assemble the fighting men. Garlands knocked against helmets, corselet against goatskin, thyrsus rushed upon spear, greaves were matched against buskins; rows of shields pressed against each other as the ranks which carried them met together, footmen against footmen; Pelasgian helmet pushed Mygdonian helmet with highnodding plume.[a]

35 Many and various were the fates of the fighting men. One bounded high in air with the Bacchic dance; one lay groaning upon the ground; one merrily stamped his shoon; one gasped under a wound; one skipt in honour of Lyaios. Another let out the warcry from his lips, and sang of Ares' lance, another of the festival of Dionysos; the warshout resounded together with the worship of Bromios, Euian tambours roared, trumpet blared with harp leading the combat and gathering the people, mingled gore with libation, confused bloodshed with dance.

45 There well to the front lightly poised on his foot, Phaleneus cast a spear straight at Deriades and struck the unbreakable coat of mail; the deadly point thus cast did not reach the flesh, but glanced off and stuck in the ground. Mighty Corymbasos

[a] Imitated from *Il.* xvi. 215-217.

Δηριάδῃ πέλας ἐχθρὸν ἐπαΐσσοντα νοήσας
ἀλκήεις ἐκίχησε Κορύμβασος, ἐσσυμένου δὲ
λαιμὸν ἀπηλοίησε μεσαίτατον ἄορι τύψας,
καὶ κεφαλὴν ἤμησε· δαϊζομένου δὲ καρήνου
αἱμοβαφὴς ἀκάρηνος ἐπὶ χθόνα πῖπτε Φαληνεύς.
Ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ μόθος ὦρτο πολύθροος· ἀκρότατον δὲ
Δεξίοχος Φλογίοιο μεσόφρυον ἔξεσε χαλκῷ,
πλήξας ἄκρα μέτωπα διχαζομένης τρυφαλείης·
αὐτὰρ ὁ ταρβήσας, ὀλίγον γόνυ γουνὸς ἀμείβων,
μηκεδανῇ κεκάλυπτο κασιγνήτοιο βοείῃ, 59
Δαρδανίης ἅτε Τεῦκρον ὀιστευτῆρα γενέθλης 61
εἰς σάκος ἑπταβόειον ἐδέχνυτο σύγγονος Αἴας, 62
πατρῴῃ συνάεθλον ἀδελφεὸν ἀσπίδι κεύθων. 60
αὐτίκα δ' ἐκ κολεοῖο Κορύμβασος ἆορ ἐρύσσας 63
αὐχένα Δεξιόχοιο κατεπρήνιξε μαχαίρῃ·
καὶ ταχὺς ἀσπαίροντι θορὼν περιδέδρομε νεκρῷ
οἰστρομανὴς Κλύτιος, πρυλέων πρόμος· ὑψιλόφου δὲ
κραιπνὸς ἐριπτοίητος ἀκόντισε Δηριαδῆος·
ἀλλὰ δόρυ προμάχοιο παρακλιδὸν ἔτραπεν Ἥρη,
καὶ Κλυτίῳ κοτέουσα καὶ Ἰνδοφόνῳ Διονύσῳ·
ἔμπης δ' οὐκ ἀφάμαρτε ταχὺς πρόμος· ἀλλὰ τορήσας
θηρὸς ἀμαιμακέτοιο πελώριον ἀνθερεῶνα
ὀρθοπόδην ἐλέφαντα κατέκτανε Δηριαδῆος·
καὶ μογέων ὀδύνησιν ὅλην ἐτίναξεν ἀπήνην
αὐχένι κυανέῳ περιδέξιος ἠλίβατος θήρ·
καὶ γένυν αἰθύσσων σκολιὴν προβλῆτα προσώπου
αἱμοβαφῆ ζυγίων ἀνεσείρασε δεσμὰ λεπάδνων·
ἀλλὰ πολυκλήιστον ὑπὸ ζυγὸν ἄορι κάμψας
αὐχενίων ἀνέκοψεν ὁμόζυγον ὁλκὸν ἱμάντων
ἡνίοχος ταχυεργός· ἀπ' εὐρυβάτοιο δὲ φάτνης
ὑψιφανῆ νέον ἄλλον ἑλὼν ἔζευξε Κελαινεύς.

noticed the enemy as he rushed at Deriades, and madly attacked him—struck his neck as he charged and sheared it through with his sword, mowing off the head: at the shearing stroke, Phaleneus headless and bathed in blood fell to the ground.

About him rose a tumultuous din. Dexiochos grazed the forehead of Phlogios,[a] and his blade cleft the helmet and cut the brow: the wounded man, startled, moved back step by step[b] and took shelter behind his brother's great shield, as Aias used to receive his kinsman Teucros, that shooter of arrows against the Dardanian nation, under his sevenhide shield, and sheltered his brother and comrade under his father's targe.[c] In a moment, Corymbasos drew sword from sheath, and cut through the neck of Dexiochos with his blade. Quickly with a mad leap over the palpitating body came Clytios, a leader of the footmen, and raging wildly cast at high-crested Deriades; but Hera turned the spear away from the man, for she hated Clytios and Indian-slaying Dionysos both. Yet the warrior's quick shot did not miss; it pierced the monstrous throat of the straightlegged elephant which Deriades rode, and killed the furious beast. The mountainous creature in agony cleverly shook the whole car which he carried on his black neck; and shooting out the trunk which curved round his face, disengaged the blood-stained ropes of his yokepads. The driver quickly dived under the famous yoke, and sword in hand, cut the mass of knotted straps which held the yoke over the neck; then Celaineus brought a new one hightowering from the wide stables and got it ready.

[a] See xxvi. 45.
[b] From *Il.* xi. 547.
[c] See xiii. 461, and Hom. *Il.* viii. 266.

Καὶ Κλύτιος θρασὺς ἔσκεν ἀνεικέος ἐλπίδι νίκης·
Δεξιόχου δὲ φονῆα καλέσσατο θυιάδι φωνῇ,
λοίγιον ὑβριστῆρι χέων ἔπος ἀνθερεῶνι·
"Στῆθι, κύων, μὴ φεῦγε, Κορύμβασε, καί σε διδάξω,
οἷοι ἀκοιτιστῆρες ὀπάονές εἰσι Λυαίου.
ὑμέας εἰς Φρυγίην ληίσσομαι, ἄστεα δ' Ἰνδῶν
δηώσει δόρυ τοῦτο, καὶ Ἰνδοφόνον μετὰ νίκην
Δηριάδην θεράποντα Διωνύσοιο τελέσσω·
παρθενικὴ δ' ἀνάεδνος ἑὴν λύσειε κορείην,
δεχνυμένη Σατύροιο δασυστέρνους ὑμεναίους,
Ἰνδὴ Μυγδονίοιο μιαινομένη σχεδὸν Ἕρμου."
Ὣς φαμένου κεχόλωτο Κορύμβασος, ὀψιμόθου[1] δὲ
φθεγγομένου Κλυτίοιο διέθρισεν ἀνθερεῶνα·
καὶ κεφαλὴ πεπότητο μετάρσιος ἅλματι Μοίρης,
αἱμαλέῃ ῥαθάμιγγι περιρραίνουσα κονίην.
Καὶ νέκυν ὀρχηστῆρα παλινδίνητον ἐάσας
Σειληνοὺς ἐφόβησε Κορύμβασος, ἔξοχος Ἰνδῶν,
ἔξοχος ἠνορέην μετὰ Μορρέα καὶ βασιλῆα.
αἰχμητὴν δὲ Σέβητα βαλὼν ὑπὲρ ἄντυγα μαζοῦ
χάλκεον ὤθεεν ἔγχος ἔσω χροός, αἱμαλέου δὲ
δούρατος ἑλκομένοιο χυτῇ κατέβαλλε κονίῃ.
Οἰνομάῳ δ' ἐπόρουσεν· ὁ μὲν φυγὰς εἴκελος αὔραις
εἰς στρατιὴν Βρομίοιο τεθηπότι χάζετο ταρσῷ·
καί μιν ἰδὼν ἐδίωκεν ὀπίστερος, ἐν δ' ἄρα νώτῳ
μεσσατίῳ δόρυ πῆξε· διαΐσσουσα δὲ ῥιπῇ
γαστέρος ἀντιπόροιο παρ' ὀμφαλὸν ἔνθορεν αἰχμή·
αὐτὰρ ὁ φοινήεντι πεπαρμένος ἀμφὶ σιδήρῳ
πρηνὴς ἀρτιδάικτος ἐπωλίσθησε κονίῃ·
τὸν δὲ κατὰ βλεφάρων θανατηφόρος ἔσκεπεν ἀχλύς.
οὐδὲ μόθων ἀπέληγε πέλωρ πρόμος· ἀλλὰ μαχηταὶ

[1] So mss.: Ludwich ἀψιμόθου.

81 Now Clytios grew bold with hope of victory undisputed. He challenged the slayer of Dexiochos in a madman's voice, and uttered fatal words with insulting tongue :

84 " Stand, dog ! Flee not from me, Corymbasos ! I will show you what javelin-throwers are the servants of Lyaios ! I will lead you all captive into Phrygia —this my spear shall devastate the cities of India— after the Indian-slaying victory I will make Deriades the lackey of Dionysos ! The virgin shall loose her maidenhood without bridegifts—she shall accept a shaggychested Satyr for husband, an Indian ravished beside Mygdonian Hermos ! "

92 Corymbasos was infuriated by these words. Clytios was too late—the other shore through his throat as he spoke. The head bounded high with a leap of fate, raining drops of blood on the dust.

96 Corymbasos left the dead body dancing and rolling on the ground, and scattered the Seilenoi, Corymbasos chief of the Indians pre-eminent for valour next to Morrheus and their king. He struck Sebes the spearman above the circle of his breast, and drove the spear of bronze into the flesh, drew out the bloody spear and left him there in a heap of dust. He leapt upon Oinomaos : he was retreating quick as the wind with startled foot towards the army of Bromios, but the other saw him and pursued, and thrust his spear into the middle of his back—the point leapt in and went through the belly with the thrust and out at the midnipple. The man transfixed with the bloody steel and new-slain sprawled flat on his face in the dust ; the mist of death came down on his eyelids. But the prodigious hero did

τέσσαρες εὐπήληκες ἐνὶ κτείνοντο φονῆι,
Τυνδάριός τε Θόων τε καὶ Αὐτεσίων καὶ Ὀνίτης.
Καὶ πολὺς ἀρτιδάικτος ἔην νέκυς,
οὐ χθονὶ πίπτων
πρηνής, οὐ δαπέδῳ τετανυσμένος ὕπτιος ἀνήρ·
ἀλλὰ θανὼν ἀτίνακτος ἐπεστηρίζετο γαίῃ,
μαρναμένῳ προμάχῳ πανομοίιος, ὡς δόρυ πάλλων,
ὡς τανύων θοὰ τόξα καὶ ὡς βέλος εἰς σκοπὸν ἕλκων.
καὶ νέκυς ἀλκήεις ποθέων μετὰ πότμον Ἐνυὼ
νήματα Μοιράων ἐβιήσατο, δούρατι κούφῳ
εἴκελος αἰχμάζοντι, πολυσπερέων ἀπὸ τόξων
ἐκ κεφαλῆς βελέεσσι πεπαρμένος εἰς πόδας ἄκρους,
Ἄρεος ὀρθὸν ἄγαλμα· καὶ αἰχμητῆρα θανόντα
ὄμμασι θαμβαλέοισιν ἐθηήσαντο μαχηταί,
ἔγχος ἔτι κρατέοντα καὶ οὐ ῥίψαντα βοείην,
νεκρὸν ἀκοντιστῆρα καὶ ἄπνοον ἀσπιδιώτην.
Καί τις Ἀθηναίοιο τυχὼν δασπλῆτι σιδήρῳ
δεξιτερὴν ἤμησε, βραχίονος ἄκρον ἀράξας·
ἡ δὲ κυβιστήσασα φόνου βητάρμονι παλμῷ
ἤριπεν ἀρτιδάικτος, ὁμήλικι σύμπλοκος ὤμῳ,
ξανθὰ διαστίζουσα κατάρρυτα νῶτα κονίης.
καί νύ κεν ἀλλομένης ταναὸν δόρυ χειρὸς ἐρύσσας
ἔγχεϊ τηλεβόλῳ παλινάγρετον εἶχεν Ἐνυώ,
καὶ λαιὴ πολέμιζε δορυσσόος ἀντίτυπος χείρ·
ἀλλά μιν ἀντικέλευθος ἀνάρσιος ἔφθασεν ἀνήρ,
καὶ λαιὴν προθέλυμνον ἀμοιβάδι τύψε μαχαίρῃ·
καὶ παλάμη χθονὶ πῖπτεν, ἀκοντίζων δὲ φονῆα
αἱμαλέης ἔρραινεν ἐκηβόλος ὁλκὸς ἐέρσης
πορφυρέαις λιβάδεσσιν, ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο δὲ δειλὴ
ἅλμασιν αὐτοκύλιστος ἐπάλλετο μαινομένη χείρ
αἵματι φοινιχθεῖσα, καὶ ἀγκύλα δάκτυλα γαίῃ
εὐπαλάμῳ σφήκωσε μέσῳ γαμψώνυχι δεσμῷ,

not cease from slaughter. Four helmeted warriors were killed by this one slayer, Tyndarios and Thoön and Autesion and Onites.

113 Many a dead man also was there, just slain, yet he fell not forward to the ground, he lay not stretched out on his back: no, though dead he stood firmly on the earth, like a warrior fighting in the front, as if poising a spear, as if drawing bow and aiming a quick shot at a mark. The valiant dead, yearning for battle after fate had found him, compelled the threads of the Fates, like one casting a light spear, pierced from head to foot with arrows from countless bows, a standing image of Ares. The warriors gazed with wondering eyes at the dead spearman, who still held his spear and had not dropt his oxhide, a spearman corpse, a targeteer without life.

126 One struck an Athenian, and shore off his right arm with the dreadful steel, cutting through the top of the shoulder; the limb just cut off with shoulder attached, fell rolling in the dance of death and scoring along a stretch of yellow dust. The man would have pulled the long spear out of the rolling hand and made fight again with a long throw, battling with spear throwing left instead of right; but an enemy blocked his way and got in first, cutting off the left at the shoulder in its turn. The arm fell to the ground, and a farshot spout of bloody dew struck the slayer and drenched him with crimson drops; on the ground the poor hand went madly rolling and jumping, reddened with blood, while the curved fingers caught a good handful of earth in its imprisoning clutch, as

---

[1] So MSS.: Ludwich Πύλος.

οἷα περισφίγγουσα πάλιν τελαμῶνα βοείης.
καί τινα μῦθον ἔειπεν Ἀρήια δάκρυα λείβων·
"Ἄλλην εἰσέτι χεῖρα λιλαίομαι, ὄφρα τελέσσω
τριχθαδίαις παλάμῃσιν ἐπάξια Τριτογενείης·
ἔμπης καὶ μετὰ χεῖρας ἀνάρσιον ἄνδρα διώξω·
τοῦτό μοι ἠνορέης ἔτι λείψανον, ὄφρά τις εἴπῃ
εὖχος Ἀθηναίων περιδέξιον, ὅττι καὶ αὐτοῖς
ποσσὶν ἀριστεύουσι δαϊζομένων παλαμάων."
Ὣς εἰπὼν προμάχοισιν ἐπέδραμεν εἴκελος αὔραις,
ὑσμίνην ἀσίδηρον ἐπεντύνων ὀλετῆρι.
οἱ δέ μιν ἀθρήσαντες ἐθάμβεον ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ,
καὶ πρόμον ἡμιτέλεστον ἐκυκλώσαντο μαχηταὶ
ἀμφιλαφεῖς· ὁ δὲ μοῦνος ἀφειδέι δέκτο μαχαίρῃ
πληγὴν ἀλλοπρόσαλλον ἀμοιβαίοιο σιδήρου·
καὶ μόγις εἰς χθόνα πῖπτεν· ἔην δέ τις Ἄρεος εἰκὼν
ὀψιγόνῳ ναετῆρι φυλασσομένη γενετῆρα.
Οὐ τότε μοῦνος ὅμιλος ἐτέμνετο πεζὸς ὁδίτης,
ἀλλὰ καὶ ἱππήεσσιν ἔην φόνος· ἔστιχε δ' ἄλλος
ἄλλῳ πότμον ἄγων· ἐλατὴρ δ' ἐλατῆρα κιχήσας,
ἢ προτέρῳ φεύγοντι μετάφρενα δουρὶ δαΐζων,
ἢ σχεδὸν ἀντιόωντα κατὰ στέρνοιο τυχήσας,
ἱππόθεν ἀρτιδάικτον ἀπεστυφέλιξε κονίῃ.
καί τις ὑπὲρ λαπάρην βεβολημένος ἵππος ὀιστῷ
εἰς πέδον ἠκόντιζεν ἀπόσσυτον ἡνιοχῆα,
οἷος ἀερσιπότητος ἀλήμονι σύνδρομος αὔρῃ
Πήγασος ὠκυπέτης ἀπεσείσατο Βελλεροφόντην·

[a] There is a pun on the name, as if it contained the word "third." The difference of quantity would not be heard in the speech of Nonnos.

[b] Double-handed is said of those who are equally strong with both hands. Here it means double glory, for hands

if gripping again the shieldstrap. The man shed a soldier's tears, and spoke :

144 " What I want is another hand, that with three hands I may do deeds worthy of Tritogeneia ! [a] Never mind—I will pursue the enemy, if I leave my hands behind. So much remains for my valour ! Then all may tell a double-handed glory for Athens, how her sons are heroes when their hands are cut off and they have nothing but feet ! " [b]

150 So saying, he rushed like the wind into the battle, and attacked his destroyer unarmed. The enemy stared at him in amazement one and all, and surrounded the half-soldier on all sides ; he quite alone received stab after stab, as the steel struck again and again with merciless blows, until at last he fell to the ground, a warlike image preserving the memory of the progenitor for a citizen of later days.[c]

158 Not only those who fought on foot were cut down ; there was death for the horsemen too. On they went, one bringing fate for another. Rider caught rider, piercing his back with a spear as he fled before, or striking him face to face on the breast ; he shook him away [d] in the dust, new-slain, as he sat his horse. One horse struck by an arrow in the flank, shook off his rider headlong upon the ground, even as Pegasos flying high in the air as swift in his course as the wandering wind, threw Bellerophontes.[e]

and feet both, but the word neatly glances at the special circumstances.

[c] Very dubious ; the text is corrupt. Cynegeiros is supposed to be meant. He was the brother of Aeschylos, and at the battle of Marathon seized hold of a Persian ship with one hand ; when this was struck off, he seized it with the other.

[d] *i.e.* cleared his lance-point.

[e] When Bellerophon tried to ride him up to heaven.

ἄλλος ἐριπτοίητος ὀλισθηρῶν ἀπὸ νώτων
ὄρθιος ἱππείης διὰ γαστέρος εἰς χθόνα πίπτων
κύμβαχος ἐστήρικτο παρήορος, ἀμφὶ δὲ γαίῃ
κρᾶτα βαλὼν ἐκύλισσε, λιπὼν πόδας εἰς ῥάχιν ἵππου.
Καὶ βριαροὶ Κύκλωπες ἐκυκλώσαντο μαχητάς,
Ζηνὸς ἀοσσητῆρες· ὀμιχλήεντι δὲ λαῷ
Ἀργίλιπος σελάγιζε φεραυγέα δαλὸν ἀείρων,
καὶ χθονίῳ κεκόρυστο πυριγλώχινι κεραυνῷ
μαρνάμενος δαΐδεσσι· καὶ ἔτρεμον αἴθοπες Ἰνδοὶ
οὐρανίῳ πρηστῆρι τεθηπότες ἀντίτυπον πῦρ·
καὶ πυρόεις πρόμος ᾖεν· ἐπ' ἀντιβίων δὲ καρήνοις
Γηγενέος σπινθῆρες ἐτοξεύοντο κεραυνοῦ·
καὶ μελίας νίκησε καὶ ἄσπετα φάσγανα Κύκλωψ,
σείων θερμὰ βέλεμνα καὶ αἰθαλόεσσαν ἀκωκήν,
δαλὸν ἔχων ἅτε τόξα· καὶ ἄσπετον ἄλλον ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
Ἰνδὸν ὀιστευτῆρι κατέφλεγεν ἀνέρα πυρσῷ,
οὐχ ἕνα Σαλμωνῆα, νόθῳ δ' ἤλεγξε κεραυνῷ·
οὐχ ἕνα μοῦνον ἔπεφνε θεημάχον· οὐ μία μούνου
Εὐάδνη στενάχιζε μαραινομένου Καπανῆος.
Καὶ Στερόπης κεκόρυστο σέλας μιμηλὸν ἑλίσσων,
αἰθερίαις στεροπῇσι φέρων ἀντίκτυπον αἴγλην,
σβεστὸν ἔχων ἀμάρυγμα,
τό περ τέκεν Ἑσπερίη φλόξ,
σπέρμα πυρὸς Σικελοῖο καὶ αἴθοπος ἐσχαρεῶνος·
καὶ νεφέλῃ σκέπας εἶχεν ὁμοίιον, ἐνδόμυχον δὲ

---

[a] The mention of Salmoneus here is grotesquely inappropriate. He was king of Elis and pretended to be Zeus, imitating the thunder and lightning with a bronze implement of some kind and torches. Zeus therefore killed him with real lightning. The Indians are not mimicking anything, they are being killed with the Cyclops's imitation lightning!

Another in terror slipt off the horse's back and fell to the ground at full length over the horse's belly and hung by his side like a tumbler, and rolled along dragging his head on the ground with his feet on the horse's back.

172 Now the grim Cyclopes, allies of Zeus, surrounded the fighters. Argilipos lifted a shining torch and shed light on the throng through the dark clouds. He was armed with a firebarbed thunderbolt from the underworld, and fought with firebrands: the swarthy Indians trembled, amazed at that fire so like the heavenly firebursts. A champion all of fire he was, and the sparks of earthborn lightning showered upon the enemies' heads. The Cyclops conquered ash-pikes and countless swords, shaking his hot missiles and his flashing points, with brands for his arrows: one upon another, countless, he burnt the Indian men with the blazing shafts, chastising with pretended thunderbolt not one Salmoneus [a] alone, slaying not only one enemy of God; not one Euadne alone groaned, or only one Capaneus was scorched up.

187 Steropes also was armed with a mimic lightning, which he brandished like the lightningflash of the sky, but an extinguishable brand, the child of Western flame, seed of Sicilian fire and that smoky forge; a dark pall covered it like a cloud, and beneath it he

[a] Capaneus was one of the Seven against Thebes; he was just mounting the walls when he declared Zeus himself could not stop him now; Zeus took up the challenge and killed him with a thunderbolt. His wife Euadne grieved for him so bitterly that she threw herself on his funeral pyre. It is just possible that Nonnos means in 186 that many Indian women had occasion to perform suttee, but his ignorance of their customs is so dense that it is far from certain he had ever heard of such a thing.

κρύπτε καὶ ἂψ ἀνέφηνε σέλας διδυμάονι παλμῷ,
φέγγεος οὐρανίοιο φέρων τύπον· ἀστεροπὴ γὰρ
ἐρχομένη φεύγουσαν ἔχει παλινάγρετον αἴγλην.
Καὶ Βρόντης πολέμιζε μέλος κελαδεινὸν ἀράσσων,
βρονταίοις πατάγοισι χέων ἀντίκτυπον ἠχώ·
καὶ ξείνῃ ῥαθάμιγγι χαμαιγενέος νιφετοῖο
ποιητὸν προχέων μινυώριον αἴθριον ὕδωρ
μιμηλαῖς λιβάδεσσι νόθος πέλεν ἀννέφελος Ζεύς.
βροντῆς δ' ἰσοτύπου τεχνήμονα δοῦπον ἐάσας
εἰς φόνον ἀντιβίων Σικελῷ κεκόρυστο σιδήρῳ,
καὶ δονέων ῥαιστῆρα μετάρσιον ὑψόθεν ὤμων
δυσμενέων ἤρασσε καρήατα πυκνὰ σιδήρῳ·
τύπτε δ' ἐπιστροφάδην ζοφερὰς στίχας, οἷά περ αἰεὶ
Αἰτναίῳ πατάγῳ σφυρήλατον ἄκμονα τύπτων.
καὶ σκοπιῆς πρηῶνα τανυκρήπιδος ἀράξας
ἔγχεϊ πετρήεντι κατέτρεχε Δηριαδῆος·
καὶ παλάμῃ περίμετρον ἀφειδέι πέτρον ἰάλλων
ἄντα κορυσσομένοιο μελαρρίνου βασιλῆος
στήθεα λαχνήεντα χαραδραίῃ βάλεν αἰχμῇ·
αὐτὰρ ὁ τοσσατίῳ μεθύων μυλοειδέι πέτρῳ
στέρνον ὅλον βεβάρητο· φόνον δ' ἤμυνεν Ὑδάσπης
παιδὸς ἑοῦ βληθέντος. ὁ δὲ θρασύς, ἕλκεϊ κάμνων,
ἀκαμάτων δόρυ θοῦρον ἑῶν ἀπεσείσατο χειρῶν,
χάλκεον εἰκοσίπηχυ, πέδῳ δ' ἔρριψε βοείην
αἰδομέναις παλάμῃσι· καὶ ἀδρανὲς ἆσθμα τιταίνων,
μαρμαρέῃ γλωχῖνι τετυμμένος ἄντυγα μαζοῦ,
ἠερόθεν προκάρηνος ἀπ' ἠλιβάτου πέσε δίφρου,
ὡς ἐλάτη περίμετρος ὑπέρλοφος—ἡ δὲ πεσοῦσα
ἄσπετον εὐρείης περιδέδρομε κόλπον ἀρούρης—.
ἀμφὶ δέ μιν προχυθέντες ἐς ἅρματα κούφισαν Ἰνδοί,
δειδιότες Κύκλωπα δυσειδέα, μή τινι ῥιπῇ
ὑψιτενῆ πάλιν ἄλλον ἑλὼν πρηῶνα κολώνης

now hid the light, now showed it, in alternating movements, just like the flashes in the sky ; for the lightning comes in flashes and goes again.

195 Brontes also was in the battle, rattling a noisy tune with a din like rolling thunderclaps : he poured an earthborn shower of his own with strange drops falling through the air, and lasting but a moment—an unreal Zeus he was, with imitated raindrops and no clouds. Then leaving the artificial noise of this mock thunder, he armed himself with Sicilian steel against the enemy ; swinging the iron hammer high over his shoulders he smashed many an enemy head, and struck the dusky ranks right and left, with a clang like the blows as if he were ever striking on the hammerbeaten anvil of Etna.

206 Next he broke off a crag from a farspreading rock, and rushed upon Deriades with this stony spear. He hurled the huge rock with merciless hand against the blackskin king who stood ready, and struck his hairy chest with its rocky point. The king was wholly staggered with the heavy blow of this huge millstone full on his chest, like a drunken man ; but Hydaspes rescued his stricken son from death. The bold king, crushed by the blow, dropt the furious spear from his never-tiring hands, the twentycubit spear of bronze, and threw his shield on the ground out of his shamed grasp, with little breath left in him ; struck on the round of his breast by the pointed stone, he fell down headlong out of his lofty car like a tall high-crested firtree, which falling encompasses a vast space of wide earth. The Indians crowded round him and lifted him into the car, fearing that the ugly Cyclops might get another crag of some lofty hill and throw

τρηχαλέῳ βασιλῆα κατακτείνειε βελέμνῳ,
μῆκος ἔχων ἰσόμετρον ἀερσιλόφου Πολυφήμου.
καὶ βλοσυροῦ προμάχοιο μέσῳ σελάγιζε μετώπῳ
μαρμαρυγὴ τροχόεσσα μονογλήνοιο προσώπου·
καὶ βλοσυροῦ Κύκλωπος ὑποπτήσσοντες ὀπωπὴν
θαμβαλέῳ δεδόνητο φόβῳ κυανόχροες Ἰνδοί,
οὐρανόθεν δοκέοντες Ὀλυμπιὰς ὅττι Σελήνη
Γηγενέος Κύκλωπος ἐναντέλλουσα προσώπῳ
πλησιφαὴς ἤστραπτε, προασπίζουσα Λυαίου.
Ζεὺς δὲ πατήρ, Κύκλωπος ἰδὼν μίμημα κυδοιμοῦ,
ὑψινεφὴς ἐγέλασσεν, ὅτι χθονίων νεφελάων
δεχνυμένη ξένον ὄμβρον ἀπειρήτου διὰ κόλπου
νίφετο μὲν τότε γαῖα, χυτὴν δ' οὐκ εἶχεν ἐέρσην
ἄβροχα νῶτα φέρων γυμνούμενα δίψιος ἀήρ.
Καὶ Τράχιος κεκόρυστο·
κασιγνήτῳ δ' ἅμα βαίνων,
ἠλιβάτῳ παλάμῃ δονέων σάκος ἶσον ἐρίπνῃ,
ὑψινεφὴς ἐλάτην περιμήκετον εἶχεν Ἐλατρεύς,
ἔγχεϊ δενδρήεντι καρήατα δήια τέμνων.
Εὐρύαλος κεκόρυστο· διατμήξας δὲ κυδοιμῷ
ἐκ πεδίου φεύγοντα πολὺν στρατὸν ἄχρι θαλάσσης,
κόλπον ἐς ἰχθυόεντα περικλείων στίχας Ἰνδῶν,
δυσμενέας νίκησεν ἀκοιτοφόρου διὰ πόντου,
ὄρθιον εἰκοσίπηχυ δι' ὕδατος ἆορ ἑλίσσων·
καὶ δολιχῷ βουπλῆγι ταμὼν ἁλιγείτονα πέτρην
ῥῖψεν ἐπ' ἀντιβίοισιν· ἀτυμβεύτοιο δὲ πολλοὶ
διχθαδίης ἐνόησαν ἁλιβρέκτου λίνα Μοίρης,
Ἄρεϊ κυματόεντι καὶ ὀκριόεντι βελέμνῳ.
Τοῖς ἅμα σύγγονος ἄλλος ἀριστεύων Ἁλιμήδης
ἠλιβάτοις μελέεσσι πέλωρ βακχεύετο Κύκλωψ,

again, and slay their king with the rough missile—for he was as tall as highcrested Polyphemos.[a] In the middle of this grim champion's forehead glared the light of one single round eye; the blackskin Indians shook with wonder and fear when they saw the eye of the grim Cyclops; they thought Olympian Selene must have come down from the sky and risen in the earth-born Cyclops's face, shining with her full orb, to defend Lyaios.

233 Father Zeus, seeing how the Cyclops imitated his own noise, laughed on high in the clouds that the earth was then flooded with a strange kind of shower from earthclouds upon its bosom, a new experience, while the thirsty air had no downpour through its bare dry expanse.

238 Trachios also reared his head: and Elatreus, marching beside his brother, held and shook a shield like a towering crag, and held a long firtree high in the clouds, sweeping off the enemies' heads with his treespear.

242 Euryalos reared his head. He cut off a large body of fugitives in the battle, away from the plain and down towards the sea, shutting the Indian companies into the fishgiving gulf; so he conquered his foes over the lancebearing main as he thrust his twenty-cubit blade through the water. Then with long pole-axe he split off a rock near the brine, and threw it at his adversaries; many then felt the threads of Fate in double fashion without burial, struck with the jagged missile, and brinedrowned in watery strife.

257 Another Cyclops of the tribe went raging and scattering his foes, the prime warrior Halimedes, a

[a] The Cyclops in the *Odyssey*, who nearly sinks Odysseus's ship with a stone, ix. 480 ff.

καὶ δηίους ἐφόβησε· φυλασσόμενος δὲ προσώπου
κυκλάδος ὀμφαλόεντα προΐσχανε νῶτα βοείης.
καί μιν ἰδὼν Φλόγιος κταμένων τιμήορος Ἰνδῶν
τόξον ἑὸν κύκλωσε, καὶ ἠνεμόεν βέλος ἕλκων
μεσσοφανῆ πτερόεντι βαλεῖν ἤμελλε βελέμνῳ·
ἀλλὰ τιτυσκομένοιο μαθὼν ἀντώπιον ὁρμὴν
δόχμιος ἐσσυμένοιο βολὴν ἀλέεινεν ὀιστοῦ
Κύκλωψ ὑψικάρηνος· ὁ δὲ πρηῶνα τινάσσων
ῥῖπτε κατὰ Φλογίου κραναὸν βέλος· αὐτὰρ ὁ φεύγων
ἅρμασι βουκεραοῖο παρίστατο Δηριαδῆος,
καὶ μόγις ἠερόφοιτον ἀλεύατο μάρμαρον αἰχμήν,
κεῖθι μένων· κοτέων δὲ περὶ Φλογίοιο φυγόντος
λοίγιον ἀνθερεῶνα διαπτύξας Ἁλιμήδης
δώδεκα φῶτας ἔπεφνε μιῆς μυκήματι φωνῆς,
λυσσαλέης προχέων ὀλεσήνορα βόμβον ἰωῆς.
Κυκλώπων δ' ἀλαλητὸς ἐπεσμαράγησεν Ὀλύμπῳ
γλώσσαις σμερδαλέῃσι. καὶ ὀρχηστῆρες Ἐνυοῦς,
Δικταῖοι Κορύβαντες ἐπεστρατόωντο κυδοιμῷ.
Δαμνεὺς μὲν πολέμιζεν ἀνάρσια φῦλα διώκων . . . 277
ἐν πεδίῳ δ' ἀλαλητός· ὀρινομένῃσι δὲ Βάκχαις 251
Πρυμνεὺς εὔδιος ἦλθεν, ἅτε πρυμναῖος ἀήτης
ῥυόμενος πλωτῆρα συνιππεύοντα θυέλλαις·
καὶ στρατιῇ πολύευκτος ἐπήλυθεν, οἷος ἱκάνει
νηυσὶ τινασσομένῃσι γαληναῖος Πολυδεύκης,
εὐνήσας βαρὺ κῦμα θυελλοτόκοιο θαλάσσης. 256
Ποσσὶ δ' ἐλαφροτέροισι διεπτοίησε μαχητὰς 278
Ὠκύθοος· πολέας δὲ κατέκτανεν ὀξέι πότμῳ,
τὸν μὲν ἐνὶ σταδίῃ δαμάσας δορί, τὸν δὲ βελέμνῳ
τηλεφανής, ἕτερον δὲ ταμὼν δασπλῆτι μαχαίρῃ·

[a] With his brother Castor. The appearance of the two (in the form of St. Elmo's fire) on the rigging of a ship is a portent of escape from a storm.

monster with towering limbs; guarding himself he held before his great round eye a bossy oxhide shield. Then Phlogios the avenger of the slain Indians saw him; he rounded his bow, and drew back the windswift shaft to pierce the eye in that forehead —and he would have done it, but as he aimed, the highheaded Cyclops saw the coming attack, and dodged the blow of the flying arrow by shifting aside. Then the other poised a rock and threw the rough missile at Phlogios; but he retreated and stood by the car of oxhorned Deriades, and thus just evaded the sharp stone flying through the air, and there he remained. But Halimedes, angry that Phlogios had retreated, opened his deadly throat, and with one loud roar slew twelve men by pouring out one man-destroying boom of his furious voice.

274 The warcries of the Cyclopes made Olympos ring with their terrible sounds; and the dancers of battle, the Dictaian Corybants, joined in the battle.

277 Damneus fought and pursued the enemy tribes. . . . On the plain the warcry sounded. Prymneus succoured the excited Bacchant women, like a fair wind which blows astern and saves the mariner riding with the gales; full welcome he came to the army, as Polydeuces [a] brings calm to buffeted ships when he puts to sleep the heavy billows of the galebreeding sea.

278 Ocythoös [b] with light quick step scared away the warriors. Many he slew with speedy fate, bringing down one with spear in stand-up fight, one with a shot at a distant view, cutting down another with

[b] See xiii. 144.

ἄλλον ἔτι προθέοντα, πεφυγμένον εἴκελον αὔραις,
λυσσήεις ἐκίχησε ποδήνεμα γούνατα πάλλων,
εἰς δρόμον Ἰφίκλῳ πανομοίιος, ὅς τις ἐπείγων
ταρσὰ ποδῶν ἀβάτοιο κατέγραφεν ἄκρα γαλήνης,
καὶ σταχύων ἐφύπερθε μετάρσιον εἶχε πορείην,
ἀνθερίκων πάτον ἄκρον ἀκαμπέα ποσσὶν ὁδεύων.
Ὠκύθοος πέλε τοῖος ἀελλόπος. ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
εἰλιπόδην ἔστησε Μίμας εὔρυθμον Ἐνυώ,
καὶ στρατὸν ἐπτοίησε, χοροίτυπον ἄορ ἑλίσσων,
σκαρθμὸν ἔχων ἀγέλαστον ἐνόπλιον ἴδμονι ταρσῷ,
οἷον ὅτε Κρονίοισιν ὑπ' οὔασι δοῦπον ἐγείρων
Πύρριχος Ἰδαίοισι σάκος ξιφέεσσιν ἀράσσων
ψευδομένης ἀλάλαζε μέλος μενεδήιον Ἠχοῦς,
Ζηνὸς ὑποκλέπτων παλιναυξέος ἔγκρυφον ἥβην·
τοῖον ἔχων μιμηλὸν ἐνόπλιον ἅλμα χορείης
χαλκοχίτων ἐλέλιζε Μίμας ἀνεμώδεα λόγχην·
τέμνων δ' ἐχθρὰ κάρηνα, σιδήρεα λήια χάρμης,
Ἰνδοφόνοις πελέκεσσι καὶ ἀμφιπλῆγι μαχαίρῃ
δυσμενέων ἐτίταινε θαλύσια μάρτυρι Βάκχῳ,
ἀντὶ θυηπολίης βοέης καὶ ἐθήμονος οἴνου
λοιβὴν αἱματόεσσαν ἐπισπένδων Διονύσῳ.
Καὶ ποδὸς ἀσταθέος κυκλούμενος ἴδμονι ταρσῷ,
σύνδρομος Ὠκυθόῳ κορυθαιόλος ἤιεν Ἄκμων·
μάρνατο δ' ἀστυφέλικτος ἅτε σφυρήλατος ἄκμων,
ἀσπίδα κουφίζων Κορυβαντίδα, τῆς ἐνὶ μέσσῳ
πολλάκις ὕπνον ἴαυεν ἐν οὔρεσι νηπίαχος Ζεύς·
καὶ Διὸς οἶκος ἔην ὀλίγον σπέος, ἔνθά ἑ κείνῃ
αἲξ ἱερὴ γλαγόεντι νόθῳ μαιώσατο μαζῷ,
ξεῖνον ἀναβλύζουσα σοφὸν γλάγος, εὖτε βοείῃ
κλεψιτόκοις πατάγοισι σακέσπαλον ἔβρεμεν Ἠχώ,

[a] Hom. *Il.* xxiii. 636 ff.

[b] Acmon means anvil.

horrid knife; another still running onwards and flying like to the breezes the furious pursuer caught, plying his knees and feet quick as the wind—as good a runner as Iphiclos,[a] who used to skim the untrodden calm only touching the surface with the soles of his feet, and passed over a field of corn without bending the tops of the ears with his travelling footsteps. Ocythoös was like him windfooted.

288 Mimas was in the thick of the fray, making a dance of battle with woven paces and frightening the host, swinging a capering sword, the dancer-at-arms skipping in dead earnest with knowing leaps; as once the pyrrhic dance raised a noise in the ears of Cronos, and clanged sword on shield on Mount Ida, and rang out a valiant din to deceive the enemy, as he screened the stealthy nurture of growing Zeus. So mailclad Mimas brandished his spear in air in mimicry of the dance-at-arms, as he cut down the heads of his foes, an iron harvest of battle; so he offered the firstfruits of the enemy to witnessing Bacchos with Indianslaying axe and doublebiting sword; so he poured his libation of blood and gore to Dionysos, instead of the sacrifice of cattle and the wonted drinkoffering of wine.

309 Beside Ocythoös, Acmon with brilliant helmet moved his restless circling feet in knowing leaps. He fought unshakable like the hammerbeaten anvil of his name,[b] holding a Corybantic shield, which had often held in its hollow baby Zeus asleep among the mountains: yes, a little cave once was the home of Zeus, where that sacred goat played the nurse to him with her milky udder for a makeshift, and cleverly let him suck the strange milk, when the noise of shaken shields resounded beaten on the

τυπτομένη μέσα νῶτα κυβιστητῆρι σιδήρῳ. 318
ὧν χάριν ἀσκήσασα λίθον ψευδήμονα Ῥείη 322
ἀντίδοτον Κρονίδαο Κρόνου παρέθηκε τραπέζῃ. 323
Ὀξυφαὴς δ' Ἰδαῖος ἐδύσατο κῶμον Ἐνυοῦς, 303
ὀρχηστὴρ πολέμοιο πολύτροπον ἴχνος ἑλίσσων,
ἄσχετος Ἰνδοφόνοιο μόθου δεδονημένος οἴστρῳ. 305
Καὶ ζοφερὴν στίχα πᾶσαν ἀνεπτοίησε Μελισσεύς,
θάρσος ἔχων ἀδόνητον· ἐπωνυμίην δὲ φυλάσσων
φρικτὰ κορυσσομένης μιμήσατο κέντρα μελίσσης· 308
καὶ βαλίου Κουρῆτος ἀκοντιστῆρα τιταίνων 319
μάρμαρον ἀντιπόροιο Μελισσέος ἤμβροτε Μορρεύς, 320
ἤμβροτεν· οὐ γὰρ ἔοικε μύλῳ Κορύβαντας ὀλέσσαι. 321
Ξυνὴν δ' εἰς ἓν ἰόντες ὁμόζυγον εἶχον Ἐνυὼ 324
Ἄρεος ὀρχηστῆρες ἀτερπέος· ἀμφὶ δὲ δίφρῳ 325
Δηριάδην στεφανηδὸν ἐμιτρώσαντο βοείαις
τεύχεα πεπλήγοντες, ἐν εὐρύθμῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ
πύργον ἐκυκλώσαντο φερεσσακέεσσι χορείαις.
ἠχὴ δ' ἠερόφοιτος ἀνέδραμεν εἰς Διὸς αὐλάς,
καὶ κτύπον ἀμφοτέρων ἐπεδείδιον εὔποδες Ὧραι. 330

---

[a] Melissa is a bee.

back with tumbling steel to hide the little child with their clanging. Their help allowed Rheia to wrap up that stone of deceit, and gave it to Cronos for a meal in place of Cronides.

303 Sharpsighted Idaios entered the revels of war, that dancer of battle turning his intricate steps, incessantly shaken with the mad passion for Indian carnage.

306 Melisseus also scared all the dusky host with boldness unshaken. True to his name,[a] he imitated the bee up in arms with her terrible sting. Morrheus hurled a hurtling stone against the quick Curetian who faced him, but he missed Melisseus, he missed him—for it is not seemly that a Corybant should be killed with a millstone.

324 So the dancers of cruel war fought all together as one. Round the car of Deriades they gathered in a ring of shields, beating their armour, and surrounded the tower in rhythmic battle and shieldbearing dance. And the noise mounted through the air to the palace of Zeus, and the fairfooted Seasons trembled at the turmoil of both armies.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΕΙΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΕΝΝΑΤΟΝ

Εἰκοστῷ δ' ἐνάτῳ πολέμων ἀποχάζεται Ἄρης,
οἷά περ εἰς γάμον ἄλλον ἐπειγόμενος Κυθερείης.

Ἥρη δ' ὡς ἐνόησε δαϊζομένων στίχας Ἰνδῶν,
δύσμαχον ἔμβαλε θάρσος ἀγήνορι Δηριαδῆι.
καὶ πλέον οἶστρον ἔρωτος ἐδέξατο δηιοτῆτος
φρικτὸς ἄναξ· προμάχοις δὲ χέων λυσσώδεα φωνὴν
κυανέην στοιχηδὸν ὅλην περιδέδρομε χάρμην,
λαὸν ὅλον φεύγοντα παλίσσυτον εἰς μόθον ἕλκων,
ἄλλον ἐπηείῃ μετανεύμενος, ἄλλον ἀπειλῇ.
καὶ θρασὺς ἔπλετο μᾶλλον· ὁμηγερέες δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ
κεκλομένου βασιλῆος ἐπὶ κλόνον ἔρρεον Ἰνδοί.
καὶ Σατύρων στίχα πᾶσαν
ἐκηβόλος ἔσχισε Μορρεύς,
πῇ μὲν ἐπ' ἀντιβίοισιν ὀπισθοτόνων ἀπὸ τόξων
πέμπων ἠερόφοιτον ἐπασσυτέρων νέφος ἰῶν,
πῇ δὲ παλινδίνητον ἑὸν δόρυ θοῦρον ἑλίσσων
Σειληνῶν κερόεσσαν ἀνεπτοίησε γενέθλην.
Εὐχαίτης δ' Ὑμέναιος ἐμάρνατο φάσγανα σείων,
Θεσσαλικῆς ἀκίχητος ὑπὲρ ῥάχιν ἥμενος ἵππου,
Ἰνδοὺς κυανέους ῥοδοειδέι χειρὶ δαΐζων·
ἀγλαΐῃ δ' ἤστραπτεν· ἴδοις δέ μιν εἰς μέσον Ἰνδῶν
Φωσφόρον αἰγλήεντα δυσειδέι σύνδρομον ὄρφνῃ·

BOOK XXIX

In the twenty-ninth, Ares retreats from the battle, being urged to another wedding by Cythereia.

When Hera saw the companies of Indians being destroyed, she threw on proud Deriades courage invincible. The terrible king felt the pride of an intenser ardour for strife. He went about through the whole black army rank by rank, pouring forth his frenzied voice among the forefighters, and rallying all the fugitive host back into the fray, changing one man's mind by gentle words, one by threats. He grew bolder still, and the Indians themselves recovered and rushed into battle at the summons of their king. Then farshooting Morrheus cut through the whole body of Satyrs: now he discharged a cloud of arrows through the air from his backbending bow against his adversaries; now he cast his furious spear again and again, and disordered the horned generation of Seilenoi.

Longhaired Hymenaios fought swinging his sword, out of reach on the back of his Thessalian horse, and cut down black Indians with his rosy hand. He blazed in radiance: you might see him in the midst of the Indians, like the bright morning star against ugly darkness. He drove the enemy to

καὶ δηίους ἐφόβησεν, ἐπεί νύ οἱ εἵνεκα μορφῆς
μαρναμένῳ Διόνυσος ἐνέπνεεν ἔνθεον ἀλκήν.
Τὸν μὲν ἰδὼν Ἰόβακχος ἀριστεύοντα κυδοιμῷ
τέρπετο, καὶ συνάεθλον ἑῆς οὐκ ἤθελε χάρμης
ἀστεροπὴν Κρονίωνος, ὅσον μελίην Ὑμεναίου.
εἴ ποτε πῶλον ἔλαυνεν ἀπόσσυτον εἰς μόθον Ἰνδῶν,
δαιδαλέων Διόνυσος ἐμάστιεν αὐχένα θηρῶν,
ἵππῳ δ' ἅρμα πέλαζε παρ' ἡβητῆρι θαμίζων,
κοῦρον ἔχων, ἅτε Φοῖβος Ἀτύμνιον· ἵστατο δ' αἰεὶ
ἀγχιφανής, ἐρόεις δὲ καὶ ἄλκιμος εἰν ἑνὶ θεσμῷ
ἠιθέῳ μενέαινε φανήμεναι· ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
καὶ νεφέων ἔψαυε συναιχμάζων Ὑμεναίῳ.
ἓν δέ ἑ μοῦνον ὄρινεν, ὅτι χθονίης ἀπὸ φύτλης
υἱὸς ἔην Φλεγύαο, καὶ οὐ Κρονίδαο τοκῆος.
καί οἱ ἀεὶ παρέμιμνε, πατὴρ ἅτε παῖδα φυλάσσων,
δειμαίνων, ἵνα μή τις ἑκηβόλος ἰὸν ἰήλας
κοῦρον οἰστεύσειεν· ἐπερχομένων δὲ βολάων
δεξιτερὴν ἐτίταινε προασπίζων Ὑμεναίου.
καί οἱ ἀριστεύοντι τόσην ἐφθέγξατο φωνήν·
"Πέμπε βέλος, φίλε κοῦρε,
καὶ οὐκέτι μαίνεται Ἄρης·
κάλλεϊ Βάκχον ἔβαλλες οἰστευτῆρα Γιγάντων,
βάλλε τεοῖς βελέεσσι καὶ ἄφρονα Δηριαδῆα,
δυσμενέων βασιλῆα θεημάχον, ὄφρά τις εἴπῃ·
'ἀμφοτέρων ἐτύχησε βαλὼν Ὑμέναιος οἰστῷ,
εἰς χρόα Δηριάδαο καὶ εἰς κραδίην Διονύσου.'"
Ὣς φαμένου Βρομίοιο πολὺ πλέον ἥψατο χάρμης
ἱμερόεις Ὑμέναιος ἑκηβόλος, ᾧ ἔπι χαίρων
οἰστρήεις Διόνυσος ἐδύσατο μᾶλλον Ἐνυὼ
καὶ ζοφερὴν προθέλυμνον ὅλην ἐφόβησε γενέθλην·

flight, since for his beauty's sake Dionysos inspired him fighting with strength divine.

22 And Iobacchos was glad when he saw him a champion in the battle ; he would not have chosen Cronion's lightning for ally in his war rather than the ashplant of Hymenaios. If he drove his colt into the throng of escaping Indians, Dionysos flicked the neck of his motley wild beasts, and brought up his car to the horse ; he kept close to the youth, and took him as his boy, as Phoibos with Atymnios.[a] He was always to be seen by his side, and desired the youth to notice him as lovely and valiant at once ; in the conflict he touched the clouds with pride to be Hymenaios's comrade in arms. One thing only incensed him, that the boy's father was earthborn Phlegyas and not Cronides. He was always near him, like a father guarding his son, for fear that some farshooter might let fly an arrow and hit the boy : as the shafts came, he held out his right hand to protect Hymenaios as with a shield. He encouraged the young champion with such words as these :

39 " Shoot your shot, dear boy, and Ares will cease to rage ! Your beauty was the shot which hit Bacchos, whose arrows bring down the Giants. Shoot Deriades also with your shots, that foolish king of our enemies, that enemy of God ; that men may say, ' Hymenaios hit two marks with one arrow, the body of Deriades and the heart of Dionysos ! ' "

45 At this speech of Bromios, the lovely farshooter Hymenaios attacked the battle with more vigour than before ; and Dionysos enamoured, rejoicing in him, rushed in with more fury and scattered the whole black nation out and out. One who saw Dionysos

[a] See xi. 230.

καί τις ἰδὼν Διόνυσον ἀφειδέι λαίλαπι χάρμης
Ἰνδῴων ἀκόρητον ὀιστευτῆρα καρήνων
τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε φιλοκτεάνῳ Μελανῆι·
"Τοξότα, πῇ σέο τόξα καὶ ἠνεμόεντες ὀιστοί;
ἡμέας ἀβροχίτωνες ὀιστεύουσι γυναῖκες.
ἀλλὰ βέλος προΐαλλε μινυνθαδίῳ Διονύσῳ·
μή σε παραπλάγξειεν Ὀλύμπιον οὔνομα φήμης·
μὴ τρομέοις ποτὲ Βάκχον, ὃς ἐκ χθονίοιο τοκῆος
ὠκύμορον λάχεν αἷμα, Διὸς δ' ἐψεύσατο φύτλην.
δεῦρο βέλος προΐαλλε καί, εἰς σκοπὸν αἴ κε τυχήσῃς,
δέχνυσαι ἄσπετα δῶρα βαθυπλούτου βασιλῆος,
αἴ κεν ἴδῃ Διόνυσον, ἀγήνορα παῖδα Θυώνης,
πυρκαϊῆς ἐπιβάντα τεῷ δμηθέντα βελέμνῳ·
ἓν δὲ βέλος λύσειεν ὅλον μόθον. ἀμφοτέροις δέ,
ὕδατι χεῖρας ἄειρε καὶ εὔχεο μητέρι Γαίῃ·
ῥέζειν δ' ἀμφοτέροισι θυηπολίας μετὰ νίκην
ἀψεύστοις στομάτεσσιν ὑπόσχεο· καὶ παρὰ βωμῷ
ταυροφυὴς ἐχέτω κεραελκέα ταῦρον Ὑδάσπης,
Γαῖα δὲ κυανέη μελανόχροον ἄρνα δεχέσθω."
Ὣς εἰπὼν παρέπεισεν ὀιστοβόλον Μελανῆα,
ἄνδρα νοοπλανέων κτεάνων δεδονημένον οἴστρῳ·
αὐτὰρ ὁ σιγαλέος γυμνώσατο πῶμα φαρέτρης
ἰὸν ἑλὼν προβλῆτα, καὶ εἴρυσεν ἠθάδα νευρὴν
τόξον ὀπισθοτόνῳ παλάμης κυκλούμενος ὁλκῷ,
ἀκρότατον δὲ σίδηρον ἐρεισάμενος περὶ τόξῳ
φοίνια νεῦρα βόεια πελάσσατο γείτονι μαζῷ·
καὶ βέλος ἰθυκέλευθον ἀπεπλάγχθη Διονύσου
Ζηνὸς ἐρητύσαντος, ἐυστεφάνου δ' Ὑμεναίου
αἱμοβαφὴς πτερόεντι χαράσσετο μηρὸς ὀιστῷ.
Οὐ δὲ λάθεν Διόνυσον ἀπήορος ἰὸς ἀλήτης

like a merciless tornado in the field, piercing Indian heads insatiate with his arrows, said something like this to avaricious Melaneus [a]:

52 "Archer, where is your bow, where are your windswift arrows? Women in dainty dress are shooting their arrows at us! Come, aim a shot at shortlived Dionysos! Let not the legend of his Olympian name mislead you. Never fear Bacchos, who has in him the mortal blood of a quickfated father, and lies when he calls himself son of Zeus. Here—let fly your shot, and if you can hit the mark, accept infinite gifts from our wealthy king, if he sees Dionysos, Thyone's haughty son, brought down by your shaft and laid on a pyre. One shot would finish all our troubles. Pray to both—stretch out your hands to the Water and pray to Mother Earth, and with truthful lips vow to both sacrifice after victory; at the altar let bullshaped Hydaspes hold a hornstrong bull, and let black Earth receive a black ram." [b]

68 With these words he persuaded Melaneus the archer, a man with a passion for mindbeguiling riches. Silently he took off the cap of his quiver and chose a long arrow; then drew back the bowstring as he knew how to do, until the bow was rounded by a backward pull of his hand: he brought the deadly oxgut close to his breast till the steel point touched the bow, and the shaft sped straight — but Zeus made it swerve aside from Dionysos, and the winged arrow pierced the bloodbathed thigh of garlanded Hymenaios.

78 But Dionysos failed not to see the arrow swerve

[a] See xxvi. 257.

[b] Black victims are regular offerings to chthonians, *i.e.* deities living in and under the earth.

ἱπτάμενος ῥοιζηδόν, ἀφειδέι σύνδρομος αὔρῃ·
ἀλλὰ διεσσυμένοιο βολὴν θήλυνεν ὀιστοῦ,
καὶ φονίην ἀλάωσεν ἐκηβολίην Μελανῆος·
καὶ Παφίη γλωχῖνας ἀπηκόντιζε βελέμνου,
σύγγονος ἱμείροντι χαριζομένη Διονύσῳ,
καὶ βέλος ἔτραπε τόσσον ἀπὸ χροός, ὡς ὅτε μήτηρ
παιδὸς ἔτι κνώσσοντος ἀλήμονα μυῖαν ἐλάσσῃ,
ἠρέμα φάρεος ἄκρον ἐπαιθύσσουσα προσώπῳ.
  Καὶ χροὸς ἄγριον ἕλκος ἐρευθομένου διὰ μηροῦ
ἀγχιφανὴς Ὑμέναιος ἐδείκνυε γείτονι Βάκχῳ,
δάκρυ χέων ἐρατεινὸν ὑπ' ὀφρύσιν, ὄφρα νοήσῃ
δεξιτερὴν ἐπίκουρον ἀλεξικάκου Διονύσου,
ἰητροῦ χατέων ζωαρκέος· αὐτὰρ ὁ λευκῆς
χειρὸς ἔχων Ὑμέναιον ἑῆς ἐπέβησεν ἀπήνης,
καί μιν ἄγων ἀπάνευθε πολυφλοίσβοιο κυδοιμοῦ
νωθρὸν ἐπὶ σκιόεντι πέδῳ παρὰ γείτονι φηγῷ
θῆκε καρηβαρέοντα· καὶ ὡς Ὑάκινθον Ἀπόλλων
ἔστενεν ἀνδροφόνῳ βεβολημένον ὀξέι δίσκῳ,
μεμφόμενος Ζεφύρου ζηλήμονος ἄσθμα θυέλλης,
οὕτω καὶ Διόνυσος ἀνέσπασε πολλάκι χαίτην,
ὄμμασιν ἀκλαύτοισιν ἐπικλαύσας Ὑμεναίῳ.
καὶ χροὸς ἐκτὸς ἐόντας ἰδὼν πώγωνας ὀιστοῦ
ἀσπάσιον λάχε θάρσος· ἀφ' αἱμαλέοιο δὲ μηροῦ
λευκὸν ἐρευθομένου διδυμόχροον ἕλκος ἀφάσσων
φειδομέναις παλάμῃσιν ἀνείρυσεν ἄκρον ὀιστοῦ.
δάκρυα δ' ἡβητῆρος ὀδυρομένοιο δοκεύων
ἀμφοτέροις κεχόλωτο, καὶ Ἄρεϊ καὶ Μελανῆι·
καὶ γλυκεροὺς ἱδρῶτας ἀποσμήξας Ὑμεναίου
μεμφομένοις στομάτεσσιν ὑποκρυφίην χέε φωνήν·
"Ἄμπελον ἔκτανε ταῦρος,
Ἄρης Ὑμέναιον ὀλέσσει.

aside, as it flew whizzing by, quick as the cruel breeze. But he softened the force of the flying shaft, and made of little avail the deadly longshot of Melaneus; the Paphian too brushed away the barbs of the shaft, in grace to a sister's love of Dionysos her brother, and kept the shot just out of the flesh, as when a mother drives off a vagrant fly from her sleeping child, fanning his face with a corner of her robe.[a]

87 Hymenaios came close to Bacchos, and showed him the angry wound on his reddened thigh. An adorable tear dropt under his brows, that he might make sure of the helping right arm of Dionysos his protector: he wanted a physician to save his life. Then Dionysos caught Hymenaios's white arm and helped him up into his car; he took him away from the tumult of battle, and made him sit down on the ground in the shade of an oak not far off, heavy and drooping his head. As Apollo bemoaned Hyacinthos,[b] struck by the quoit which brought him quick death, and reproached the blast of the West Wind's jealous gale, so Dionysos often tore his hair and lamented for Hymenaios with those unweeping eyes. When he saw the barbs of the arrow outside the flesh, he was glad and took courage, and just touching the white-red wound with gentle hands, he drew out the arrow-point from the reddened thigh. Then seeing the tears of the sorrowful boy he was angry with Ares and Melaneus both. He wiped off the sweat from sweet Hymenaios, he said reproachfully under his breath:

108 "A bull killed Ampelos, Ares will kill Hy-

[a] This scene is modelled on Hom. *Il.* iv. 88 ff.
[b] See x. 255.

αἴθε δὲ πάντας ἔπεφνεν, ὅσους ἐκόρυσσα μαχητάς,
καλλείψας ἕνα μοῦνον ἀνούτατον· ἐν πολέμοις γὰρ
ποῖον ἄχος κλονέει με δαϊζομένοιο Καβείρου;
ὠτειλὴ Σατύρου πότε που, πότε Βάκχον ὀρίνῃ;
Σειληνὸς πεσέτω σταφυληκόμος· ἑσμὸς ἀλάσθω
Βασσαρίδων, καὶ μοῦνον ἀπήμονα παῖδα νοήσω.
ἱλήκοι κλυτότοξος· Ἀρισταίοιο πεσόντος
ποῖον ἐμοί ποτε πένθος, ἐυρραθάμιγγος ὀπώρης
κρείσσονα κικλήσκοντος ἑῆς ὠδῖνα μελίσσης;
οὐ τάχα μοι πέπρωτο φυγεῖν ποτε παιδὸς ἀνίην,
ὅττι πάλιν τάχα τοῦτον ὀλωλότα παῖδα γοήσω.
τίς βαρὺς ἀμφοτέροις φθόνος ἔχραεν; εἰ θέμις εἰπεῖν,
Ἥρη δερκομένη ζηλήμονι Βάκχον ὀπωπῇ
καὶ νέον ἀμητῆρα μελαρρίνοιο γενέθλης,
ἠιθέῳ φθονέουσα καὶ ἱμείροντι Λυαίῳ
ὥπλισε θοῦρον Ἄρηα βαλεῖν Ὑμέναιον ὀιστῷ,
Ἰνδῴην μεθέποντα νόθην ἄγνωστον ὀπωπήν,
ὄφρα νόον δυσέρωτος ἀνιήσειε Λυαίου.
ἀλλὰ βέλος τανύων ἢ φοίνια τόξα τιταίνων
ψευδαλέῳ Μελανῆι κορύσσομαι, ὄφρα τελέσσω
ποινὴν ἱμερόεντος ὀφειλομένην Ὑμεναίου.
αἴ κε θάνῃς, Ὑμέναιε, λιπὼν ἀτέλεστον Ἐνυώ,
χάζομαι ἐκ πολέμοιο καὶ οὐκέτι θύρσον ἀείρω.
δυσμενέας ξύμπαντας ἐγὼ ζώοντας ἐάσω,
ἀμήσας ἕνα φῶτα, τεὸν Μελανῆα φονῆα.
οὐ κτάνε Δηριάδης σε, καὶ εἰ κοτέει Διονύσῳ.
ἱλήκοις, Κυθέρεια· μετὰ θρασὺν υἱέα Μύρρης
μείλιχον ἄλλον Ἄδωνιν ἀμείλιχος ἤλασεν Ἄρης,
ἤλασε καὶ ῥοδέου χροὸς ἥψατο, καὶ διὰ μηροῦ
ἄρτι πάλιν κελάρυζεν ἐπὶ χθονὶ λύθρος Ἐρώτων·
ἀλλὰ τεῷ ποθέοντι χαριζομένη Διονύσῳ
πέμπέ μοι ἐνθάδε Φοῖβον ἀδελφεόν, ἴδμονα τέχνης

menaios! Would he had killed all the warriors whom I have armed, and left me this one unwounded! What pain troubles me if a Cabeiros is slain in battle? When could a Satyr's wound excite Bacchos, when, I ask! Let the grapewreathed Seilenos fall, let a swarm of Bassarids be scattered, so long as I see the boy alone unhurt. If Aristaios fell—forgive me, illustrious Archer! what should I care for one who calls the travail of his bee better than the drops of my precious vintage! I seem to be destined never to be without sorrow for some boy, now I seem likely to be in mourning again for the loss of this one. What heavy spite has attacked both! If I dare to say so, Hera looked with jealous eye on Bacchos and the young reaper of the blackskin nation; to spite the young man and enamoured Lyaios, she armed furious Ares to shoot Hymenaios with an arrow, disguised unknown under an Indian shape, that she might plague the mind of Lyaios deep in love. Well, I will assail this false Melaneus, aiming a bloodthirsty shot or casting a lance, that I may exact the price due for lovely Hymenaios. If you die, Hymenaios, I will leave this war unfinished, I will retreat from the battle and lift my thyrsus no longer. I will leave all my enemies alive, when I have mown down one fellow, Melaneus your slayer. Not Deriades killed you, even if he hates me. Ungentle Ares has assailed another gentle Adonis after the bold son of Myrrha—forgive me, Cythereia! He assailed him and touched his rosy flesh, now once more the blood of all the Loves has trickled from a thigh on the ground. O be gracious to your Dionysos in his passion! Send me here Phoibos our brother, who

λυσιπόνου, καὶ κοῦρον ἀκέσσεται. ἴσχεο, φωνή·
Φοῖβον ἔα κατ' Ὄλυμπον ἀκηδέα, μή μιν ὀρίνω
ἕλκεος ἱμερόεντος ἀναμνήσας Ὑακίνθου.
πέμπέ μοι, ἢν ἐθέλῃς, Παιήονα· κεῖνος ἱκέσθω·
ἄμμορός ἐστι πόθων, ἀλλότριός ἐστιν Ἐρώτων.
ὠτειλῆς τύπον ἄλλον ἐσέδρακον· ἐν πολέμοις γὰρ
ἄλλος ἀνὴρ κενεῶνα τυπεὶς φοινίσσεται αἰχμῇ,
ἄορι δ' ἄλλος ἔχει παλάμης πόνον, ὃς δὲ βελέμνῳ
εἰς λαπάρην, ἕτερος δὲ δι' οὔατος· ἐν κραδίῃ δὲ
λοίγιον ἕλκος ἔχοντι συνουτήθην Ὑμεναίῳ."

Εἶπε καὶ ἐπτοίητο παρακλιδὸν ὄμματι λοξῷ
ὠτειλὴν χαρίεντος ὀπιπεύων Ὑμεναίου.
μηρῷ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα φιλεύιον ἄνθος ἑλίξας,
λευκὸν ἐρευθομένῳ διδυμόχροον ἕλκος ἀφάσσων,
κοῦρον ἀνεζώγρησεν ἑῷ παιήονι κισσῷ,
οἶνον ἀλεξητῆρα περιρραίνων Ὑμεναίῳ.
ὡς δ' ὅτ' ὀπὸς ταχυεργός, ἐπειγόμενος γάλα πῆξαι, 157
χιονέης κυκόων ἀπαμείρεται ὑγρὸν ἐέρσης, 160
ὄφρά μιν ἐντύνειε πεπηγμένον αἰπόλος ἀνὴρ 158
κυκλώσας ταλάροιο τύπῳ, τροχοειδέι ταρσῷ· 159
ὣς ὅ γε φοίνιον ἕλκος ἀκέσσατο Φοιβάδι τέχνῃ· 161
καὶ νέος ἀρτεμέων παλινάγρετον εἶχεν Ἐνυώ,
χειρὸς ἀκεσσιπόνοιο Διωνύσοιο τυχήσας.
καὶ βέλος ἠερόφοιτον ἐκηβόλον εἰς σκοπὸν ἕλκων
τόξα πάλιν κύκλωσε, τιτυσκόμενος δὲ βελέμνῳ
ἀντίδοτον πόρεν ἕλκος ὀιστοβόλῳ Μελανῆι.

Καὶ θρασὺς ἔσσυτο κοῦρος· ἐφεσπόμενος δὲ Λυαίῳ
αἰεὶ φῶτας ἔβαλλε καὶ οὐκέτι λείπετο Βάκχου.
ὡς δ' ὅτε τις σκιόεις τύπος ἀνέρος, ἄπνοος ἕρπων,
ἀγχιφανὴς ἀχάρακτος ὁμόδρομος ἀνδρὸς ὁδεύει,

---

[a] See iii. 153.
[b] Imitated from *Iliad* v. 902-904.

knows the art of healing all pains, and he will make the boy whole.

141 "But stay, my voice! Leave Phoibos undisturbed in Olympos, or I may provoke him by recalling the wound of his beloved Hyacinthos.[a] Send me Paiëon, if it be your pleasure: let him come; he has no part in desire, he is alien to the Loves. This is a new kind of wound I have seen. On the battlefield a man is struck in the flank with a spear and the red blood runs, another has a sword-wound in the hand, another is shot in the side or through the ear; but when Hymenaios got his death-wound, I was struck to the heart with Hymenaios."

151 He spoke, and shivered as his eye glanced aside and saw the wound of charming Hymenaios. Gently fingering the twicolour white and red of the wounded thigh, he twined about it the plant of Euios, and gave the boy new life with his healing ivy, sprinkling Hymenaios with the wholesome wine. As the quick-working figjuice[b] that curdles milk in a trice, mixes with the white liquid and takes away its wet, when a goatherd prepares to compress the stuff in the shape of a cheese-basket on a round mat, so quickly he made the bleeding wound whole by Phoibos's art; and the young man sound and whole began fighting again, after a touch of the healing hand of Dionysos. Again he rounded his bow and drew an airflying long-shot upon the mark; he took aim at Melaneus who shot the arrow, and dealt him a wound in revenge with his own arrow.

167 Now the boy rushed boldly forward. He followed Lyaios, and never fell behind Bacchos now, striking and striking the enemy. As the shadowy shape follows a man, moving inanimate, marching

καί οἱ ἀεὶ σπεύδοντι συνέσπεται, ἱσταμένου δὲ
ἵσταται, ἑζομένου δὲ παρέζεται, ἐν δὲ τραπέζῃ
μιμηλαῖς παλάμῃσι συνέμπορος εἰλαπινάζει·
ὣς ὅ γε κοῦρος ἔμιμνεν ὁμόδρομος οἴνοπι Βάκχῳ.
οὐδὲ μάχης Διόνυσος ἐλώφεεν· ἀλλὰ τορήσας
μεσσοπαγῆ κούφιζε πεπαρμένον ἀνέρα θύρσῳ
ὄρθιον ὑψιπότητον, ἐν ἠερίῃ δὲ κελεύθῳ
Ἰνδὸν ἐλαφρίζων ζηλήμονι δείκνυεν Ἥρῃ.
Καὶ τελέων τρισσῇσιν ἐπωνυμίῃσιν Ἐνυὼ
θεῖος Ἀρισταῖος, δεδαημένος Ἄρεος Ἀγρεύς,
ὡς Νόμιος πολέμιζε καλαύροπα χερσὶ τινάσσων,
νυμφίος Αὐτονόης ἑκατηβόλος· ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
τόξον ἔχων κλυτότοξον ἑὸν μιμεῖτο τοκῆα,
θάρσος ἔχων ὑπέροπλον ὀιστοβόλοιο τεκούσης,
Κυρήνης προτέρης Ὑψηΐδος· αἰνομανῆ δὲ
δέσμιον ἐζώγρησεν ἀνάρσιον ἄτρομος Ἀγρεὺς
ἀγρεύσας ἅτε θῆρα· καὶ ἀντιβίων ὀλετῆρα
ἠθάδι χειρὶ τίταινε βαρὺν λίθον, οἷον ἐρείσας
πιαλέης ἔθλιψε χυτὰς ὠδῖνας ἐλαίης·
δυσμενέας δ' ἐφόβησεν ἀγήνορας ἠθάδι ῥόμβῳ,
σείων χαλκὸν ἐκεῖνον, ὃν ἐν παλάμῃσι τινάσσων
φοιταλέης ἐφόβησε μεμηνότα κέντρα μελίσσης.
Θρηικίης δὲ Σάμοιο πυρισθενέες πολιῆται
Λημνιάδος δύο παῖδες ἐβακχεύοντο Καβειροῦς·
Ἡφαίστου δὲ τοκῆος ἐρευθομένου πυρὸς ἀτμῷ
συγγενέας σπινθῆρας ἀνηκόντιζον ὀπωπαί.
τοῖσι μὲν ἐξ ἀδάμαντος ἔην ὄχος· ἀμφὶ δὲ πῶλοι
χαλκείῃ κροτέοντες ἀρασσομένην κόνιν ὁπλῇ
καρχαλέον χρεμετισμὸν ἀνήρυγον ἀνθερεῶνος,
οὓς γενέτης Ἥφαιστος ἀμιμήτῳ κάμε τέχνῃ

* See v. 216.

close beside him without a mark on it, as it goes with him when he runs, stands when he stands, sits beside him when he sits, and at table shares the meal with an image of hands: so the boy kept beside Bacchos the winegod as he went. And Dionysos rested not in his fighting: nay, he ran a man through the middle and spitted him on his thyrsus, lifted him high aloft upright, and holding the Indian up in the airy ways displayed him to jealous Hera.

179 That divine warrior also played his part, Autonoë's farshooting bridegroom, as befitted his three names, Aristaios the divine, Agreus the hunter wellskilled in war, Nomios the fighting herdsman cudgel in hand. He held his bow in the conflict, like his bowfamous sire, full of the pre-eminent courage of his archeress mother, Cyrene daughter of Hypseus in the olden time.[a] Fearless Agreus hunted one mad enemy like a wild beast and took him prisoner. With experienced hand he hurled a heavy stone for the death of his adversaries, as if he were crushing and pounding the melting travail of the fat olive; he scattered his proud enemies with his favourite bull-roarer, swinging the bronze plate which he used to whirl when he scattered the maddened stings of the swarming bees.

193 Two firestrong citizens of Samothrace also ran wild, sons of Lemnian Cabeiro; their eyes flashed out their own natural sparks, which came from the red smoky flame of their father Hephaistos. They rode in a car of adamant; a pair of colts beat the dust with rattling hooves of brass, and they sent out a dry whinnying from their throats. These father Hephaistos had made with his inimitable art,

πυρσὸν ἀπειλητῆρα διαπνείοντας ὀδόντων,
οἷα καὶ Αἰήτῃ, βριαρῷ σημάντορι Κόλχων,
χαλκοπόδων μόρφωσε συνωρίδα δίζυγα ταύρων,
τεύχων χερμὰ λέπαδνα καὶ ἔμπυρον ἱστοβοῆα.
Εὐρυμέδων μὲν ἔλαυνε, πυριβλήτῳ δὲ χαλινῷ
ἔμπυρον ἡνιόχευε σιδηροπόδων γένυν ἵππων·
χειρὶ δὲ Λήμνιον ἔγχος, ὅ περ κάμε πάτριος ἄκμων,
δεξιτερῇ κούφιζεν, ἐπ' εὐφυέεσσι δὲ μηροῖς
φάσγανον ἠώρησε σελασφόρον· εἰ δέ τις ἀνήρ,
ἀκροτάτοις ὀνύχεσσι λίθον τινὰ βαιὸν ἀείρας
θηγαλέης ἤρασσε πυρίδρομα νῶτα μαχαίρης,
αὐτόματοι σπινθῆρες ὀιστεύοντο σιδήρου.
Ἄλκων δ' αἰθαλόεντι συνήρμοσε χεῖρα βελέμνῳ,
πατρῴης Ἑκάτης θιασώδεα πυρσὸν ἑλίσσων.
Καὶ φάλαρον σείοντες ἀερσιλόφου τρυφαλείης
Δικταῖοι Κορύβαντες ἐπεστρατόωντο κυδοιμῷ,
εἰς μόθον οἰστρηθέντες· ἀμιλλητῆρι δὲ χαλκῷ
φάσγανα τυπτομένῃσιν ἐπέκτυπε γυμνὰ βοείαις
σκαρθμοῖς ἀντιτύποισι· φερεσσακέος δὲ χορείης
ῥυθμὸν ἐμιμήσαντο ποδῶν ἑλικώδεϊ παλμῷ,
Ἄρεϊ βακχευθέντες. ὀρεσσαύλων δὲ νομήων
Ἰνδῴη δεδάικτο γονὴ Κουρῆτι σιδήρῳ·
καί τις ἀνὴρ προκάρηνος ἐπωλίσθησε κονίῃ,
εἰσαΐων μύκημα βαρυγδούποιο βοείης.
Καί τις ἀερτάζουσα φιλάνθεμον ἔγχος Ἐνυοῦς
Βασσαρὶς ἠκόντιζεν· ἀβακχεύτου δὲ γενέθλης
ἄρσενα πολλὰ κάρηνα δαΐζετο θήλεϊ θύρσῳ.
καὶ λασίῃ παλάμῃ σκοπιὴν λοφόεσσαν ἀείρων
οὔρεος ἄκρα κάρηνα ταμὼν ἐκορύσσετο Ληνεύς,
πέμπων ὀκριόεσσαν ἐπ' ἀντιβίοισιν ἀκωκήν.
Βάκχη δ' ἀμφαλάλαζε· καὶ ἀμπελόεντες ὀιστοὶ
κισσοφόρων παλάμῃσιν ἐδινεύοντο γυναικῶν.

breathing defiant fire between their teeth, like the pair of brazenfoot bulls which he made for Aietes the redoubtable ruler of the Colchians,[a] with hot collars and burning pole. Eurymedon drove and guided the fiery mouths of the ironfoot steeds with a fiery bridle ; in his right hand he held a Lemnian spear made on his father's anvil, and by his wellmade thigh hung a flashing sword—if a man picked up a small stone in his fingertips and struck it against the fire-grained surface of the sharp blade, sparks flashed of themselves from the steel. Alcon grasped a fiery bolt in one hand, and swung about a festal torch of Hecate from his own country.

The Dictaian Corybants joined battle, shaking the plumes of their highcrested helmets, rushing madly into the fray. Their naked swords rang on their beaten shields in emulation, along with resounding leaps ; they imitated the rhythm of the dance-at-arms with quick circling movements of their feet, a revel in the battlefield. The Indian nation was ravaged by the steel of those mountaineer herdsmen, the Curetes. Many a man fell headlong into the dust when he heard the bellow of the heavy-dumping oxhides.

The Bassarid lifted her leafy weapon of war, and cast: from that Bacchos-hating generation many men's heads were brought low by the woman's thyrsus. Leneus cut off the peak of a hill to arm himself, and raising the crested rock with a hairy hand, he hurled the jagged mass at his adversaries. The Bacchant women shouted their warcry around, and viny arrows were whirled by the hands of ivy-

[a] It was Jason's task to yoke them, see Apoll. Rhod. iii. 409 ff.

ἔνθα μέλος πλέξασα καὶ Ἄρεϊ καὶ Διονύσῳ
Εὐπετάλη κεκόρυστο, φιλοσταφύλῳ δὲ πετήλῳ
κέντορα κισσὸν ἔπεμπεν ἀλοιητῆρα σιδήρου,
Ἰνδῴην δρυόεντι γονὴν ὀλέκουσα κορύμβῳ.
καὶ δηίων κλονέουσα νέφος ῥηξήνορι θύρσῳ
Τερψιχόρη φιλόβοτρυς ἐπεσκίρτησε κυδοιμῷ,
κύμβαλα δινεύουσα βαρύβρομα δίζυγι χαλκῷ·
οὐ τόσον Ἡρακλέης Στυμφηλίδας ἤλασε βόμβῳ
χαλκὸν ἔχων βαρύδουπον,
ὅσον στρατὸν ἤλασεν Ἰνδῶν
Τερψιχόρη κτυπέουσα χοροῦ πολεμήιον Ἠχώ.
καὶ Τρυγίη βαρύγουνος ἐλείπετο νόσφιν ὁμίλου
ὑστατίη καὶ ἔπηξε φόβῳ πόδας· οὐδέ τις αὐτῇ
Σειληνῶν παρέμιμνε· λίπον δέ μιν αὐτόθι μούνην
ταρβαλέην, χατέουσαν ἀρηγόνος· ἀκροπότῃ δὲ
χεῖρας ὄρεξε Μάρωνι, Μάρων δ' ἀπέειπε γεραιήν,
ὅττι χοροὺς ἀνέκοπτε φιλακρήτων Κορυβάντων
καὶ Σατύρων· αἰεὶ δὲ θεοῖς ἠρᾶτο δαμῆναι
γηραλέην ἀνόνητον ὑπ' ἔγχεϊ Δηριαδῆος.
καὶ Καλύκη πολέμιζε παρισταμένη Διονύσῳ
οἰστρομανής. τρομερῆς δὲ μέθης ἐλελίζετο παλμῷ
Οἰνώνη προθέουσα· βαρυνομένη δὲ κυδοιμῷ
γούνατα μὲν μογέεσκε, φιλακρήτοιο δὲ νύμφης
οἰδαλέοι σμήριγγες ἐδινεύοντο καρήνου.

Καὶ στόνος ἦν βαρύδουπος· ὁμοζήλῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ
Ἀστράεις Σταφύλην, Καλύκην δ' ἐδίωκε Κελαινεύς.
Σειληνῶν δὲ φάλαγγα δορυσσόος ἤλασε Μορρεύς

[a] Not the Muse but a "dance-enjoying" Bassarid.
[b] His fifth labour. See Rose, *Hdb. of Gk. Myth.*, p. 213.

bearing women. Then Eupetale wove a lay for Ares and Dionysos, and attacking cast the piercing ivy, which smashed the steel with leaves of the vine, and destroyed the Indian nation with clusters of leaves.

237 Grapelover Terpsichore [a] danced about in the turmoil, sweeping off clouds of enemies with man-breaking thyrsus, and swinging round the double plates of the heavyresounding cymbals. Not so loud was the bang of the heavythumping rattle of Heracles, when he drove away the Stymphalian birds,[b] as the noise Terpsichore made, when she drove away the Indian army with the battledin of her dance.

243 Trygië with limping knee was left behind the company last of all, her feet frozen with fear. Not one of the Seilenoi kept beside her; but they left her there alone frightened, without a helper. She held out her hands to Maron the hard drinker, but Maron would have nothing to do with the old woman because she only hindered the dances of winegreedy Corybants and Satyrs: he did nothing but pray to the gods to let the silly old hag fall before the spear of Deriades.

251 Calyce also fought by the side of Dionysos, mad with fury. But Oinone [c] ran to the front, and danced in the staggering steps of drunkenness. Her knees were weary and heavy in the struggle, the tippling girl's soaking locks were swinging about her head.

256 The din was deafening; with emulous tumult Astraëis chased Staphyle, Celaineus chased Calyce. Shakespear Morrheus drove off a company of Sei-

[c] These names mean something like Winy, Bunchy, Cuppy or Poddy, Petally, Bowery.

θεινομένην βουπλῆγι· μιῇ δ' ἐλατῆρος ὁμοκλῇ
'Αστραῖος δεδόνητο, Μάρων φύγεν, ὤκλασε Ληνεύς,
Σειληνοῦ τρία τέκνα δασύτριχος, ὃς δίχα λέκτρων
ἄσπορος αὐτολόχευτος ἀνέδραμε μητρὸς ἀρούρης.
ἱμερτὴν δὲ Δόρυκλος ἀνεπτοίησε Λυκάστην. . .
Τῇσι θεὸς χραίσμησε, νεουτήτων δὲ γυναικῶν
ἕλκεσι φάρμακα πάσσεν· 'Ενυαλίῳ δὲ σιδήρῳ
τειρομένην ποδὸς ἄκρον ἀνάμπυκα ῥύσατο Γόργην,
κλήματος ἀμπελόεντι περισφίγξας πόδα δεσμῷ·
Εὐπετάλης δ' ἰχῶρα νεόσσυτον ἔσβεσεν οἴνῳ,
καὶ Σταφύλης χυτὸν αἷμα κατεπρήυνεν ἀοιδῇ·
Μυρτοῦς δ' οὐταμένην παλάμην ἰήσατο μύρτῳ, 270
καὶ Καλύβην ἐσάωσεν ἀνειρύσσας βέλος ὤμου, 271
ἕλκεϊ φοινήεντι περιρραίνων πόμα ληνοῦ· 273
Νύσης δ' ἄλγος ἔπαυσε νεουτήτοιο προσώπου, 272
χρίσας ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα παρηΐδα λευκάδι γύψῳ· 274
ὄμμασι δ' ἀκλαύτοισιν ἐπεστενάχιζε Λυκάστη. 275
'Αλλ' ὅτε Βασσαρίδων ὀδύνας πρηΰνατο τέχνῃ
θυρσομανὴς Διόνυσος, ἐμάρνατο μείζονι χάρμῃ.
καί τις ἀμερσινόοιο κατάσχετος ἅλματι λύσσης
Βασσαρὶς 'Ινδὸν ῎Αρηα μετέστιχε θυιὰς 'Ενυώ,
ἀμφὶ σέ, Λύδιε δαῖμον· ἀπὸ πλοκάμοιο δὲ Βάκχης
ἀφλεγέος σελάγιζε κατ' αὐχένος αὐτόματον πῦρ.
Καὶ βριαρῶν προμάχων ἑτερόζυγον ἑσμὸν ἐγείρων
αὐλὸς ἐπεσμαράγησεν ἀγέστρατον ῎Αρεος 'Ηχώ,
καὶ διδύμαις παλάμῃσι φιλοσμαράγων Κορυβάντων
ἄντυγες ἀμφιπλῆγος ἀνεκρούοντο βοείης,
κύμβαλα δ' ἐκροτάλιζε, μεταλλάξασα δὲ μολπὴν
Πανιὰς ἡδυμέλεια μόθους ἐμελίζετο σύριγξ·
ἀντιβίων δὲ φάλαγγες ἐπέβρεμον· ἀμφιλαφεῖς δὲ

lenoi, beating them with his poleaxe: at one shout of the driver Astraios was shaken, Maron fled, Leneus collapsed, the three sons of shaggyhaired Seilenos, who himself sprang up out of mother earth unbegotten and self-delivered; and Doryclos scared away the charming Lycaste. . . .

264 These the god helped, and besprinkled the women's fresh wounds with healing drugs. Unveiled Gorgë he saved, when wounded in the foot by a hostile spear, wrapping the foot in a bandage of vine-leaves. He staunched the newly-flowing ichor of Eupetale with wine, and stayed the stream of blood from Staphyle with a charm, healed Myrto's wounded hand with myrtle, saved Calybe's life by pulling the arrow out of her shoulder, and pouring the draught of the winepress on the bleeding wound; he ended the pain of Nyse's just-wounded face by smearing her cheeks on both sides with white chalk. With tearless eyes he mourned over Lycaste.

276 But after he had soothed the pains of the Bassarids by his art, Dionysos thyrsus-mad fought with still greater fury. One wild Bassarid, possessed by the throes of sense-robbing madness, was harrying the Indians in the conflict, for thy honour, O Lydian god! and from the Bacchant's hair shone a spontaneous flame about her neck, which burnt her not.

282 Yet another swarm of sturdy champions was soon stirred up by the sound of the drooling pipes which gathered the army to war, and the loverattle Corybants beating their hands on both sides of the rounded skin, the tinkling cymbals, the syrinx of Pan with its changeable sweet notes tuning up for battle. The enemy ranks answered with tumultuous noise,

ἠερόθεν πτερόεντες ἀνερροίζησαν ὀιστοί.
λίγξε βιός, βόμβησε λίθος, μυκήσατο σάλπιγξ.
'Αλλ' ὅτε δὴ πόρον ἷξον, ὅπῃ πεφορημένος ὁλκῷ
λευκὸν ὕδωρ μεθύοντι ῥόῳ φοίνιξεν 'Υδάσπης,
δὴ τότε Βάκχος ἄυσε βαρυσμαράγων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν,
ὁππόσον ἐννεάχιλος ἐπέβρεμεν ἑσμὸς 'Ενυοῦς
φρικτὸν ὁμογλώσσων στομάτων θρόον· ἀσταθέες δὲ
ξανθὸν ἀλυσκάζοντες ἐπὶ ῥόον ὤκλασαν 'Ινδοί,
ἄλλοι δ' ἐν πεδίῳ· στρατιὴ δ' ἐμερίζετο Βάκχου,
δυσμενέας κτείνουσα καὶ ἐν δαπέδῳ καὶ 'Υδάσπῃ,
δίψῃ καρχαλέῃ κεκαφηότας, ὁππότε γαίης
ἠὼς μέσσον ἀνέσχε, καὶ ἔτρεμε θερμὸς ὁδίτης
αἴθοπος 'Ηελίοιο μεσημβρίζουσαν ἱμάσθλην.
Καὶ θεὸς ἀμπελόεις προκαλίζετο κοίρανον 'Ινδῶν,
μῦθον ἀπειλητῆρα χέων λυσσώδεϊ λαιμῷ·
"Τίς φόβος;
εἰ ποταμοῖο φέρει γένος ὄρχαμος 'Ινδῶν,
οὐρανόθεν λάχον αἷμα· χερειότερος δὲ Λυαίου
Δηριάδης ὑπέροπλος, ὅσον Διός ἐστιν 'Υδάσπης.
ἢν δ' ἐθέλω, νεφέων σχεδὸν ἵσταμαι· ἢν δ' ἐθελήσω,
ἵξεται ἰθυκέλευθον ἐμὸν βέλος ἄχρι Σελήνης.
εἰ δὲ μέγα φρονέεις μεθέπων κεραελκέα μορφήν,
εἰ δύνασαι, προμάχιζε βοοκραίρῳ Διονύσῳ."
῝Ως φαμένου βρυχηδὸν ἐμυκήσαντο μαχηταί·
ἄλλῳ δ' ἄλλος ἔριζε συναιχμάζων Διονύσῳ.
αἰγείοις δὲ πόδεσσιν ἐμάρνατο μειλίχιος Πάν,
ὀξὺ δὲ τοξευτῆρος ὅλον κενεῶνα χαράξας
θηγαλέῃ Μελανῆος ἀνέσχισε γαστέρα χηλῇ,
ποινὴν ἕλκος ἔχοντος ἀπαιτίζων 'Υμεναίου,

showers of winged arrows came whizzing through the air: twanged the bow, banged the stone, bellowed the trumpet.

291 But as soon as they came to the ford, where Hydaspes rolling along had reddened his white water with drunken streams, then Bacchos shouted from his deep-roaring throat as loud as the horrid clamour which comes from the throat of a swarm of nine thousand men roaring together as one.[a] The Indians could not stand; restless they fled away, and crouched some in the yellow stream, some on the land. The army of Bacchos divided, slaying the enemy both on land and in the Hydaspes, panting with dry thirst, at the time when day has reached the middle of the earth, and a heated wayfarer trembles under the midday lash of blazing Helios.

302 Then the vinegod challenged the Indian king, and poured a menacing speech from his furious throat:

304 "What is there to fear? If the Indian chieftain claims descent from a river, I have my blood from heaven! Overweening Deriades is as much less than Lyaios, as Hydaspes is less than Zeus! If it be my pleasure, I can rise to the clouds; if it be my pleasure, my shot will go straight to the Moon! If you are proud because you have a hornstrong shape, fight if you can a duel with horned Dionysos."

311 As he spoke, the warriors roared and gnashed their teeth: man vied with man in fighting by the side of Dionysos. A friendly Pan fought with his goatsfeet: with a sharp stroke of his pointed hoof he tore all down the hollow flank of archer Melaneus and laid open his belly; this was his revenge for

[a] An echo of Hom. *Il.* v. 860.

ὄφρα πυρισφρήγιστον ἐλαφρίσσειεν ἀνίην
ὄμμασιν ἀκλαύτοισιν ὀδυρομένου Διονύσου.
Λυσσήεις δ' Ἰόβακχος ἐπέδραμε δηιοτῆτι,
καὶ νεφέων ἔψαυσε καὶ ἥψατο χερσὶν Ὀλύμπου,
ἄλλοτε μηκύνων ταναὸν δέμας, αἰθέρι γείτων,
καὶ χθονὶ ταρσὸν ἔπηξε, καὶ ἠέρα τύψε καρήνῳ.
Τοῖσι δὲ μαρναμένοισιν ἐπήλυθεν Ἕσπερος ἀστήρ,
λύων Ἰνδοφόνοιο θεμείλια δηιοτῆτος.
Ἄρεϊ δ' ὑπνώοντι παρίστατο νεύματι Ῥείης
φάσματα ποικίλλουσα δολοπλόκος ὄψις ὀνείρου,
τοῖον ἔπος βοόωσα, νόθῃ σκιοειδέι μορφῇ·
"Ἄρες, Ἄρες, σὺ μὲν εὗδε, δυσίμερε, μοῦνος ἰαύων
χαλκοχίτων· Παφίην δὲ τὸ δεύτερον ὑψόθι λέκτρων
ὑμετέρην Ἥφαιστος ἔχει προτέρην Ἀφροδίτην,
ἐκ δὲ δόμων ἐδίωκε Χάριν, ζηλήμονα νύμφην·
ἀρχαίην δὲ δάμαρτα παλίνδρομον εἰς γάμον ἕλκων
αὐτὸς Ἔρως τόξευεν ἀναινομένην Ἀφροδίτην,
Ἡφαίστῳ γενετῆρι φέρων χάριν. ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
Ζῆνα μέγαν παρέπεισε πόθων ἀδίδακτος Ἀθήνη,
παρθενικὴ δολόμητις, ὅπως Ἥφαιστον ἀλύξῃ,
μνησαμένη νόθα λέκτρα πεδοτρεφέων Ὑμεναίων,
μὴ προτέρου μετὰ πότμον Ἐρεχθέος ἄρσενι μαζῷ
ἄλλον ἀεξήσειε νεώτερον υἱὸν ἀρούρης.
ἔγρεο, καὶ Θρήισσαν ἰὼν ἐπὶ πέζαν ἐρίπνης
δέρκεο σὴν Κυθέρειαν ἐθήμονος ἔνδοθι Λήμνου,
δέρκεο, πῶς προπύλαια Πάφου καὶ ἐδέθλια Κύπρου
ἄνθεσιν ἐστεφάνωσεν ὁμόστολος ἑσμὸς Ἐρώτων,

---

[a] Hephaistos in the *Iliad* is married to Charis; in the bard's song of the *Odyssey*, to Aphrodite. The reason for the difference is presumably that both marriages are rather alle-

the wound of Hymenaios, to relieve the firesealed agony of Dionysos mourning with tearless eyes.

319 Madly Iobacchos rushed into the fray; he lengthened his tall body until he reached the clouds and grasped Olympos with his hands, near neighbour to the sky, standing firm on earth and touching heaven with his head.

323 So they fought, until the evening star came on them and razed the foundations of the Indian massacre. Then at Rheia's nod a deceitful vision stood by Ares, painting fantastic pictures in his sleep, and spoke thus in shadowy counterfeit shape:

328 "Sleep on Ares, sleep on hapless lover, now you lie alone in your coat of mail! But the Paphian —Hephaistos lies again in his bed and possesses Aphrodite, once yours! He has chased out of the house Charis his jealous bride [a]; Eros himself has shot reluctant Aphrodite with an arrow, and brought back the ancient wife to a second marriage to please Hephaistos his father. Indeed, Athena herself, who knows nothing of love, has persuaded great Zeus— the cunning virgin! She wants to evade Hephaistos,[b] for she remembers the makeshift marriage on the nourishing soil, and would not nurse another son of the earth on her manlike breast, a younger brother of Erechtheus now the first is dead.

340 "Awake! Go to the upland plain of the Thracian mountain, and see your Cythereia in her own familiar Lemnos. See how her swarm of attendant Loves have crowned with flowers the portals of Paphos and the buildings of Cyprus; hear the women of Byblos

gory than myth, much less cult: Craftsmanship marries Charm or Beauty.

[b] *Cf.* xiii. 171 ff.

Βυβλιάδων δ' ἐπάκουε μελιζομένων Ἀφροδίτην
καὶ νεαρὴν φιλότητα παλιννόστων ὑμεναίων.
Ἄρες, ἐνοσφίσθης σέο Κύπριδος· ἀνδροφόνον γὰρ
ὁ βραδὺς ὠκὺν Ἄρηα παρέδραμε. μέλπε καὶ αὐτὸς
Ἡφαίστῳ πυρόεντι συναπτομένην Ἀφροδίτην.
Σικελίης δ' ἐπίβηθι, παρισταμένους δὲ καμίνῳ
λίσσεό μοι Κύκλωπας· ἀριστοπόνου δὲ καὶ αὐτοὶ
ἴδμονες Ἡφαίστοιο, σοφῶν ζηλήμονες ἔργων,
σοὶ δόλον ἐντύνουσι, καὶ ἀρχαίῳ σέο δεσμῷ
ὁπλότερον τελέσουσιν ὁμοίιον, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὸς
ἀμφοτέρους δολίῃσιν ἀλυκτοπέδῃσι πιέζων
δήσῃς φῶρα γάμοιο τεῷ ποινήτορι δεσμῷ,
εἰλιπόδην Ἥφαιστον ἐπισφίγξας Ἀφροδίτῃ·
καί σε θεοὶ ξύμπαντες ἐπαινήσουσιν Ὀλύμπου
δέσμιον ἀγρεύσαντα τεῶν συλήτορα λέκτρων.
ἔγρεο, καὶ σὺ γένοιο δολοπλόκος· ἔγρεο, νύμφης
ἁρπαμένης ἀλέγιζε. τί σοι κακὰ Δηριαδῆος;
σιγῇ ἐφ' ἡμείων, Φαέθων μὴ μῦθον ἀκούσῃ."

Ὣς φαμένη πεπότητο. καὶ αὐτίκα κῶμα τινάξας
πρώιον ἀρτιχάρακτον ὀπιπεύων φάος Ἠοῦς
θερμὸς Ἄρης ἀνέπαλτο, Φόβον καὶ Δεῖμον ἐγείρας
ζεῦξαι φοίνιον ἅρμα ταχύδρομον· οἱ δὲ τοκῆι
σπερχομένῳ πείθοντο· καὶ ἀγκυλόδοντι χαλινῷ
Δεῖμος ἐριπτοίητος ἐπισφίγξας γένυν ἵππων
δέσμιον αὐχένα δοῦλον ἐπεσφήκωσε λεπάδνῳ,
ζεύγλην δ' ἀμφὶς ἔδησεν· Ἄρης δ' ἐπεβήσατο δίφρου·
καὶ Φόβος ἡνιόχευεν ὄχον πατρῷον ἐλαύνων,
εἰς Πάφον ἐκ Λιβάνου πεφορημένος, ἐκ δὲ Κυθήρων
ἄστατον ἔτραπεν ἅρμα
Κεραστίδος εἰς χθόνα Κύπρου·
πολλάκι, πολλάκι Λῆμνον ἐδέρκετο, καὶ πλέον ἄλλων
ζηλήμων σκοπίαζε πυρίπνοον ἐσχαρεῶνα,

celebrate Aphrodite in their hymns, and the fresh love of a wedlock renewed again.

346 "Ares, you have lost your Cypris ![a] The slow one has outrun murderous Ares the quick! Sing a hymn yourself to Aphrodite united with fiery Hephaistos! Set foot in Sicily, put your prayer, if you please, to the Cyclopes standing by their forge. They are in the secrets of Hephaistos the master craftsman, they can rival his clever work; they will invent an artifice for you and make a later imitation of your net, that you too may smother them both in galling meshes, and fasten the thief of your marriage in avenging toils, and bind limpfoot Hephaistos to Aphrodite. Then all the gods of Olympos will applaud you, when you have caught the ravisher of your bed in those bonds. Awake! be the cunning schemer in your turn! Awake—attend to your stolen bride! What are the woes of Deriades to you?—But let us be silent, or Phaëthon may hear."

362 She spoke, and flew away. At once lusty Ares threw off slumber and saw the early streaks of the morning's light. In hot haste he leapt up, and awoke Rout and Terror to yoke his deadly quickrunning car. They obeyed their urgent father. Furious Terror set the crooktooth bit in the horses' mouths, and fastened their obedient necks under the yokestrap, and fitted the neckloop on each: Ares mounted the car, and Rout took the reins and drove his father's chariot. From Libanos to Paphos he sped, and turned the hurrying car from Cythera to the land of horned Cyprus. Often, often he looked towards Lemnos; most of all he jealously watched the firebreathing forge,

[a] See Hom. *Od.* viii. 329; and the rest of that scene.

Κύπριν ἀνιχνεύων τροχαλῷ ζηλήμονι ταρσῷ,
εἴ μιν ἐσαθρήσειε παρ' Ἡφαίστοιο καμίνοις,
ὡς πάρος, ἱσταμένην, καὶ ἔδειδιε, μή οἱ ὀπωπὴν
καπνὸς ἀμαλδύνειε μελαινομένης Ἀφροδίτης.
ἔδραμε καὶ μετὰ Λῆμνον ἐς οὐρανόν, ὄφρα σιδήρῳ
νυμφιδίην μακάρεσσιν ἀναστήσειεν Ἐνυώ,
καὶ Διὶ καὶ Φαέθοντι καὶ Ἡφαίστῳ καὶ Ἀθήνῃ.

tracking Cypris with swift jealous foot, if perchance he could see her standing as long ago beside Hephaistos's furnace, and feared the smoke might hide Aphrodite's face with black. Then he left Lemnos and rose into the heaven, that spear in hand he might arouse battle for his bride among the Blessed, confronting Zeus and Phaëthon and Hephaistos and Athena.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΡΙΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ

Ἐν δὲ τριηκοστῷ μετὰ νέρτερον οἶκον ἀνάγκης
Τέκταφον Εὐρυμέδων δεδαϊγμένον Ἄϊδι πέμπει.

Ὣς ὁ μὲν ἑπτάζωνον ἐς οὐρανὸν ἔδραμεν Ἄρης
ζηλήμων, βαρύμηνις. ἐς ὑσμίνην δὲ χορεύων
θαρσήεις Διόνυσος ἐπέχραεν αἴθοπι λαῷ,
πῇ μὲν ἐνὶ πρώτοισι θορὼν ἐνοσίχθονι παλμῷ,
πῇ δὲ μέσος προμάχοισιν· ἀκοντιστῆρι δὲ θύρσῳ
κυανέης ἤμησε θαλύσια δηιοτῆτος,
δυσμενέος δὲ φάλαγγος ἐμαίνετο φῦλα δαΐζων·
καὶ Σατύρους θάρσυνεν ἐς Ἄρεα Δηριαδῆος,
ὡς ἴδε Βάκχος Ἄρηα λελοιπότα φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν·
ἄλλῳ δ' ἄλλος ἔριζε. κορυμβοφόρου δὲ κυδοιμοῦ
δεξιτερὸν στόμα λάβρον ἐπιτρέψας Διονύσῳ
λαιὸν Ἀρισταῖος κέρας ἔτρεχε δηιοτῆτος.
Καὶ Βρομίου θεράποντας ὀπιπεύων ἔτι Μορρεὺς
μαρναμένους πετάλοισι καὶ ἀνθεμόεντι βελέμνῳ
ἄφρονι Δηριάδῃ πολυθαμβέα ῥήξατο φωνήν·
"Δηριάδη, τί τὸ θάμβος; ἐμοὶ πίπτουσι μαχηταί,
βαλλόμενοι θύρσοισι καὶ οὐτιδανοῖσι πετήλοις,
ὁπλοφόρους δ' ὀλέκουσιν ἀνάσπιδες· ἀκλινέες δὲ
Βασσαρίδες, πελέκεσσι καὶ ἀμφιπλῆγι μαχαίρῃ
τυπτόμεναι, μίμνουσιν ἀνούτατοι. εἰ θέμις εἰπεῖν,
καὶ σύ, λιπών, σκηπτοῦχε, τεὴν χαλκήλατον αἰχμὴν

BOOK XXX

In the thirtieth, Eurymedon sends Tectaphos slain to Hades, into the lowest house of constraint.

So Ares rose to the sevenzone sky, jealous, heavy with rancour. But Dionysos danced boldly into the battle and assailed the swarthy people, now leaping upon the first ranks with earthshaking bound, now right in the midst of the forefighters. With his darting thyrsus he mowed the firstfruits of his black harvest, and furiously cut down the tribes of the enemy throng. When he saw that Ares had abandoned the Indian contest, he cheered on the Satyrs to attack Deriades, and each outdid the other. Aristaios left to Dionysos the boisterous right wing of the clusterbearing host, and ran to the left of the battle.

13 Now when Morrheus saw the servants of Bromios still fighting with leaves and flowery shafts, he called out in great amazement to foolish Deriades—

16 "What is this marvel, Deriades? My warriors fall, struck with a thyrsus or rubbishy leaves—the shieldless slay the armed! Nothing shakes the Bassarids; strike them with axe or two-edged sword, they remain unwounded! You do the same, if I may say so, my lord king—let be your bronze-

οἴνοπα θύρσον ἄειρε μιαιφόνον, ὅττι σιδήρου
δυσμενέες πολὺ μᾶλλον ἀριστεύουσι κορύμβοις.
οὔ ποτε τοῖον ὄπωπα μόθου τύπον· οὐτιδανοὶ δὲ
θύρσοι ἀκοντιστῆρες ἀρείονές εἰσιν ἀκόντων.
δὸς καὶ ἐμοὶ κλονέειν χλοερὸν βέλος· ἡμέτεροι γὰρ
ἀπτολέμου νάρθηκος ἐνικήθησαν ὀιστοί·
δός μοι ξανθὰ πέδιλα φορήμεναι, ὅττι καὶ αὐταὶ
ἀρραγέες κνημῖδες ὑπεκλίνοντο κοθόρνοις.
τί πλέον, εἰ χάλκειον ἔχω σάκος, εὖτε γυναῖκες
μᾶλλον ἀριστεύουσιν ἀτευχέες, ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
κύμβαλα δινεύουσι, καὶ ὀκλάζουσι μαχηταί,
καὶ στεφάνοις τρυφάλεια καὶ εἴκαθε νεβρίδι θώρηξ;
πολλάκι δ' ἀντικέλευθος ἀνουτήτου Διονύσου
ᾠισάμην ἄρρηκτον ἀνασχίσσαι κενεῶνα,
πέμπων εὔσκοπα δοῦρα, καὶ ὡς ἔψαυε Λυαίου,
ὀξυβελὴς ἄγναμπτος ἐκάμπτετο χαλκὸς ἀκόντων."
"Ὣς φαμένου μείδησεν ἄναξ θρασύς,
ἀμφὶ δὲ γαμβρῷ
ὄμματα λοξὰ τίταινε χόλου κήρυκι σιωπῇ·
καί οἱ ἀπειλήτειραν ἀπερροίβδησεν ἰωήν·
"Τί τρομέεις Διόνυσον ἀτευχέα, νήπιε Μορρεῦ;
ἡδὺς ὁ δειμαίνων Σατύρων παίζουσαν Ἐνυώ."
Ὣς φάμενος θάρσυνεν ἀταρβέι γαμβρὸν ἀπειλῇ.
καὶ Βρομίου προμάχοισι
πέλωρ ἐκορύσσετο Μορρεύς·
οὔτασε δ' Εὐρυμέδοντα, μέσον βουβῶνα χαράξας
ἔγχεϊ φοινήεντι· διαΐσσουσα δὲ μηροῦ
πιαλέην τάμε σάρκα λιπόχροα θυιὰς ἀκωκή·
γούνατι δ' ὀκλάζοντι χαμαὶ πέσε. χαλκοχίτων δὲ
Ἄλκων οὐκ ἀμέλησε κασιγνήτοιο πεσόντος,
ἀλλὰ βιαζομένῳ πρόμος ἤλυθεν ἔγχος ἀείρων
καὶ σάκος εὐδίνητον· ὅλον δ' ἐκάλυπτε μαχητήν,

beaten spear and lift a vinethyrsus, if you would shed blood, since the enemy are much more triumphant with their bunches of twigs than steel. I never saw a conflict of this kind: the rubbishy thyrsus in volleys is better than our javelins.

26 "Give me too a green weapon to shake! for our arrows have been beaten by the unwarlike fennel. Give me yellow boots to wear, since even our unbreakable greaves have given way to the buskins. What good is it if I have a brazen shield, when women are more triumphant unarmed, and swing their cymbals in battle, while warriors collapse, while helmets yield to garlands and corselet to fawnskin? Often I have met unwounded Dionysos and thought to tear through his unbreakable flank: I have let fly my spear with good aim, and when it touched Dionysos, the unbending sharp point of the bronze was bent!"

38 When he finished, the bold monarch smiled, and looked askance at his goodson in silent witnessing anger; then he broke out into bold menacing words:

41 "Why do you tremble at unarmed Dionysos, you fool Morrheus? A nice thing to fear Satyrs playing at battle!"

43 This fearless boast encouraged his goodson. The prodigious Morrheus attacked the warriors of Bromios. He wounded Eurymedon, cut through the groin with his blood-stained spear: the mad point ran through the thigh and tore the skin from the fat flesh; collapsing he fell on his knee to the ground. Mailclad Alcon did not neglect his brother's fall; but lifting spear and round buckler he made for the fallen man, and covered the warrior well, holding the

ἀσπίδι πυργώσας δέμας ἀνέρος, ἀντιβίοις δὲ
σείων ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα παλινδίνητον ἀκωκὴν
γνωτῷ γνωτὸς ἄμυνε· καὶ οὐταμένῳ περιβαίνων,
οἷα περὶ σκύμνοισι λέων, βρυχήσατο λαιμῷ,
χείλεϊ λυσσήεντι χέων Κορυβαντίδα φωνήν.
καί μιν ὀπιπεύων κυκλούμενον ἴδμονι ταρσῷ 57
γνωτοῦ κεκλιμένοιο προασπιστῆρα Καβείρου 60
ἰσοφυὴς Τυφῶνι πέλωρ βακχεύετο Μορρεύς, 58
γνωτοῖς διχθαδίοις κεκορυθμένος, ὄφρά κε μήτηρ 59
δίζυγα δακρύσειεν ὀλωλότα τέκνα Καβειρώ, 61
εἰς μίαν ἠριγένειαν ἐνὶ τμηθέντα σιδήρῳ.
καί νύ κεν ἀμφοτέρους ἰσοελκέι δῶκεν ὀλέθρῳ,
ἀλλὰ διὰ στομάτων βεβιημένον ἄσθμα τιταίνων
Λήμνιον Εὐρυμέδων γενέτην ἐκαλέσσατο φωνῇ·
"Ὦ πάτερ, ἐργοπόνοιο πυρίπνοε κοίρανε τέχνης,
δός μοι ὀφειλομένην προτέρην χάριν, ὁππότε μούνη
Σικελίην τρικάρηνον ἀλωιὰς ἥρπασε Δηώ,
δῶρα καλυπτομένης ὀπτήρια Περσεφονείης,
Ἑσπερίους δ' ἀνέκοψε τεοὺς φυσήτορας ἀσκοὺς
καὶ πλατὺν ἐσχαρεῶνα καὶ ἅρπαγα σεῖο πυράγρην·
ἀλλά μιν ἐπτοίησα προασπίζων γενετῆρος,
ἄκμονος ὑμετέροιο βοηθόος· ἐξ ἐμέθεν δὲ
σῷ Σικελῷ σπινθῆρι μέλας θερμαίνεται ἀήρ.
ῥυεό μοι σέο παῖδα, τὸν ἄγριος οὔτασε Μορρεύς."
Εἶπε, καὶ οὐρανόθεν πυρόεις Ἥφαιστος ὀρούσας
σύγγονον ἀμφελέλιζε πολυσχιδὲς ἀλλόμενον πῦρ,
δινεύων παλάμῃ πυρόεν βέλος· ἀμφὶ δὲ δειρὴν
Μορρέος αὐτοέλικτος ἐλίσσετο πυρσὸς ἐχέφρων,
αὐχένι μιτρώσας πυριθαλπέος ὅρμον ἀνάγκης
εἰλυφόων· πυρόεν δὲ μετὰ στέφος ἀνθερεῶνος
ταρσὸν ἐς ἐσχατόωντα θορὼν ἐπιβήτορι παλμῷ
ἀμφὶ πόδα προμάχοιο πυρίπλοκον ἔπλεκε σειρήν,

shield tower-like over his body, and thrusting right and left his unresting spear, brother protecting brother against the foe. He straddled across the wounded man, as a lion over his cubs, shouting loud and letting out mad Corybantic cries from his lips. When Morrheus saw him moving with neat steps about his brother, defending the fallen Cabeiros, the monster went raging like Typhon and attacked both brothers, that Cabeiro might shed her tears for two dead sons, slain in one day with one spear. And now he would have dealt equal destruction to both, but Eurymedon called upon his Lemnian father with voice that gasped and strained from his mouth:

66 " O Father, firebreathing lord of our laborious art ! Grant me the boon once earned, when Deo of the threshing-floor alone seized threecliff Sicily, as sightingprize for Persephoneia hidden there, and knocked over your windblown bellows in the west and your wide forge and gripping tongs : but I defended my father and scared her off, protecting your anvil. You owe it to me that the air is black and hot with your Sicilian sparks ! Then save your son I pray, whom savage Morrheus has wounded ! "

76 At these words fiery Hephaistos leapt down from heaven, and sent a flame leaping and fluttering with many tongues about his son, whirling in his hand a shoot of fire. About Morrheus's neck the flame crawled and curled of itself as if it knew what it was doing, and rolled round his throat a necklace of fireblazing constraint ; the blazing throat once encircled, it ran down with a springing movement to the end of his toes, and wove a plait of fiery threads

σείων ἐν δαπέδῳ σταθερὸν σέλας ἅλματι πεζῷ·
θερμάνθη δὲ κάρηνον ἀναπτομένης τρυφαλείης.
καί νύ κεν ἐπρήνικτο τυπεὶς φλογόεντι βελέμνῳ,
εἰ μὴ Δηριάδαο πατὴρ ἤμυνεν Ὑδάσπης·
ἧστο γὰρ ὑσμίνην δεδοκημένος ὑψόθι πέτρης,
ταυροφυὴς νόθον εἶδος ἔχων βροτοειδέι μορφῇ·
ὅς μιν ἀνεζώγρησε χέων ἀντίπνοον ὕδωρ,
ψύχων θερμὸν ἄημα πυριβλήτοιο προσώπου,
λύματα τεφρήεντα διασμήχων τρυφαλείης·
Μορρέα δ' ἁρπάξας ζοφερῇ χλαίνωσεν ὀμίχλῃ,
πορφυρέῃ νεφέλῃ κεκαλυμμένα γυῖα καλύψας,
μή μιν ἀποκτείνειε σελασφόρος ἀμφιγυήεις,
Λήμνιον αἰθύσσων θανατηφόρον ἁπτόμενον πῦρ,
μὴ προτέρου φθιμένοιο γέρων φιλότεκνος Ὑδάσπης
γαμβρὸν ἴδῃ πάλιν ἄλλον ὀλωλότα Δηριαδῆος,
μηδὲ μόρον Μορρῆος ἅμα κλαύσειεν Ὀρόντῃ.
Πυρσοφόρος δ' Ἥφαιστος ὅλους ἐδίωκε μαχητὰς
ἱσταμένους περὶ παῖδα νεούτατον, ὑψόθι δ' ὤμου
υἱὸν ἐλαφρίζων ἐπερείσατο γείτονι φηγῷ,
νόσφιν ἀπὸ φλοίσβοιο, καὶ ἐζώγρησε πεσόντα,[1]
οὐταμένῳ βουβῶνι φερέσβια φάρμακα πάσσων.
Οὐδὲ μόθου προτέροιο
λελασμένος ἔπλετο Μορρεύς·
ἀλλὰ πάλιν κεκόρυστο φυγὼν πυρόεσσαν Ἐνυὼ
καὶ πρόμον ἀστράπτοντα καὶ αἰθαλόεσσαν ἀκωκήν·
καὶ Φλόγιον Στροφίοιο πολύστροφον υἷα κιχήσας
ἔκτανεν, ὀρχηστῆρα φιλοσκάρθμου Διονύσου,
ὅς τις ἀδακρύτοιο παρ' εἰλαπίνῃσι Λυαίου
ἀντιτύπων ἐλέλιζε πολύτροπα δάκτυλα χειρῶν,
καὶ θάνατον Φαέθοντος ἐχέφρονι χειρὶ τινάσσων

[1] So mss.: Ludwich παθόντα.

over the warrior's foot, and there firmly fixt on the earth scattered its dancing sparks—the helmet caught fire and his head was hot enough! And now he would have fallen flat, struck with the fiery shot, had not Deriades' father Hydaspes come to the rescue. For he sat watching the battle high on a rock, his bull-form having a false guise of human shape. He poured a quenching stream and saved the man's life, cooling the hot blast from the firebeaten face, brushing off the ashes and dirt from the helmet. Then he caught up Morrheus wrapt in a darksome cloud, covered and hid his limbs in a livid mist; that the firebearing Crookshank might not destroy him with his blazing shower of deadly Lemnian flame; that old Hydaspes, the tender-hearted father, might not see another goodson of Deriades perish after the first, and lament the death of Morrheus along with Orontes.[a]

But firebearing Hephaistos drove away all the warriors who stood round the just-wounded boy. Then lifting his son on his shoulder he took him out of the fray and rested him against an oaktree hard by; he spread wholesome simples upon the wounded groin, and saved him alive after his collapse.

Yet Morrheus had not forgotten the fight he had begun. He reared his head again, having escaped the fiery attack, the blazing assailant, the flaming points. He caught Phlogios the son of Strophios rolling about and killed him; that dancer of springheel Dionysos, who at the banquets of tearless Lyaios, used to flicker the twisting fingers of his mimicking hands. He would depict by gesture Phaëthon's death with sensitive hand, until he made

[a] See xvii. 262 ff.

δαιτυμόνας ποίησεν ἀήθεα δάκρυα λείβειν,
ψευδαλέου Φαέθοντος ἐπικλαίοντας ὀλέθρῳ·
καὶ νέον αἰθαλόεντα καὶ αὐτοκύλιστον ὑφαίνων
λευγαλέον πόρε πένθος ἀπενθήτῳ Διονύσῳ.
τοῦτον ἰδὼν σκαίροντα δορυσσόος ἔννεπε Μορρεύς·
"'Αλλοῖος χορὸς οὗτος,
ὃν ἔπλεκες ἄγχι τραπέζης·
ὀρχηθμὸν γελόωντα παρὰ κρητῆρι τιταίνων
ὀρχηθμὸν στονόεντα πόθεν μετὰ δῆριν ὑφαίνεις;
εἰ δὲ καὶ οἶστρος ἔχει σε χοροστασίης Διονύσου,
Ἄιδι μυστιπόλευε, καὶ οὐ γύψοιο χατίζεις
αὐτοβαφῆ μεθέπων κεκονιμένα κύκλα προσώπου·
ἢν ἐθέλῃς δέ, χόρευε φιλοθρήνῳ παρὰ Λήθῃ,
Περσεφόνη δ' ἀγέλαστος ἀγαλλέσθω σέο μολπῇ."
Ἔννεπε κυδιόων, καὶ ἐπέδραμεν ἶσος ἀέλλῃ,
Σειληνοὺς δ' ἐφόβησεν. ἀμαιμακέτῳ δὲ μαχαίρῃ
Τέκταφος ὡμάρτησε σακέσπαλος, ὅν ποτε δήσας
Δηριάδης ἔκρυψεν ἔσω γλαφυροῖο βερέθρου.
οὐδὲ φυγεῖν μόρον εὗρε τὸ δεύτερον· ἐν γὰρ ἀνάγκῃ
τίς δύναταί ποτε πότμον ἀπ' ἀνέρος ἐχθρὸν ἐρύκειν,
νηλὴς πανδαμάτειρα θανεῖν ὅτε Μοῖρα κελεύει;
οὐ γὰρ Τέκταφον εὗρε δόλος θνήσκοντα σαῶσαι,
ὃς τότε λυσσώων στρατιὴν ἐδίωξε Λυαίου,
εὐκεράων Σατύρων φιλοπαίγμονα γυῖα δαΐζων·
ἐγρεμόθου δ' ἤμησε Πυλαιέος ἀνθερεῶνα,
Ὀνθυρίου δὲ μέτωπον ἀφειδέι τύψε μαχαίρῃ,
καὶ Πίθον εὐρύστερνον ἀπηλοίησε σιδήρῳ.
καί νύ κεν ἄλλον ὅμιλον
ἐπασσυτέρων κτάνε Βάκχων,
ἀλλά μιν Εὐρυμέδων ταχὺς ἔδρακε, καί οἱ ὑπέστη
δίστομον ἀντιβίην Κορυβαντίδα χειρὶ τινάσσων·
ἔθλασε δ' ἄκρα μέτωπα· διχαζομένου δὲ καρήνου

the feasters weep with tears quite out of place, mourning the death of an imaginary Phaëthon; as he depicted the young man blazing and hurtling down, he would bring painful grief upon Dionysos who feels no grief. When shakespear Morrheus saw him tumbling there, he said:

118 "That was a different jig you danced near the table! You played a merry dance by the mixing-bowl—why do you pace a groaning dance on the battlefield? Well, if you have a passion for a dancing turn of Dionysos, go show to Hades your mystic rites. You need no chalk—your round face is well dusted of itself. Or dance if you like before Lethe the dirge-fancier, and let unsmiling Persephone have the pleasure of watching your capers."

126 So he cried exultant, and leaping swift as the wind on the Seilenoi put them to flight. And shake-shield Tectaphos followed with devastating sword: he was the one whom Deriades once kept imprisoned in the deep pit; but he could not escape fate a second time. For when necessity comes, who can save a man from cruel destiny, when hard allvanquishing Fate bids him die? Nor could a trick now save Tectaphos from death. Madly he then pursued the army of Lyaios and sliced the sportive limbs of the horned Satyrs: he shore through the throat of Pylaieus the broilbreeder, he struck Onthyrios's brow with pitiless blade, he destroyed broadbreasted Pithos with bare steel. And indeed he would have killed a crowd of Bacchants besides; but quickfoot Eurymedon saw him and rushed up, shaking his Corybantian twibill against him. He smashed his forehead and

ὄρθιος αἱμαλέης ἀνεκήκιεν αὐλὸς ἐέρσης·
καὶ πρόμος εἰς χθόνα πῖπτε, περιρραίνων δὲ κονίην
ἡμιθανὴς κεκύλιστο, πεδοσκαφέος δὲ μελάθρου
ἀρχαίην κακότητα καὶ ὁπλοτέρης λίνα Μοίρης
ἔστενε, καὶ δολίου μεμνημένος εἰσέτι φίλτρου
παιδὸς ἀλεξικάκου κινυρῇ βρυχήσατο φωνῇ,
τοῦ δὲ κινυρομένοιο κατέρρεε δάκρυα λύθρῳ·
"Μῆτερ ἐμὴ καὶ μαῖα, δολοπλόκε δύσγαμε κούρη,
τίπτέ μοι οὐ σχεδὸν ἦλθες,
ὅτ' ἐγγύθεν ἦλθον ὀλέθρου;
νῦν πόθεν οὐ χραίσμησας ἐμοὶ πάλιν,
ἄτρομε κούρη;
πῇ σέο φίλτρον ἔβη φυσίζοον; ἦ ῥα φυλάσσεις
πιστὰ τεῷ ζώοντι καὶ οὐ θνήσκοντι τοκῆι;
εἰ δόλος ἐξ Ἀίδαο δυνήσεται ἄνδρα κομίζειν,
δίζεό μοι δόλον ἄλλον ἀρείονα, δίζεο βουλὴν
κερδαλέην θανάτοιο, μετὰ χθονίους κενεῶνας
ὄφρα πύλας Ἀίδαο καὶ ἐν πολέμοισιν ἀλύξω,
εἰ πέλε νόστιμος οἶμος ἀνοστήτοιο βερέθρου."
Τοῖον ἔπος μόγις εἶπε, καὶ οὐκέτι πείθετο φωνή.
καὶ γενέτην ὁρόωσα νεούτατον ὑψόθι πύργου
οἰκτρὴ ποικιλόδακρυς ἀνέβλυε πενθάδα φωνὴν
Ἠερίη· σκολιὴν δὲ κόμην ᾔσχυνε κονίῃ,
στήθεα γυμνώσασα δαϊζομένοιο χιτῶνος,
καὶ κεφαλὴν ἤρασσεν· ἀνηκέστῳ δὲ τοκῆι,
οἷά περ εἰσαΐοντι, τόσην ἐφθέγξατο φωνήν·
"Υἱὲ πάτερ βαρύποτμε
γαλακτοφόρου σέο κούρης,
σήμερον ἀπνεύστοις ἐπὶ χείλεσι σεῖο θανόντος
ποῖον ἔχω γλάγος ἄλλο φερέσβιον, ᾧ ἔπι δειλὴ
ψυχὴν ὑμετέρην παλινάγρετον εἰς σὲ κομίσσω;
ποῖον ἐγὼ πάλιν ἄλλον ἀρηγόνα μαζὸν ὀρέξω;

clove his head—a jet of bloody dew spouted up and the champion fell to the ground, soaking the dust. Half-dead he rolled on the ground, lamenting the ancient torture of the earth-dug pit, and the threads of this later Fate; remembering still the clever scheme of his daughter which saved him from death, he wailed and mingled his tears with his blood:

150 "O my mother and my nurse, my girl, O clever unhappy wife! Why did you not come near me when I was nigh unto death? Why could you not help me now again, fearless girl? What has become of your lifegiving drink? Are you true to your father while he lives, and not while he is dying! If a trick can bring back a man from Hades, seek me another and better trick, seek a plan useful against death, that after the hollow pit in the earth I may escape the gates of Hades in war as well, if there be a way to return from the pit whence no man returns."

160 He could scarce finish these words, when his voice failed him. Poor Eërië on the lofty walls could see her just-wounded father, and amid showers of tears she uttered a cry of mourning. She stained her tangled hair with dust, she rent her garments and bared her breast, she beat her head; and cried aloud to her father although now past cure, as if he could still hear:

167 "My son! illfated father of the daughter who gave you her milk! To-day there is no breath from your lips! You are dead—what milk have I now to give you life, to bring back your soul again, ah me unhappy! What breast can I offer you now to give

αἴθε καὶ ᾿Αιδονῆα δυνήσομαι ἠπεροπεύειν.
σοί, πάτερ, ἓν γέρας ἄλλο φυλάσσεται· οὐ γὰρ ἐάσω
μοῦνον ἐνὶ φθιμένοις σε· σὺ δὲ κταμένης σέο κούρης
δέξο καὶ αὐχένος αἷμα μετὰ προτέρου γάλα μαζοῦ.
ἔλθετε, Δηριάδαο φυλάκτορες, ἀντὶ δὲ κείνου
δείξατέ μοι μυχὸν ἄλλον ἔσω χθονός, ἧχι μολοῦσα
νεκρὸν ἐμὸν γενετῆρα πάλιν ζώοντα τελέσσω·
οὐκ ᾿Αίδης φυλάκεσσιν ὁμοίιος, ὄφρα τελέσσω
λυσίπονον δόλον ἄλλον ἀοσσητῆρα τοκῆος.
ἤθελον ἄορ ἐκεῖνο μιαιφόνον, ὄφρα δαμείην
πατροφόνῳ βαρύθυμος ὀλισθήσασα σιδήρῳ.
οὗτος, ὃς ἡμετέρου κεφαλὴν ἔτμηξε τοκῆος,
κτεῖνε καὶ ᾿Ηερίην μετὰ Τέκταφον, ὄφρα τις εἴπῃ·
‘καὶ γενέτην καὶ παῖδα μιῇ πρήνιξε μαχαίρῃ.’ ”
Ἔννεπε δακρυχέουσα· πόνος δ᾿ ἠέξετο μείζων.
καὶ διδύμαις στρατιῇσιν ἐπερρίπιζεν ᾿Ενυώ . . .
Ταιναρίδην δ᾿ ἔκτεινε Δασύλλιον ἄορι Μορρεύς,
μή ποτε δυσμενέεσσιν ἀπορρίψαντα βοείην,
ἀντιβίοις ἀτίνακτον ᾿Αμυκλαῖον πολιήτην,
γναθμοῦ δεξιτεροῖο παρ᾿ ὀστέον ἔγχος ἐρείσας.
ἔκτανε δ᾿ ᾿Αλκιμάχειαν ὀρίδρομον, εἰν ἐνὶ θεσμῷ
ἠνορέην καὶ κάλλος ὑπέρτερον ἥλικος ἥβης,
κούρην ῾Αρπαλίωνος ἐρισταφύλοιο τοκῆος,
ἣ πέλε τολμήεσσα καὶ εἰς δόμον ἤλυθεν Ἥρης
κισσὸν ἀερτάζουσα, τὸν ᾿Αργολὶς ἔστυγε δαίμων,
ὅσσον ἐρευθιόωσαν ἐθήμονα φίλατο ῥοιήν·
καὶ βρέτας εὐποίητον ἐμάστιεν οἴνοπι θύρσῳ,
χάλκεον ἀμπελόεντι δέμας πλήσσουσα κορύμβῳ,
μητρυιὴν βαρύμηνιν ἀτιμάζουσα Λυαίου.
οὐδὲ χόλον δασπλῆτα καθαψαμένης φύγεν Ἥρης
Λημνιὰς ᾿Αλκιμάχεια θεημάχος· ἀλλ᾿ ἐνὶ γαίῃ
ὀθνείῃ κτερέϊστο, μετὰ πτολέμους δὲ τοκῆα

you help? O if I can cajole Aïdoneus too! For you, father, only one tribute remains for me to render: I will not leave you alone among the dead. Accept the blood of your slain daughter's throat as once you took the milk of her breast. Come here, warders of Deriades! Show me another pit in the ground instead of the old one, where I may enter and once more make my dead father live.—But Hades is not like those warders, to let me devise another trick for my father's help and solace his pains. O if I had that deathdealing sword, that I might fall and perish in my despair by the steel that murdered my father! You man who cut off my father's head, kill Eërië as you killed Tectaphos, that men may say—'Both father and daughter he destroyed with one sword!'"

186 So she cried amid her tears. Now the battle grew fiercer: Enyo fanned the flame in both armies. Morrheus killed Dasyllios Tainarides with his sword, driving the blade through the right jawbone: Dasyllios the man of Amyclai, ever unshaken by any assault, who never lost shield to an enemy. He killed also Alcimacheia the highland girl, for beauty and valour alike pre-eminent above her yearsmates. She was daughter to Harpalion famous for his vines; she had dared to enter the temple of Hera laden with ivy, which that goddess of Argos hated as much as she loved her favourite red pomegranate, dared to beat the fine statue with the vineleaves of her thyrsus, to beat the brazen figure with bunches of grapes—insulting the resentful stepmother of Lyaios! But she did not escape the frightful wrath thus kindled in Hera: no, Lemnian Alcimacheia who defied the gods was buried in a strange land—

οὐκ ἴδεν Ἁρπαλίωνα τὸ δεύτερον, οὐκ ἴδε πάτρην,
Λῆμνον Ἰησονίης νυμφήιον Ὑψιπυλείης·
ἀλλὰ παρὰ ξείνοισι χυτῇ κεκάλυπτο κονίῃ,
πότμον ἀμειβομένη τιμήορον. ἆ μέγα δειλή,
ἤμβροτεν Ἁρπαλίωνος, ἐνοσφίσθη δὲ Λυαίου.
Οὐδὲ δαϊζομένης ζαμενὴς ἐκορέσσατο Μορρεὺς
Μαινάδος Ἀλκιμάχης θεοπαίγμονος·
ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴν
Ἧλιδα ναιετάουσαν Ὀλύμπιον οὖδας ἀρούρης
Ἀλφειοῦ παρὰ χεῦμα φιλοστεφάνου ποταμοῖο
ἔκτανε Κωδώνην ἔτι παρθένον. ἵλατε, Μοῖραι,
οὐ πλοκάμους ἐλέαιρε μαραινομένοιο καρήνου,
οὐ ῥοδέην ἀκτῖνα κονιομένοιο προσώπου·
οὐδὲ περὶ στέρνοισιν ἴσον τροχοειδέι μήλῳ
μαζὸν ἰδὼν ἐλέαιρεν, ἀκαμπέα κέντορα μίτρης,
οὐδὲ βαθυνομένοιο τομὴν ᾐδέσσατο μηροῦ,
ἀλλὰ τόσον κτάνε κάλλος ἀώριον· οὐταμένη δὲ
ἡ μὲν ἐπὶ χθονὶ πῖπτεν· ἀπειρεσίας δὲ διώκων
Μαινάδας εὐπέπλους κορυθαιόλος ἔκτανε Μορρεύς,
Εὐρυπύλην Στερόπην τε Σόην τ' ἤμησε μαχαίρῃ,
καὶ Σταφύλην ἐδάιξεν, ἐρευθαλέην τε Γιγαρτὼ
οὔτασε, καὶ ῥοδόεντος ὑπὲρ μαζοῖο τορήσας
στέρνα Μελικταίνης φονίῳ πόρφυρε σιδήρῳ.
Καὶ φθονεροὶ Τελχῖνες ἐπεστρατόωντο κυδοιμῷ,
ὃς μὲν ἔχων ἐλάτην περιμήκετον, ὃς δὲ κρανείου
θάμνον ὅλον πρόρριζον, ὁ δὲ πρηῶνος ἀράξας
ἄκρον ἀπηλοίησε, καὶ εἰς μόθον ἤιεν Ἰνδῶν
λᾶαν ἀκοντιστῆρα μεμηνότι πήχεϊ σείων.

• The Argonauts touched there on their way to Colchis.

she did not return from the war, she never again saw Harpalion her father, she never saw her own country, Lemnos, the bridechamber of Jason and Hysipyleia [a]; death was her punishment, and she lay among strangers under a mound of earth. Ah hapless girl! she lost Harpalion, she was severed from Lyaios.

209 But furious Morrheus was not content with slaying Alcimache, the Mainad who mocked the gods; he slew also Codone, still a maiden, whose home was the Olympian soil of Elis beside Alpheios, the garland-loving [b] river. Forgive me, ye Fates! He had no pity for the tresses of that head which was soon to wither, none for the rosy glow of that face soiled in the dust; no pity when he saw the breast with its two round apples, and the firm pressure on the breastband; no respect for the deep cleft of the thigh. No! all that beauty he killed in the bud. Struck down she fell to the ground; and Morrheus with nodding plume chased Mainads innumerable in their fine robes. Eurypyle, Sterope, Soë he mowed down with his sword, Staphyle he cleft asunder, ruddy Gigarto he wounded, and pierced Melictaina's breast above the pink nipple, staining his deadly steel with crimson.

226 The spiteful Telchines also joined the battle. One held a tall firtree; one had a cornel, trunk and roots and all; one broke off the peak of a cliff and rushed against the Indians, whirling his darting rock with furious arms and crushing the foe.

and mated with the Lemnian women, who had killed their own men; Hypsipyle, their queen, had twin sons by Jason.

[b] Because the Olympian Games were celebrated on its bank.

Ἥρη δ' ἀλλοπρόσαλλος ἐπιβρίθουσα Λυαίῳ
δῶκε μένος καὶ θάρσος ἀγήνορι Δηριαδῆι,
καί οἱ ἀριστεύοντι σελασφόρον ὤπασεν αἴγλην
εἰς φόβον ἀντιβίοισι· κορυσσομένου δὲ φορῆος
ἀσπίδος Ἰνδῴης ἀμαρύσσετο φοίνιος αἴγλη,
καὶ κυνέης σελάγιζεν ὑπὲρ λόφον ἀλλομένη φλόξ.
καὶ θρασὺς ἔτρεμε Βάκχος, ὅπως ἴδε Δηριαδῆος
ὀμφαλὸν ἀστράπτοντα πυριβλήτοιο βοείης
καὶ σέλας ἠερόφοιτον ἀναπτομένης τρυφαλείης·
τὸν μὲν ἰδὼν Διόνυσος ἐθάμβεεν, οὐδέ οἱ ἔτλη
ἀντιάσαι, νοέων δὲ κορυσσομένης δόλον Ἥρης
ποσσὶν ἀναινομένοισιν ἐχάζετο δηιοτῆτος.
Καὶ τότε θαρσήεντες ἐπὶ κλόνον ᾔιον Ἰνδοί,
ὑσμίνην Βρομίοιο λελοιπότος· εἰσορόων δὲ
Δηριάδης ἐδάϊζεν ἐπασσυτέρων στίχα Βάκχων
ἐγχείην ἑκάτερθε παλινδίνητον ἑλίσσων.
Ἀσχαλόων δ' Ἰόβακχος ἀνήιεν εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης,
καὶ κλονέειν ἀνέμοισιν ἐπέτρεπεν ἐλπίδα χάρμης,
μητρυιῆς τρομέων χόλον ἄγριον. ἦλθε δ' Ἀθήνη
οὐρανόθεν· πρὸ γὰρ ἧκε διάκτορον ὑψιμέδων Ζεύς,
γνωτὸν ὅπως φεύγοντα, φόβῳ πεφοβημένον Ἥρης,
εἰς ἐνοπὴν ἐρύσειε μεταστρέψαντα μενοινήν·
στῆ δ' ὄπιθεν, ξανθῆς δὲ κόμης ἐδράξατο Βάκχου,
μούνῳ φαινομένη βλοσυρὴ θεός· ἐκ δὲ προσώπου
μαρμαρυγὴν πυρόεσσαν ἀνηκόντιζον ὀπωπαί·
καὶ νοεροὺς σπινθῆρας ἐπιπνείουσα Λυαίῳ
μεμφομένη κοτέουσα φιλοπτολέμῳ φάτο φωνῇ·
"Πῇ φεύγεις, Διόνυσε;
τί σοι φόβος ἀντὶ κυδοιμοῦ;
πῇ σέθεν ἄλκιμα θύρσα καὶ ἀμπελόεντες ὀιστοί;
ἀμφὶ σέθεν τίνα μῦθον ἐμῷ Κρονίωνι βοήσω;

231 Fickle Hera, still heavy against Lyaios, gave courage and spirit to lordly Deriades, and showed a brilliant glow upon his triumphant course for the terror of his foes. When he came forth in arms a fatal glow sparkled from the Indian shield, dazzling flames leapt over the crest of his helmet. Bold as he was, Bacchos trembled when he saw the flashing boss of Deriades' fireshot shield and the plumes of the helmet burning in the air. Dionysos was amazed when he saw, and had not the heart to meet him; but he retreated from the battle with unwilling feet, when he understood the device of Hera in arms.

243 Then the Indians took courage, and moved to the fight as Bromios left the field; Deriades saw it, and swept the thronging ranks of Bacchants while he swung his blade right and left again and again.

247 Iobacchos in distress retired to the woodland ridge, and left the winds to blow away his hope of victory, since he feared his stepmother's fierce resentment. But Athena came down from heaven; for Zeus ruling on high sent her, on the errand to change the mind of her brother, now a fugitive in dread of Hera, and to bring him back to the battle. She stood behind him, and caught Bacchos by his yellow hair,[a] seen by him alone, that grim goddess: from her face the eyes flashed a fiery gleam, and breathing sparks of good sense upon Lyaios she spoke angrily in warlike tones of rebuke:

258 "Whither do you flee, Dionysos? Why flight instead of fight? Where is your mighty thyrsus and your arrows of vine? What word shall I tell of

[a] After Hom. *Il.* i. 197.

ποῖον ἴδον κατὰ δῆριν ὀλωλότα κοίρανον Ἰνδῶν;
ζώει Δηριάδης καὶ μάρναται εἰσέτι Μορρεύς.
ποίην δ' οὐρανίην ἐπεδείκνυες ἔμφυτον ἀλκήν;
ἢ Λιβύης ἐπέβης; ἢ Περσέος εἶχες ἀγῶνα;
ἢ Σθεινοῦς ἴδες ὄμμα λιθώπιδος ἠὲ καὶ αὐτῆς
δύσμαχον Εὐρυάλης μυκώμενον ἀνθερεῶνα;
ἢ πλοκάμους ἐνόησας ἐχιδνοκόμοιο Μεδούσης,
καί σε πολυσπερέων περιδέδρομε χάσμα δρακόντων;
οὐ Σεμέλη τέκε παῖδα μαχήμονα· Γοργοφόνον δὲ
ἄξιον υἷα λόχευσεν ἐμοῦ Διὸς Ἀκρισιώνη·
οὐ γὰρ ἐμὴν δρεπάνην
πτερόεις ἀπεσείσατο Περσεύς,
Ἑρμείαν δὲ γέραιρεν ἑῶν δωτῆρα πεδίλων.
γείτονα μάρτυν ἔχω πετρώδεα θῆρα θαλάσσης·
εἴρεό μοι Κηφῆα, τά περ κάμε Περσέος ἅρπη·
ἀντολίην δ' ἐρέεινε καὶ ἕσπερον· ἀμφότερον γάρ,
Νηρεΐδες τρομέουσι τὸν Ἀνδρομέδης παρακοίτην,
Ἑσπερίδες μέλπουσι τὸν ἀμητῆρα Μεδούσης.
Αἰακὸς ἀπτοίητος ὁμοίιος οὐ πέλε Βάκχῳ,
οὐ φύγε Δηριάδην, οὐκ ἔτρεμε φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν.
χθιζὰ πάλιν σε φόβησεν Ἄραψ πρόμος; ἐξέτι κείνου
ἄζομαι Ἄρεα θοῦρον ἰδεῖν[1] γενετῆρα Λυκούργου,
ἀδρανίην βοόωντα φυγοπτολέμου Διονύσου.
σὸς καὶ ἐμὸς γενέτης οὐκ ἔτρεμε δηιοτῆτα,
εὖτε θεοὶ Τιτῆνες ἐθωρήχθησαν Ὀλύμπῳ.
ποίην Ὀρσιβόην ληίσσαο δεσπότιν Ἰνδῶν;
Χειροβίην οὐκ εἶδε δορικτήτην σέο Ῥείη.
ἱλήκοι Διὸς εὖχος, ἀδελφεὸν οὔ σε καλέσσω

[1] Ludwich ἰδών, Keydell ἰδεῖν. Athena speaks.

---

[a] See on xviii. 291 ff. [b] Danaë.
[c] Wife of Deriades: see xxvi. 352.

you to my Cronion? Have I seen the Indian king dead on the battlefield? No—Deriades lives, Morrheus fights on!

263 "What have you shown of inborn heavenly prowess? Have you set foot in Libya? [a] Have you had the task of Perseus? Have you seen the eye of Sthenno which turns all to stone, or the bellowing invincible throat of Euryale herself? Have you seen the tresses of viperhair Medusa, and have the open mouths of her tangled serpents run round you? No fighter was Semele's son; Acrisios's daughter [b] bore the Gorgonslayer, a son worthy of my Zeus, for winged Perseus did not throw down my sickle, and he thanked Hermeias for lending his shoes. I have a witness ready here, the monster of the deep turned to stone; pray ask Cepheus, what the sickle of Perseus did. Ask the east, and ask the west; for both know—the Nereïds tremble before Andromeda's husband, the Hesperids sing him who cut down Medusa.

278 "Aiacos was not affrighted, he was not like Bacchos, he did not run from Deriades, he did not shrink from the Indian battle! Did the Arab chief frighten you again yesterday? I am still ashamed to look at Ares, the furious father of Lycurgos, when he publishes abroad the cowardice of runaway Dionysos.

283 "Your father and mine feared not battle, when the Titan gods armed themselves against Olympos. Where is Orsiboë—have you taken the Indian Queen? [c] Rheia has not seen Cheirobië [d] captive of your spear. Zeus forgive my boast—but I will not call you brother, when you run from Deriades

[d] Wife of Morrheus.

Δηριάδην φεύγοντα καὶ ἀπτολέμων γένος Ἰνδῶν.
ἀλλὰ λαβὼν σέο θύρσα πάλιν μιμνήσκεο χάρμης,
καὶ στρατιῆς προμάχιζε, κορυσσομένῃσι δὲ Βάκχαις
ὄψεαι εὐθώρηκα συναιχμάζουσαν Ἀθήνην,
αἰγίδα κουφίζουσαν ἀνούτατον ὅπλον Ὀλύμπου."
Ὣς φαμένη Βρομίῳ μένος ἔμπνεεν· αὐτὰρ ὁ θυμῷ
θαρσήεις πολέμιζε τὸ δεύτερον, ἐσσομένης δὲ
νίκης ἐλπίδα πᾶσαν ἐπέτρεπε Τριτογενείῃ.
Ἔνθα τίνα πρῶτον,
τίνα δ' ὕστατον ἔκτανε Βάκχος,
ὁππότε μιν θάρσυνε μόθων ἀκόρητος Ἀθήνη;
κτεῖνε μὲν ἀντιβίων ἑκατοντάδα νηλέι θύρσῳ,
πολλοῖς δ' ἕλκος ὄπασσε πολύτροπον ἔγχεϊ τύπτων
ἠὲ φυτῶν ἑλίκεσσιν ἢ εὐόρπηκι κορύμβῳ,
ἢ λίθον αἰχμάζων κραναὸν βέλος· οἱ δὲ τυπέντες
δαιμονίῃ καναχηδὸν ἐβακχεύθησαν ἱμάσθλῃ.
Φρίγγου δ' οὔτασεν ὦμον ἀριστερὸν ὀξέι θύρσῳ·
ὃς δὲ θορὼν ἀκίχητος ἐχάζετο· τὸν δὲ φυγόντα
θηγαλέῳ βουπλῆγι κατεπρήνιξε Μελισσεύς.
Ἐγρετίῳ δ' ἐπόρουσε φιλεύιον ἔγχος ἑλίσσων
θυρσομανὴς Διόνυσος ἐκηβόλος· ἱπταμένη δὲ
Βακχιὰς ἐρροίζησε δι' ἠέρος ἔγχεος αἰχμὴ
ἄνδρα βαλεῖν ἐθέλουσα, καὶ Ἐγρετίοιο φυγόντος
ἔχραε Βωλίγγεσσι, καὶ ἐγρεμόθους Ἀραχώτας
εἰς φόβον ἐπτοίησε· φιλακρήτῳ δὲ πετήλῳ
φρικτὰ δοριθρασέων ἐδαΐζετο φῦλα Σαλαγγῶν·
καὶ στρατὸς ἐρτοίητο φερεσσακέων Ἀριηνῶν·
καὶ προμάχους Φρίγγοιο καὶ Ἐγρετίοιο διώκων
Εὔιος ἐπτοίησεν ὅλον στρατὸν Οὐατοκοίτην·
καὶ Λύγον αἱματόεντος ἀπεστυφέλιξε κυδοιμοῦ
ἀλκήεις Ἰόβακχος· ἐφεδρήσσοντα δὲ δένδρῳ
οὔτασε Μειλανίωνα δολοπλόκον οἴνοπι θύρσῳ,

and the unwarlike nation of India! Come, take your thyrsus again and remember the battle; fight in the van of the army, and you will see Athena well armed and fighting beside the armed Bacchants: she will lift her aegis-cape, the invincible weapon of Olympos!"

293 Thus the goddess inspired Bromios with strength. Then he took courage and fought boldly again, entrusting all his hope of coming victory to Tritogeneia.

296 Now whom first, whom last did Bacchos slay, when Athena insatiate of battle made him brave? He slew a round hundred of his enemies with destroying thyrsus, and he wounded many in many ways, striking with spear or bunches of twigs or clustered branches, or throwing stone, a rough missile. Those who were hit by the divine flail went rushing madly about with a great noise. He wounded Phringos in the left shoulder with sharp thyrsus, and he rushed away out of reach; but Melisseus caught him and brought him down with a sharp poleaxe. Dionysos thyrsus-mad leapt after Egretios, shaking his Euian spear for a long shot: the sharp Bacchic blade flew whizzing through the air, eager to strike the man—and Egretios escaped. But the god attacked the Bolinges, and scared into flight the strife-stirring Arachotai. With his intoxicating vine leaves he swept away the terrible tribes of spearbold Salangoi; and the host of shielded Arienoi were scattered. The Euian scattered the whole host of the Earsleepers in his chase after the forefighters of Phringos and Egretios. Iobacchos in his might beat off Lygos also out of the gory battle. Cunning Meilanion hid in a tree, and from his hiding-place

Βασσαρίδας κρυφίοισιν ὀιστεύοντα βελέμνοις·
ἀλλά μιν ἐζώγρησεν ἀπήμονα δύσμαχος Ἥρη,
ὅττι δόλῳ κεκόρυστο καὶ ἔχραε πολλάκι Βάκχαις
κρυπταδίοις πολέμοισιν· ἀεὶ δέ μιν ἔκρυφε πέτρη
ἢ φυτὸν ὑψικάρηνον ὑποκλεφθέντα πετήλοις,
ἀνέρας ἀφράστοισιν ὀιστεύοντα βελέμνοις.
  Ἰνδοὶ δ' ἀνδροφόνοιο μετεσσεύοντο κυδοιμοῦ
ἠνορέην τρομέοντες ἀνικήτου Διονύσου.

showered arrows among the Bassarids, but the god hit him with his thyrsus of vine. Formidable Hera saved him unhurt, because he had often used this trick of arms, and attacked Bacchants, making war from ambush. He was always hidden by a rock or concealed by the leaves of a tall tree, shooting men unnoticed with his arrows.

325 The Indians retreated at last from the carnage of the battle, fearing the valour of unconquered Dionysos.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΡΙΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΠΡΩΤΟΝ

Ἐν δὲ τριηκοστῷ πρώτῳ μειλίσσεται Ἥρη
Ὕπνον ἐπὶ Κρονίδῃ καὶ Περσεφόνην ἐπὶ Βάκχῳ.

Ὣς ὁ μὲν Ἰνδῴοιο τυπεὶς ἴυγγι κυδοιμοῦ
Βάκχος Ἐρυθραίης περιδέδρομε κόλπον ἀρούρης,
χρύσεα χιονέῃσι παρηίσι βόστρυχα σείων.
Ἥρη δὲ φθονεροῖσιν ἀνοιδαίνουσα μερίμναις
ἄκρον ἀπειλητῆρι κατέγραφεν ἠέρα ταρσῷ,
αὐτόθι παπταίνουσα πολυσπερέων στρατὸν Ἰνδῶν
θύρσοις ἀνδροφόνοισιν ἀλοιηθέντα Λυαίου.
καὶ χόλον ἄλλον ἔγειρεν Ἐρυθραίῳ παρὰ πόντῳ
Ἀνδρομέδης ὁρόωσα πολύπλοκα λείψανα δεσμῶν
καὶ λίθον ἐν ψαμάθῳ, βλοσυρὸν τέρας ἐννοσιγαίου.
ἀχνυμένη δ' ἑὸν ὄμμα παρέτραπε, μὴ παρὰ πόντῳ
Γοργοφόνου Περσῆος ἴδῃ χαλκήλατον ἅρπην.
Ἤδη γὰρ ταχύγουνον ἐν ἠέρι ταρσὸν ἑλίσσων
δίψιον ἀμφὶ τένοντα Λίβυν πορθμεύετο Περσεύς,
νηχόμενος πτερύγεσσι· μονογλήνου δὲ γεραιῆς
Φορκίδος ἀγρύπνοιο λαβὼν ὀφθαλμὸν ἀλήτην
δύσβατον ἄντρον ἔδυνε, καὶ ἀμώων παρὰ πέτρῃ
λήια συρίζοντα, θαλύσια λοξὰ κομάων,
Γοργόνος ὠδίνοντα διέθρισεν ἀνθερεῶνα,
καὶ δρεπάνην φοίνιξε· δαϊζομένης δὲ Μεδούσης

BOOK XXXI

In the thirty-first, Hera propitiates Sleep for Cronides, and Persephone for Bacchos.

So struck by the spell of the Indian conflict, Bacchos sped about the bosom of the Erythraian land, shaking the golden locks against his snow-white cheeks.

4 But Hera, swelling with jealous passions, scored the air with menacing sole, when she beheld the host of scattered Indians beaten like corn in the threshing where they stood, by the manslaying thyrsus of Lyaios. Again she awakened a new resentment, seeing the heap of Andromeda's broken chains beside the Erythraian sea, and that rock lying on the sand, Earthshaker's monstrous lump.[a] Bitterly she turned her eye aside, not to glimpse by the sea the bronze-forged sickle of Gorgonslaying Perseus.

13 For Perseus already was ferrying across to the thirsty stretches of Libya, swimming on his wings and circling in the air a quickfoot knee. He had taken the travelling eye of Phorcys's old one-eyed daughter unsleeping; he dived into the dangerous cave, reaped the hissing harvest by the rockside, the firstfruits of curling hair, sliced the Gorgon's teeming throat and stained his sickle red. He cut off the head and

[a] The monster turned to stone.

αἱμοβαφῆ παλάμην ὀφιώδεϊ λοῦσεν ἐέρσῃ,
κρᾶτα ταμών· χρυσέῳ δὲ σὺν ἄορι παῖδα λοχεύων
ἱππείην ἐλόχευσε γονὴν διδυμητόκος αὐχήν.
Καὶ φθονερὸς πραπίδεσσι χόλος διεπάφλασεν Ἥρης
ζῆλον ἐρευγομένης ἐπὶ Περσέϊ καὶ Διονύσῳ.
ἤθελε δὲ Κρονίδαο καὶ ὄμματα καὶ φρένα θέλγειν
εἰς γάμον ἠπεροπῆα καὶ εἰς πτερὸν ἡδέος Ὕπνου
ἑλκομένου μετὰ λέκτρον, ὅπως δολίῃ τινὶ τέχνῃ
Ζηνὸς ἔτι κνώσσοντος ἐπιβρίσειε Λυαίῳ.
ὀρφναίην δ' Ἀΐδαο μετήλυθε πανδόκον αὐλήν·
Περσεφόνην δ' ἐκίχησε, δολόφρονι δ' ἴαχε μύθῳ·
" Ὀλβίστην ἐνέπω σε, θεῶν ὅτι τηλόθι ναίεις·
οὐ Σεμέλην ἐνόησας ἔσω ναίουσαν Ὀλύμπου.
δείδια, μὴ Διόνυσον, ὃν ἀνδρομέη τέκε γαστήρ,
ἀστεροπὴν κρατέοντα μετὰ Ζαγρῆα νοήσω
ἢ χθονίαις παλάμῃσιν ἐλαφρίζοντα κεραυνούς·
συλήθης, φερέκαρπε· παρὰ σταχυώδεϊ Νείλῳ
ἀντὶ τεῆς Δήμητρος ἀμαλλοτόκοιο τεκούσης
ἄλλῃ κῶμον ἄγουσι, νόθη δέ τις ὄμπνια Δηὼ
ταυροφυὴς κερόεσσα φατίζεται Ἰναχὶς Ἰώ.
Ἄρεα δ', ὅν περ ἔτικτον, ὃν οὐρανίη τέκε γαστήρ,
υἱὸν ἐμὸν χθονίῳ πεπεδημένον ἀκλέϊ δεσμῷ
κρύψεν ἔσω κεράμοιο περισφίγξας Ἐφιάλτης·
οὐδέ οἱ ἐχραίσμησεν ἐμὸς πόσις οὐράνιος Ζεύς,
ἀλλὰ τόκον Σεμέλης φλογερῶν ἐρρύσατο πυρσῶν,
καὶ βρέφος εἰσέτι Βάκχον ἀνεζώγρησε κεραυνοῦ,

* Pegasos and Chrysaor: see Hesiod, *Theogony* 282.

bathed a bloodstained hand in that viperish dew; then as Medusa was slain, the neck was delivered of its twin birth, the Horse and the Boy with the golden sword.[a]

24 Then jealous resentment boiled up in Hera's breast, and she belched spleen against Perseus and Dionysos; and she purposed to enchant the eyes and heart of Cronides in deceitful love, under the wing of sweet sleep that is brought on after the bed, that while Zeus yet slumbered she might find some cunning trick to crush Lyaios.[b] Away she went to the gloomy all-welcoming court of Hades; there she found Persephone, and told her a crafty tale:

32 "Most happy I call you, that you dwell so far from the gods! You have not seen Semele at home in Olympos. I fear I may yet see Dionysos, one born of a mortal womb, master of the lightning after Zagreus, or lifting the thunderbolt in earthborn hands. Cornbringer, you have been robbed! Beside the Nile with his harvests they hold festival for another, instead of your sheafbearing mother Demeter; they tell of a spurious bountiful Deo, bullbred, horned, Inachos's daughter Io.[c]

41 "And Ares, the one I brought forth, born of a heavenly womb, my own son, was shackled tight inglorious in earthly fetters in a jar,[d] where Ephialtes had hidden him. Nor did heavenly Zeus my husband help him—but he rescued Semele's son from the flaming fire, he saved Bacchos from the thunderbolt, while still a baby brat, his bastard son half-finished!

[b] The following scene imitates Hom. *Il.* xiv. 153 ff.

[c] *i.e.* the Egyptians do not worship Demeter, but Isis, whom Greek mythologists equated with Io.

[d] See *Il.* v. 385 ff.

ἡμιτελῆ νόθον υἷα· δαϊζομένου δὲ μαχαίραις
Ζαγρέος οὐ προμάχιζεν ἐπουρανίου Διονύσου.
τοῦτό με μᾶλλον ὄρινεν, ὅτι Κρονίδης πόλον ἄστρων
ἕδνα πόρεν Σεμέλῃ καὶ Τάρταρα Περσεφονείῃ·
οὐρανὸς Ἀπόλλωνι φυλάσσεται, οὐρανὸν Ἑρμῆς
ναιετάει· σὺ δὲ τοῦτον ἔχεις δόμον ἔμπλεον ὄρφνης.
τί πλέον, ὅττι δράκοντος ἔχων ψευδήμονα μορφὴν
δεσμὸν ἀσυλήτοιο τεῆς σύλησε κορείης,
εἰ μετὰ λέκτρον ἔμελλε τεὰς ὠδῖνας ὀλέσσαι;
Ζεὺς μὲν ἄναξ κατ᾽ Ὄλυμπον ἔχει δόμον ἔμπλεον ἄστρων,
γνωτῷ δ᾽ ὑγρομέδοντι γέρας πόρεν ἁλμυρὸν ὕδωρ,
καὶ ζόφον ἀχλυόεντα τεῷ πόρεν οἶκον ἀκοίτῃ.
ἀλλὰ τεὰς θώρηξον Ἐρινύας οἴνοπι Βάκχῳ,
μὴ βροτὸν ἀθρήσαιμι νόθον σκηπτοῦχον Ὀλύμπου,
αἴδεο λισσομένην Διὸς εὐνέτιν, αἴδεο Δηώ,
αἴδεο λισσομένην καθαρὴν Θέμιν, ὄφρα κεν Ἰνδοὶ
βαιὸν ἀναπνεύσωσι τινασσομένου Διονύσου·
ἔσσό μοι ἀχνυμένῃ τιμήορος, ὅττι Κρονίων
Βάκχῳ νέκταρ ὄπασσε καὶ Ἄρεϊ λύθρον Ἐνυοῦς.
μηδὲ νέον Διόνυσον ἀνυμνήσωσιν Ἀθῆναι,
μηδὲ λάχῃ γέρας ἶσον Ἐλευσινίῳ Διονύσῳ,
μὴ τελετὰς προτέροιο διαλλάξειεν Ἰάκχου,
μὴ τάλαρον Δήμητρος ἀτιμήσειεν ὀπώρῃ."
Ὣς φαμένη συνέχευεν ὅλην φρένα Περσεφονείης,
δάκρυσι ποιητοῖσι διαινομένοιο προσώπου,
αἱμύλα κωτίλλουσα. θεὰ δ᾽ ἐπένευσε θεαίνῃ,
καί οἱ δῶκε Μέγαιραν ὁμόστολον, ὄφρα τελέσσῃ
βάσκανον ὄμμα φέρουσα νόον ζηλήμονος Ἥρης.

---

* Remarkably accurate for Nonnos. Iacchos, one of the

But Zagreus the heavenly Dionysos he would not defend, when he was cut up with knives!

49 "What made me angrier still, was that Cronides gave the starry heaven to Semele for a bridegift,—and Tartaros to Persephoneia! Heaven is reserved for Apollo, Hermes lives in heaven—and you have this abode full of gloom! What good was it that he put on the deceiving shape of a serpent, and ravished the girdle of your inviolate maidenhead, if after the bed he was to destroy your babe?

56 "Lord Zeus holds the starry hall on Olympos; he has given the briny sea to his brother the water king for his prerogative; he has given the cloudy house of darkness to your consort. Come now, arm your Furies against wineface Bacchos, that I may not see a bastard and a mortal king of Olympos. Pity the wife of Zeus who prays to you, pity Deo, pity praying Themis the immaculate, that the Indians may have a little space to breathe while Dionysos is shaken. Be the avenger of my sorrow, because Cronion has given nectar to Bacchos and the blood of battle to Ares! Let not Athens sing hymns to a new Dionysos, let him not have equal honour with Eleusinian Dionysos, let him not take over the rites of Iacchos [a] who was there before him, let not his vintage dishonour Demeter's basket!"

70 The whole mind of Persephoneia was perturbed while she spoke, babbling deceit as the false tears bedewed her cheeks. Goddess bowed assent to goddess, and gave her Megaira to go with her, that with her evil eye she might fulfil the desire of Hera's jealous heart.

Eleusinian deities, was not the same as Dionysos, though early identified with him.

Ἡ δὲ θυελλήεντι διαΐξασα πεδίλῳ
τρὶς μὲν ἀνηέρθη, τὸ δὲ τέτρατον ἵκετο Γάγγην·
καὶ νέκυν Ἰνδὸν ὅμιλον ἀμειδέι δεῖξε Μεγαίρῃ
καὶ στρατιῆς ἱδρῶτα καὶ ἠνορέην Διονύσου·
Ἰνδοφόνους δὲ Μέγαιρα πόνους ὀρόωσα Λυαίου
ζηλήμων ἐμέγηρε καὶ οὐρανίης πλέον Ἥρης.
ἡ δὲ νόῳ κεχάρητο· δρακοντοκόμῳ δὲ θεαίνῃ
σαρδόνιον γελόωσα κατηφέα ῥήξατο φωνήν·
"Οὕτω ἀριστεύουσι νέοι βασιλῆες Ὀλύμπου,
οὕτω ἀκοντίζουσι νόθοι Διός· ἐκ Σεμέλης δὲ
Ζεὺς ἕνα παῖδα λόχευσεν, ἵνα ξύμπαντας ὀλέσσῃ
Ἰνδοὺς μειλιχίους καὶ ἀμεμφέας· ἀλλὰ δαείη
Ζεὺς ἄδικος καὶ Βάκχος,
ὅσον σθένος ἐστὶ Μεγαίρης.
ὢ πόποι, οἷον ἄθεσμον ἔχει νόον ὑψιμέδων Ζεύς·
Τυρσηνοῖς ἀδίκοις οὐ μάρναται, ὅττι μαθόντες
φώρια θεσμὰ βίαια κακοξείνων ἐπὶ νηῶν
ἅρπαγες ἀλλοτρίων Σικελῇ πλώουσι θαλάσσῃ·
οὐ κτάνε δυσσεβέων Δρυόπων γένος, οἷς βίος αἰχμαὶ
καὶ φόνος· εὐσεβίῃ δὲ μεμηλότας ἔκτανεν Ἰνδούς,
οὓς τάχα πασιμέλουσα Θέμις μαιώσατο μαζῷ.
ὢ πόποι, οἷον ἄθεσμον ἔχει νόον· ἀθάνατον γὰρ
θνητὸς ἀνὴρ ἔφλεξε τόσον καὶ τοῖον Ὑδάσπην,
θνητὸς ἀνὴρ ἔφλεξε, τὸν οὐράνιος τέκετο Ζεύς."
Ὣς φαμένη πεπότητο δι' αἰθέρος· ἡ δὲ σιωπῇ
γείτονα Καυκασίης ὑπὸ φωλάδα πέζαν ἐρίπνης
φρικτὸν ἀμειψαμένη μελέων ὀφιώδεα μορφήν,
γλαυκὶ φυὴν ἰκέλη μένεν αὐτόθι, μέχρι νοήσῃ
Ζῆνα μέγαν κνώσσοντα· τὰ γὰρ φάτο κοίρανος Ἥρῃ.

75 Hera then shot away with stormwinged shoe: three strides she made, and the fourth brought her to Ganges.[a] She pointed out to unsmiling Megaira the crowd of dead Indians, the sweat of the army and the prowess of Dionysos. When the Fury beheld the deathdealing feats of Lyaios, her jealous heart was furious even more than heavenly Hera. Then Hera was glad; and with a grim laugh she addressed the snakyhaired goddess in despondent voice:

83 "See how the young kings of Olympos triumph! See how the bastards of Zeus ply the spear! Zeus has been delivered of one son from Semele, that he may destroy all the Indians in a mass, the gentle innocents! Let Zeus the lawbreaker learn, and Bacchos, how great is the strength of Megaira! For shame—what a lawless mind has Zeus ruling on high! He never attacks the lawbreaking Tyrsenians, because they learn thieves' laws of violence, and sail the Sicilian Sea in their unfriendly ships, and rob other men of their own. He slew not the impious tribe of Dryopes, where life is sharp steel and murder; but he did slay the Indians whose heart is set on piety, whom famous Themis herself, I think, nursed at her breast. For shame—what a lawless mind he has! when a mortal man has set on fire immortal Hydaspes, so noble and so great, a mortal man has set on fire him whose father was heavenly Zeus!"

98 With these words, she flew away through the upper air; and silently in a cave of the neighbouring Caucasian cliff, Megaira cast off the terrible serpent shape, and waited there in the form of an owl until she should see great Zeus fast asleep, for that was Queen Hera's command.

[a] Imitated from *Il.* xiii. 20.

Αὐτὴ δὲ Χρεμέταο μετήιεν Ἕσπερον ὕδωρ
Ἥρη μητιόωσα, γέρων βαρὺς ὁππόθι κάμνει
οὐρανίῃ στροφάλιγγι Λίβυς κυρτούμενος Ἄτλας,
καὶ Ζεφύρου δυσέρωτος ἐδίζετο σύγγαμον Ἶριν,
Ζηνὸς ἐπειγομένοιο διάκτορον, ὄφρα τελέσσῃ
ἠερόθεν σκιόεντι ποδήνεμον ἄγγελον Ὕπνῳ.
τὴν δὲ καλεσσαμένη φιλίῳ μειλίξατο μύθῳ·
"Ἶρις, ἀεξιφύτου Ζεφύρου χρυσόπτερε νύμφη,
εὔλοχε μῆτερ Ἔρωτος, ἀελλήεντι πεδίλῳ
σπεῦδε μολεῖν ζοφόεντος ἐς Ἑσπέριον δόμον Ὕπνου·
δίζεο καὶ περὶ Λῆμνον ἀλίκτυπον· εἰ δέ μιν εὕρῃς,
λέξον, ἵνα Κρονίωνος ἀθελγέος ὄμματα θέλξῃ
εἰς μίαν ἠριγένειαν, ὅπως Ἰνδοῖσιν ἀρήξω.
ἀλλὰ δέμας μετάμειβε, μελανζώνου δὲ θεαίνης
μορφὴν Νυκτὸς ἔχουσα δυσειδέα μητέρος Ὕπνου
γίνεο κυανέη ψευδώνυμος, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴ
ἀντιτύποις μελέεσσιν, ὅτε χρέος ἐστὶν ἀνάγκης,
εἰς Θέμιν, εἰς Κυθέρειαν, ἐς Ἄρτεμιν εἶδος ἀμείβω.
Πασιθέης δ' ὑμέναιον ὑπόσχεο, τῆς διὰ κάλλος
ἱμείρων ἀνύσειεν ἐμὸν χρέος· οὔ σε διδάξω,
ὅττι γυναιμανέων τις ἐπ' ἐλπίδι πάντα τελέσσει."
Ὣς φαμένης πεπότητο θεὰ χρυσόπτερος Ἶρις
ἠέρα παπταίνουσα, καὶ εἰς Πάφον,
εἰς χθόνα Κύπρου
ἀπλανὲς ὄμμα τίταινε, τὸ δὲ πλέον ὑψόθι Βύβλου
Ἀσσυρίου σκοπίαζεν Ἀδώνιδος εὔγαμον ὕδωρ,
διζομένη περίφοιτον ἀλήμονος ἴχνιον Ὕπνου.
εὗρε δέ μιν γαμίοιο παρὰ κλέτας Ὀρχομενοῖο·

103 Hera herself made her way brooding to the waters of Chremetes [a] in the west, where that afflicted ancient, Libyan Atlas, wearily bends under the whirling heavens; and she sought out the wife of jealous Zephyros,[b] Iris, the messenger of Zeus when he is in a hurry—for she wished to send her swift as the wind from heaven with a message for shadowy Sleep. She called Iris then, and coaxed her with friendly words:

110 "Iris, goldenwing bride of plantnourishing Zephyros, happy mother of Love! [c] Hasten with stormshod foot to the home of gloomy Sleep in the west. Seek also about seagirt Lemnos, and if you find him tell him to charm the eyes of Zeus uncharmable for one day, that I may help the Indians. But change your shape, take the ugly form of Sleep's mother the blackgirdled goddess Night; take a false name and become darkness, since I also change my limbs into the aspect of Themis, of Cythereia, of Artemis when need compels. Promise him Pasithea for his bride, and let him do my need from desire of her beauty. I need not tell you that one lovesick will do anything for hope."

124 At these words, Iris goldenwing flew away, peering through the air. To Paphos, to the land of Cyprus she directed her unwavering eye; most of all she gazed above Byblos, on the wedding water of Assyrian Adonis,[d] seeking the wandering track of vagrant Sleep. She found him on the slopes of

[a] In N.-W. Africa, probably the Senegal.

[b] Yet again an allusion to Hyacinthos, whose legend is a positive obsession to Nonnos.

[c] So Alcaios, frag. 8 Diehl; usually Eros is Aphrodite's son.

[d] See xx. 144.

κεῖθι γὰρ αὖτις ἔμιμνε νοοπλανὲς ἴχνος ἑλίσσων,
Πασιθέης ἐρόεντα παρὰ προπύλαια θαμίζων.
Καὶ δέμας ἀλλάξασα μετάτροπον ἄσκοπος Ἶρις
κυανέης ἄγνωστον ἐδύσατο Νυκτὸς ὀπωπήν·
Ὕπνου δ' ἐγγὺς ἵκανε δολοπλόκος· οἷα δὲ μήτηρ
κλεψινόοις ὀάροις ἀπατήλιον ἴαχε φωνήν·
"Τέκνον ἐμόν, τέο μέχρις ἐμὲ Κρονίδης ἀθερίζει;
οὐχ ἅλις, ὡς Φαέθων με βιάζεται, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὸς
Ὄρθρος ἀκοντίζει με καὶ ἠριγένεια διώκει;
Ζεὺς νόθον υἷα φύτευσεν, ὅπως ἐμὸν Ὕπνον ἐλέγξῃ.
εἷς βροτὸς αἰσχύνει με καὶ υἱέα· παννύχιος γὰρ
μυστιπόλῳ σπινθῆρι φεραυγέα δαλὸν ἀνάπτων
Βάκχος ἀμαλδύνει με, καὶ ἐγρήσσων σε χαλέπτει.
Ὕπνε, τί πανδαμάτωρ κικλήσκεαι; οὐκέτι θέλγεις
ἀνέρας ἐγρήσσοντας, ὅτι χθονίοιο Λυαίου
κῶμον ἐμὸν νίκησε νόθον σέλας· ἡμετέρων γὰρ
φαιδροτέραις δαΐδεσσι κατακρύπτει φλόγας ἄστρων.
εἷς βροτὸς αἰσχύνει με φαεσφόρος, ὅττι καλύπτει,
καὶ μεγάλην περ ἐοῦσαν, ἐμῆς ἀκτῖνα Σελήνης.
ἄζομαι ἠριγένειαν ἐπεγγελόωσαν Ὀμίχλῃ,
ὅττι νόθον μεθέπω νύχιον σέλας· ἀλλοτρίῳ γὰρ
ποιητῷ Φαέθοντι φαείνομαι ἠματίη Νύξ.
ἀλλὰ σύ μοι, φίλε κοῦρε, χολώεο δίζυγι θεσμῷ
μυστιπόλοις Σατύροισι καὶ ἀγρύπνῳ Διονύσῳ· 153
δὸς χάριν ἀχνυμένῃ σέο μητέρι, δὸς χάριν Ἥρῃ, 155
καὶ Διὸς ὑψιμέδοντος ἀθελγέα θέλξον ὀπωπὴν 154
εἰς μίαν ἠριγένειαν, ὅπως Ἰνδοῖσιν ἀρήξῃ, 156
οὓς Σάτυροι κλονέουσι καὶ εἰσέτι Βάκχος ὀρίνει.
Ὕπνε, τί πανδαμάτωρ κικλήσκεαι; ἢν ἐθελήσῃς,

[a] Does it mean that it was the city of his hoped-for bride, the Charites being the goddesses of Orchomenos?

nuptial Orchomenos [a]; for there he delayed again and trailed his distracted foot, a frequent visitor at the door of his beloved Pasithea.

132 Then Iris changed her shape, and all unseen she put on the look of dark Night unrecognizable. She came near to Sleep, weaving guile; and in his mother's guise uttered her deceitful speech in cajoling whispers:

136 "My child, how long is Cronides to despise me? Is it not enough that Phaëthon does me violence, that Morning shoots me, and Dawn pursues me? Zeus has got a bastard son, just to confound my dear Sleep! One mortal by himself insults me and my son: all night long Bacchos destroys me, and provokes you, by keeping wide awake and kindling his blazing torch with mystic sparks. Why are you named All-vanquisher, Sleep? No longer you charm wakeful men, now that the spurious gleam of earthborn Lyaios has conquered my revels—for he hides the flames of my stars by brighter torches of his own. One mortal by himself insults me, a new Lightbringer who covers the beams of my Moon great as they are. I am shamed before Day when she mocks at darkness, because I have a false brightness in the night: for a foreign unnatural Sun makes me shine as if night were day. O my dear son! you must resent this on two counts—resist the mystical Satyrs, resist Dionysos the sleepless! Grant this boon to your sorrowful mother, grant this boon to Hera, and charm the charmproof eye of Zeus in the Highest, just for one day, that she may help the Indians whom the Satyrs scatter in rout and still Bacchos harries.

158 "O Sleep, why are you named Allvanquisher? If it be your pleasure, pray turn your eye, and you

τρέψον ἐμοὶ τεὸν ὄμμα, καὶ ἑπταπύλῳ παρὰ Θήβῃ
πάννυχον ἐγρήσσοντα πάλιν Κρονίωνα νοήσεις·
λῦσον ἀτασθαλίην ἀδίκου Διός· Ἀμφιτρύων μὲν
νόσφιν ἑοῦ θαλάμοιο σιδηροχίτων μετανάστης
μάρναται· Ἀλκμήνῃ δὲ παρέζεται ἐνδόμυχος Ζεύς,
νυμφιδίην ἀκόρητος ἔχων τρισέληνον ὁμίχλην.
μὴ Διὸς ἐγρήσσοντος ἴδω καὶ νύκτα τετάρτην.
ἀλλά, τέκος, Κρονίωνι κορύσσεο, μὴ πάλιν ἄλλην,
μὴ πάλιν ἐννεάκυκλον ἀναπλήσειεν ὁμίχλην.
Μνημοσύνης προτέρης μιμνήσκεο· τῇ παριαύων
ἐννέα νύκτας ἔμιμνεν, ἔχων ἄγρυπνον ὀπωπήν,
οἶστρον ἔχων πολύτεκνον ἀκοιμήτων ὑμεναίων.
πανδαμάτωρ θεὸς ἄλλος ὁμόπτερος, εἴκελος Ὕπνῳ,
βαιὸς Ἔρως, Κρονίδην ὀλίγῳ νίκησε βελέμνῳ.
Γηγενέων δ' ἐλέαιρε γονὴν μελανόχροον Ἰνδῶν·
δὸς χάριν· ὑμετέρης γὰρ ὁμόχροές εἰσι τεκούσης·
ῥύεο κυανέους, κυανόπτερε· μηδὲ χαλέψῃς
Γαῖαν ἐμοῦ γενετῆρος ὁμήλικα, τῆς ἄπο μούνης
πάντες ἀνεβλάστησαν, ὅσοι ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου.
μὴ τρομέοις Κρονίδην, ὅτε σύγγαμος ἵλαος Ἥρη·
μὴ τρομέοις Σεμέλην, ἣν ἔφλεγεν αὐτὸς ἀκοίτης.
οὐ στεροπὴ πυρόεσσα δυνήσεται ἰσοφαρίζειν,
οὐ βροντὴ βαρύδουπος ἀρασσομένων νεφελάων·
μοῦνον ἐμοὶ πτερὰ πάλλε, καὶ ἀκλινέων ἐπὶ λέκτρων
μίμνει Ζεὺς ἀτίνακτος,
ὅσον χρόνον, Ὕπνε, κελεύεις.
ἔκλυον, ὡς ποθέεις Χαρίτων μίαν· ἀλλ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ
οἶστρον ἔχων θαλάμοιο φυλάσσεο, μηδὲ χαλέψῃς
μητέρα Πασιθέης, ζυγίην θαλαμηπόλον Ἥρην.

---

[a] *i.e.* Zeus was begetting Heracles. That night was, by miracle, of thrice the usual length.

shall perceive Cronion wakeful once again through the night in sevengate Thebes. Make an end of the wantonness of Zeus Lawbreaker! Amphitryon is far from his bridal chamber, steelclad and in the battle; Zeus makes himself at home by the side of Alcmena, enjoying insatiate three moons of bridal darkness! Let me not see Zeus yet wakeful for a fourth night.[a]

166 "Nay, my son, arm you against Cronion—let him not have more darkness, nine full circles more! Remember Mnemosyne [b] in the old time before us; how he lay by her side for nine whole nights, with eyes ever wakeful, full of passion for many children in that unresting bridal. Another allvanquishing god, winged like Sleep, little Love, conquered Cronides with a tiny dart.

173 "Pity the blackskin nation of earthborn Indians! Grant this boon—for they have the same colour as your mother—save the black ones, O Blackwing! Do not provoke Earth, my father's age-mate,[c] from whom alone we are all sprung, we who dwell in Olympos. Tremble not before Zeus, when his consort Hera is favourable: tremble not before Semele, whom her own bedfellow burnt up. No fiery lightning can equal you, no loud thunderclaps from the bursting clouds: do but flap me your wings, and Zeus lies immovable on unshaken bed, so long as you command him, Sleep! I have heard that you want one of the Graces; then if you have in your heart an itch for her bedchamber, have a care! Do not provoke Pasithea's mother, Hera the handmaid of wedded love! And if you dwell with

[b] Mother of the nine Muses.

[c] Night is daughter of Chaos, and Chaos and Earth were the first of beings, see Hesiod, *Theog.* 116-123.

εἰ δὲ σὺ ναιετάεις παρὰ Τηθύι Λευκάδα πέτρην,
Δηριάδη χραίσμησον, ὃν ἤροσεν Ἰνδὸς Ὑδάσπης·
γείτονι πιστὰ φύλαξον, ἐπεὶ τεὸς ἠχέτα γείτων
Ὠκεανὸς κελάδων προπάτωρ πέλε Δηριαδῆος."
Ὣς φαμένη παρέπεισε. καὶ οἷά τε μητρὸς ἀκούων
Ὕπνος ἀνεπτοίητο, καὶ ὤμοσεν ὄμματα θέλγειν
Ζηνὸς ἀκοιμήτοιο καὶ εἰς τριτάτης δρόμον Ἠοῦς·
ἀλλά μιν ᾔτεεν Ἶρις, ἵνα Κρονίωνα πεδήσῃ
ὑπνώειν ἕνα μοῦνον ἐπὶ δρόμον ἠριγενείης.
αὐτόθι δ' Ὕπνος ἔμιμνε, δεδεγμένος εὔγαμον ὥρην.
Καὶ ταχινὴ πεπότητο θεὰ παλινόστιμος Ἶρις·
σπερχομένη δ' ἤγγειλεν ἀμεμφέα μῦθον ἀνάσσῃ.
Ἡ δὲ θυελλήεντι δι' ἠέρος ἵπτατο ταρσῷ,
καὶ δόλον ἔπλεκεν ἄλλον, ὅπως Διὸς ἐγγύθεν ἔλθῃ
κεστὸν ἀερτάζουσα, πόθου θελξίφρονα μίτρην.
καὶ Παφίην μάστευεν· ὑπὲρ Λιβάνοιο δὲ μούνην
Ἀσσυρίην ἐκίχησεν ἐρημαίην Ἀφροδίτην
ἑζομένην· Χάριτες γὰρ ἐς ἄνθεα ποικίλα κήπων
εἰαριναὶ στέλλοντο, χορίτιδες Ὀρχομενοῖο,
ἡ μὲν ἀμεργομένη Κίλικα κρόκον, ἡ δὲ κομίζειν
βάλσαμον ἱμείρουσα καὶ Ἰνδῴου δονακῆος
φυταλίην, ἑτέρη δὲ ῥόδων εὐώδεα ποίην.
Θαμβαλέη δ' ἀδόκητος ἑῶν ἀνεπήλατο δίφρων,
ὡς Διὸς εἶδε δάμαρτα, Διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη·
ἀχνυμένην δ' ὁρόωσα πολύτροπον ἴαχε φωνήν·
"Ἥρη, Ζηνὸς ἄκοιτι, τί σοι χλοάουσι παρειαί;
τίπτε τεαί, βασίλεια, κατηφέες εἰσὶν ὀπωπαί;
ἦ ῥα πάλιν πέλεν ὄμβρος ἐπίκλοπος ὑέτιος Ζεύς;
μὴ πάλιν ἔπλετο ταῦρος ἐν ὕδασιν ὑγρὸς ὁδίτης;

Tethys by the Leucadian Rock, do help Deriades the son of Indian Hydaspes: be true to a neighbour, for resounding Ocean your loud-voiced neighbour was an ancestor of Deriades."

191 With this appeal, she won his consent. Then Sleep as one obeying a mother started up, and swore to charm the eyes of unresting Zeus even until the third dawn should come; but Iris begged him to fasten Cronion with slumber for the course of one day only. There Sleep remained, awaiting the happy season of marriage.

197 Then goddess Iris returned flying at speed, and hastened to deliver her welcome message to her queen.

199 But Hera flew through the air on stormswift sole, and wove another plan, to visit Zeus carrying the cestus, that mindcharming girdle of desire. She sought for the Paphian; and found Assyrian Aphrodite seated in a solitary spot upon Libanos, alone, for the Graces, those dancers of Orchomenos, had been sent away to gather the various flowers of spring in the gardens—one to gather Cilician crocus, one eager to bring balsam and sprouts of the Indian reed, another for the fragrant petals of the rose.

209 Wondering and startled, Aphrodite the daughter of Zeus leapt up from her seat, when she saw the consort of Zeus in sorrow; and the wily creature cried out—

212 "Hera, queen of Zeus! why are your cheeks pale! Why are your eyes downcast, my queen? Can it be that Rainy Zeus has once more become a shower of deceit? [a] Has he become a bull again, a drenched wayfarer in the waters? What second

[a] As with Danaë.

τις πάλιν Εὐρώπη σε βιάζεται; ἠὲ τίς ἄλλη
Ἀντιόπη Νυκτῆος ἀναινομένου γενετῆρος
ψευδαλέου Σατύρου λασίῃ νυμφεύεται εὐνῇ;
μὴ νέος εἰς γάμον ἄλλον ἐπείγεται ἵππος ἐχέφρων,
μιμηλοῖς στομάτεσσι νόθον χρεμετισμὸν ἰάλλων;
μὴ Σεμέλην ἑτέρην λοχίῳ μνηστεύσατο πυρσῷ
καὶ στεροπὴν ἐλέλιζε κυβερνήτειραν Ἐρώτων;
μὴ δαμάλης ἐπὶ λέκτρον ἐυκραίροιο χορεύει
μυκηθμὸν προχέων φιλοτήσιον; ἢν ἐθελήσῃς,
Ζηνὸς ὀπιπευτῆρα βοοσκόπον ἄλλον ἐγείροις,
βουκόλον ἀγρύπνοις κεχαραγμένον Ἄργον ὀπωπαῖς.
εἰπέ μοι εἰρομένῃ, καὶ ὅσον σθένος ἐστίν, ἀρήξω."
Ὣς φαμένην δολόεντι θεὰ προσπτύξατο μύθῳ·
"Κύπρι θεά, θνητοῖσιν ἐάσομεν οὖδας Ὀλύμπου·
Ζεὺς Σεμέλην ἐς Ὄλυμπον ἀνήγαγε,
μητέρα Βάκχου,
ἄξει καὶ Διόνυσον ἐς αἰθέρα. τίς δόμος Ἥρην
δέξεται; ἢ τίνα χῶρον ἐλεύσομαι; αἰδέομαι δέ,
μὴ Σεμέλην ἐσίδοιμι νόθην βασίλειαν Ὀλύμπου.
δείδια, μὴ ζοφόεντος ἴδω δόμον Ἰαπετοῖο,
μή με λαβὼν ἐλάσειε μετὰ Κρόνον ἐκτὸς Ὀλύμπου.
δείδια, μὴ μετὰ γαῖαν ἐν αἰθέρι νέκταρ ἐλέγχων
ἄμπελον, ἣν καλέουσι, καὶ ἐν μακάρεσσι φυτεύσῃ.
μή ποτε τοῦτο γένοιτο, Δίκη καὶ Γαῖα καὶ Ὕδωρ.
κλήματα μὴ κομίσειεν ἐς αἰθέρα, μὴ χάριν οἴνης
οὐρανὸν ἀμπελόεντα μετ' ἀστερόεντα καλέσσω,

[a] Zeus loved Antiope, daughter of Nycteus of Thebes, and she bore him Amphion and Zethos. That he came to her disguised as a Satyr must have been stated in some lost poem, for it is mentioned by Ovid, *Met.* vi. 110, as well as here.

Europa is disturbing you? Is there another Antiope [a] in the hairy embrace of a sham Satyr, although Nycteus her father forbids? Is there a new horse [b] with a mind in him hasting to another bridal, while he lets out a false whinny between mimicking lips? Has he wooed another Semele with birthdelivering brand, and cast his lightning to show the way for love? Does he dance to the bed of some pretty-horned heifer [c] while he utters a loving moo? Well, if you like, you can find up another cowkeeper to spy upon Zeus, a herdsman Argos, tattooed with unsleeping eyes! Answer my questions, and I will help all I can."

228 The goddess greeted her kindly with deceitful words:

229 "Cypris goddess, we must leave the ground of Olympos for mortals. Zeus has brought to Olympos Semele the mother of Bacchos, and he will bring Dionysos himself to heaven. What mansion will receive Hera? To what place shall I go? I am ashamed lest I behold Semele, the usurping queen of Olympos. I fear he may take me and drive me out of Olympos like Cronos, and I may have to see the dark house of Iapetos.[d] I fear he may shame the nectar, and bring from earth what they call the vine, to plant it in heaven even among the Blessed.

240 "O Justice, O Earth, O Water, let this never be! May he never bring its twigs to heaven! that I should speak of the Viny Sky instead of the Starry Sky, in honour of the grape! that I should

[b] The shape in which Zeus begat Peirithoös on Dia, schol. on Hom. *Il.* i. 263.
[c] *i.e.* has he found a new Io?
[d] One of the Titans who fell with Cronos.

μηδὲ πίω ποτὸν ἄλλο μετὰ γλυκὺ νέκταρ Ὀλύμπου.
δείδια, μὴ μενέχαρμον ἴδω μεθύουσαν Ἀθήνην,
μὴ δόρυ κουφίσσειεν ἐπ' Ἄρεϊ καὶ Κυθερείῃ,
μὴ σφαλερῇ ῥαθάμιγγι νοοσφαλέος Διονύσου
αἰθέρι τολμήεσσαν ἀναστήσωσιν Ἐνυὼ
ἀστέρες οἰνοπλῆγες ἐπ' ἀλλήλοισι μανέντες,
μή ποτε βακχευθέντες ὅλοι ναετῆρες Ὀλύμπου
ὄργια μιμήσαιντο φερεσσακέων Κορυβάντων.
οὐχ ἅλις αἶσχος ἐκεῖνο θεοστυγές, ὅττι δοκεύω 252
Τρώιον ἡβητῆρα, Διὸς δρηστῆρα κυπέλλων, 251
οὐρανὸν αἰσχύνοντα καὶ οἰνοχόον Διὸς Ἥβην, 253
χερσὶν ἐπιχθονίῃσιν ὅτε γλυκὺ νέκταρ ἀφύσσει;
αἰδομένη δ' ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἐλεύσομαι· ἀμφοτέροις δὲ
αἰθέρα καλλείψω, Γανυμήδεϊ καὶ Διονύσῳ·
αἰθέρα καλλείψω, Σεμέλης δόμον. εἷς δόμος ἔστω
οὐρανὸς ἀμφοτέροις, καὶ Περσέϊ καὶ Διονύσῳ.
ἵξομαι εἰς ἐμὸν Ἄργος, ἐς ἀγλαὸν ἄστυ Μυκήνης,
ἐν χθονὶ ναιετάουσα· σὺν ἀχνυμένῃ δὲ τεκούσῃ
ἕσπεται αὐτὸς Ἄρης, σέο νυμφίος· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
Σπάρτης σῆς ἐπίβηθι, καὶ εὐθώρηκα δεχέσθω
χαλκείῳ σὺν Ἄρηι χολωομένην Ἀφροδίτην.
οἶδα, πόθεν μεθέπω τάδε πήματα· πατρὸς Ἐρινὺς
ὕβριν ἀπαιτίζει με βιαζομένοιο τοκῆος,
ὅττι Κρόνου γενετῆρος ἐπιβρίθουσα κυδοιμῷ
σὺν Διὶ μαρναμένῳ Τιτηνιὰς ἔχραεν Ἥρη·
καλὸν ἐμοί, Διόνυσον ἰδεῖν κατὰ μέσσον Ὀλύμπου
ἥμενον ἐγγὺς Ἔρωτος, ὁμέστιον ἀφρογενείῃ,
αἰγίδα κουφίζοντα μετὰ Κρονίδην καὶ Ἀθήνην.
ἀλλά, θεά, χραίσμησον, ἐμῆς δ' ἐπίκουρον ἀνίης 271
δός μοι κεστὸν ἱμάντα, τεὴν πανθελγέα μίτρην, 273

ever quaff another drink after the sweet nectar of Olympos! I fear to see warlike Athena drunken, shaking her spear against Ares and Cythereia—the stars wineshotten and maddened against each other, arousing reckless battle in heaven with the staggering drops of mindshaking Dionysos—all that dwell in Olympos infuriated, and mimicking the revels of carryshield Corybants!

252 "Is it not shame enough, an impious thing, that I see the Trojan boy cup-lackey to Zeus, disgracing heaven and Hebe cupbearer of Zeus, when he ladles sweet nectar with human hands? Yes, I will go in my shame to earth; heaven I will leave to those two, Ganymedes and Dionysos—heaven I will leave, the home of Semele! Let heaven be common home for those two, Perseus and Dionysos. I will retire to my Argos, to the glorious city of Mycene, and I will settle on earth. With his unhappy mother will go Ares himself, your bridegroom. Come yourself too, and set foot in your Sparta, and let Sparta receive corseleted[a] Aphrodite in her anger along with brazen Ares.

264 "I know where I get these troubles from. My father's Avenger demands bloodprice from me for violence done to a father, because Hera the Titan's daughter took strong part in the war against Cronos her father and helped Zeus in his fight. A fine thing for me to see Dionysos sitting in the midst of Olympos beside Eros, at the same table as the Foamborn,[b] bearing the aegis once borne by Cronides and Athena. Help me, goddess, I pray! Lend me to aid my need your cestus band, your allcharming belt,

[a] Ἐνόπλιος, the famous Armed Aphrodite of Sparta.
[b] Aphrodite.

εἰς μίαν ἠριγένειαν, ὅπως Διὸς ὄμματα θέλξω, 272
καὶ Διὸς ὑπνώοντος ἐμοῖς Ἰνδοῖσιν ἀρήξω. 274
δισσὴ ἐγὼ γενόμην ἑκυρὴ σέθεν· ἡμετέρου γὰρ 236
υἱέος Ἡφαίστοιο καὶ Ἄρεος ἔπλεο νύμφη. 237
δὸς χάριν ὀψιτέλεστον, ἐπεὶ κυανόχροες Ἰνδοὶ 275
ξεινοδόκοι γεγάασιν Ἐρυθραίης Ἀφροδίτης,
οἷς κοτέων Διόνυσος ἐπέχραεν, οἷσι καὶ αὐτὸς
θηλυμανὴς ἄστοργος ἐχώσατο παιδοτόκος Ζεύς,
καὶ στεροπὴν ἐλέλιξε συναιχμάζων Διονύσῳ·
δός μοι κεστὸν ἱμάντα βοηθόον, ᾧ ἔνι μούνῳ 280
θέλγεις εἰν ἑνὶ πάντα· καὶ ἄξιός εἰμι φορῆσαι,
ὡς ζυγίη γεγαυῖα καὶ ὡς συνάεθλος Ἐρώτων."

just for one day—that I may charm the eyes of Zeus, and while Zeus slumbers I may help my Indians. I am twice your goodmother, for you have been bride of my Hephaistos and Ares both. Grant this boon at last; for the blackskin Indians have always hospitably entertained Erythraian Aphrodite, and these Indians Dionysos has assailed in his fury, on these Indians Zeus has wreaked his anger—Zeus the womanmad, the heartless, Zeus the bearer of children, he has battled for Dionysos and cast his lightnings upon them! Lend me your cestus band to help, with which alone you charm all in one! I am worthy to wear it, patroness of wedlock [a] and fellow-helper of the Loves."

[a] *Ζυγίη*, She of the Yoke (of wedlock), is one of her titles, as marriage-goddess, the Latin Iuno Iugaria.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΡΙΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΔΕΥΤΕΡΟΝ

Ἐν δὲ τριηκοστῷ τῷ δευτέρῳ εἰσὶ κυδοιμοὶ
καὶ Διὸς ὑπναλέοιο λέχος καὶ λύσσα Λυαίου.

Ὣς φαμένη παρέπεισε· δολοφράδμων δ' Ἀφροδίτη
πείθετο κερδοσύνῃσιν, ἀνειρύσσασα δὲ κόλπου
Ἥρῃ δῶρον ἔδωκε θελήμονι κεστὸν Ἐρώτων,
καί τινα μῦθον ἔλεξε χάριν θελκτῆρος ἱμάντος·
"Δέχνυσο τοῦτον ἱμάντα, τεῆς ἐπίκουρον ἀνίης·
θέλξεις δ' εἰν ἑνὶ πάντα πόθων ἰθύντορι κεστῷ,
Ἠέλιον καὶ Ζῆνα καὶ αἰθέρα καὶ χορὸν ἄστρων·
καὶ ῥόον ἀστήρικτον ἀτέρμονος Ὠκεανοῖο."
Εἶπε, καὶ Ἀσσυρίην Λιβανηίδα δύσατο πέτρην.
Ἥρη δ' ἀστερόφοιτον ἐδύσατο κύκλον Ὀλύμπου,
καὶ ταχινὴ πάνλευκον ἑὴν ἐπεκόσμεε μορφήν·
πολλάκι δ' ἰσάζουσα καθειμένον ἄχρι μετώπου
πλαζομένης ἔστησε μετήλυδα βότρυν ἐθείρης·
καὶ πλεκτὴν θυόεντι κόμην ἐδίηνεν ἐλαίῳ,
τοῦ καὶ κινυμένοιο μετ' αἰθέρα καὶ μετὰ πόντον
γαῖαν ὅλην ἐμέθυσσε μύρου δολιχόσκιος ὀδμή.
καὶ κεφαλῇ στέφος εἶχε παναίολον, ᾧ ἔνι πολλαὶ
λυχνίδες ἦσαν, Ἔρωτος ὁμόστολοι, ὧν ἄπο πέμπει
φαιδρὰ τινασσομένων ἀμαρύγματα Κυπριδίη φλόξ·
εἶχε δὲ πέτρον ἐκεῖνον, ὃς ἀνέρας εἰς πόθον ἕλκει,
οὔνομα φαιδρὸν ἔχοντα ποθοβλήτοιο Σελήνης,

BOOK XXXII

In the thirty-second are battles, and the bed of sleeping Zeus, and the madness of Bacchos.

Aphrodite was won. The mistress of wiles obeyed the cunning request, and drawing the cestus up from her bosom she bestowed it upon willing Hera, and thus she spoke and described the witchery of the strap:

5 "Accept this strap to help your trouble. You shall charm all in one with this cestus, the guide to all desire—Sun and Zeus and the company of stars, and the evermoving stream of boundless Ocean."

9 This said, she plunged beneath the rocks of Assyrian Libanos. But Hera passed to the star-scattered circle of Olympos. Quickly she decked out her allwhite body. Often she guided the straying clusters of floating hair and arranged them in even rows down to her forehead; she touched up the plaits with sweetscented oil—stir it, and the farspreading scent of the unguent intoxicates heaven and sea and the whole earth. She put on her head a coronet of curious work, set with many rubies, the servants of love; when they move, the Cyprian flame sends out bright sparklings. She wore also that stone which draws man to desire, which has the bright name of the desire-struck Moon; and the stone which is en-

καὶ λίθον ἱμείρουσαν ἐρωτοτόκοιο σιδήρου,
καὶ λίθον Ἰνδῴην φιλοτήσιον, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὴ
ἐξ ὑδάτων βλάστησεν ὁμόγνιος ἀφρογενείης,
κυανέην θ' ὑάκινθον, ἐράσμιον εἰσέτι Φοίβῳ·
ἀμφὶ δ' ἑοῖς πλοκάμοισιν ἐρωτίδα δήσατο ποίην,
ἣν φιλέει Κυθέρεια καὶ ὡς ῥόδον, ὡς ἀνεμώνην,
καὶ φορέει μέλλουσα μιγήμεναι υἱέι Μύρρης·
καὶ λαγόνας στεφανηδὸν ἀήθεϊ δήσατο κεστῷ·
εἶχε δὲ ποικίλον εἷμα παλαίτατον, ᾧ χύτο νύμφης
κρυπταδίῃ φιλότητι κασιγνήτων ὑμεναίων
νυμφίον ἀρχαίης ἔτι λείψανον αἷμα κορείης,
κουριδίης φιλότητος ἵνα μνήσειεν ἀκοίτην·
νιψαμένη δὲ μέτωπα καλύψατο νώροπι πέπλῳ,
καὶ περόνην συνέεργεν, ἑοῦ κληῗδα χιτῶνος·
καὶ δέμας ἀσκήσασα καὶ ἀθρήσασα κατόπτρῳ
ὡς πτερὸν ἠὲ νόημα δι' αἰθέρος ἔδραμεν Ἥρη.
Καὶ Διὸς ἐγγὺς ἵκανεν· ἰδὼν δέ μιν ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς
θερμοτέρους ἐς Ἔρωτας ἱμάσσετο κέντορι κεστῷ·
καὶ Διὸς εἰσορόωντος ἐδουλώθησαν ὀπωπαί·
καί μιν ὀπιπεύων Κρονίδης ἐξείρετο μύθῳ·
"Ἥρη, τίπτε βέβηκας Ἐῷον εἰς κλίμα γαίης;
τίς χρειώ σε κόμιζε; τί σήμερον ἐνθάδε βαίνεις;
ἦ ῥα πάλιν κοτέουσα κορύσσεαι οἴνοπι Βάκχῳ,
καὶ ποθέεις Ἰνδοῖσιν ὑπερφιάλοισιν ἀρῆξαι;"
Ἔννεπε· καὶ γελόωντι νόῳ πολυμήχανος Ἥρη
ζηλομανὴς ἀγόρευε παραιφαμένη παρακοίτην·

---

[a] Lodestone. [b] Pearl?

[c] Probably myrtle, which is often associated with the rose, and it is of course associated with Myrrha. *Cf.* Pausanias

amoured of iron the loveproducing[a]; and the Indian stone of love,[b] offspring itself of the waters and akin to the Foamborn; and the deep blue sapphire still beloved of Phoibos. About her hair she twined that herb[c] of passion which Cythereia loves as much as the rose, as much as the anemone, which she wears when she is about to mingle her love with Myrrha's son.[d] She bound the unaccustomed cestus about and about her flanks[e]; but the embroidered robe she wore was her oldest, still bearing the bloodmarks of maidenhead left from her bridal, to remind her bedfellow of their first love when she came to her brother a virgin in that secret union. She washed her face, and wrapt about her a shining robe and clasped it with a brooch to lock up her tunic. Having thus adorned herself and surveyed all in the mirror, Hera sped through the air, swift as a bird, swift as a thought.[f]

38 She came near to Zeus. And when Zeus Highest and Mightiest saw her, the goading cestus whipt him to hotter love. As Zeus looked upon her, his eyes were enslaved, and staring hard Cronides spoke these words:

42 "O Hera, why have you come to this eastern clime? What need has brought you? Why are you here to-day? Are you again full of wrath and armed against Bacchos of the vine? Do you desire to help those overweening Indians?"

46 He spoke, and crafty Hera with laughing heart, yet mad with jealousy, answered, deluding her husband:

vi. 24. 6 ἔχουσι δὲ ἡ μὲν αὐτῶν [the Charites] ῥόδον, ἀστράγαλον δὲ ἡ μέση, καὶ ἡ τρίτη κλῶνα οὐ μέγαν μυρσίνης.

[d] Adonis.

[e] She wore it as a *strophion*, the ancient equivalent of stays.

[f] Hom. *Od.* vii. 36.

"Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἄλλος ἔχει με φίλος δρόμος· οὐ γὰρ ἱκάνω
Ἄρεος Ἰνδῴοιο καὶ Ἰνδοφόνου Διονύσου
ἀλλοτρίας μεθέπουσα μεληδόνας, ἀντολίης δὲ
γείτονος Ἠελίοιο μετέρχομαι αἴθοπας αὐλὰς
σπερχομένη· πτερόεις γὰρ Ἔρως παρὰ Τηθύος ὕδωρ
Ὠκεανηιάδος Ῥοδόπης δεδονημένος οἴστρῳ
συζυγίην ἀπέειπε· καὶ ἔπλετο κόσμος ἀλήτης,
καὶ βίος ἀχρήιστος ἀποιχομένων ὑμεναίων·
τοῦτον ἐγὼ καλέουσα παλίνδρομος ἐνθάδε βαίνω·
οἶσθα γάρ, ὡς Ζυγίη κικλήσκομαι, ὅττι καὶ αὐτῆς
χεῖρες ἐμαὶ κρατέουσι τελεσσιγόνου τοκετοῖο."
Τοῖον ἔπος βοόωσαν ἀμείβετο θερμὸς ἀκοίτης·
"Νύμφα φίλη, λίπε δῆριν· ἐμὸς Διόνυσος ἀγήνωρ
ἀμώων προθέλυμνον ἀβακχεύτων γένος Ἰνδῶν
χαιρέτω· ἀμφοτέρους δὲ γαμήλια λέκτρα δεχέσθω·
οὐ γὰρ ἐπιχθονίης ἀλόχου πόθος, οὐδὲ θεαίνης
θυμὸν ἐμὸν θελκτῆρι τόσον βακχεύσατο κεστῷ . . .
οὐδ' ὅτε Τηϋγέτης Ἀτλαντίδος, ἧς ἀπὸ λέκτρων
πρεσβυγενὴς πολιοῦχος ἀεξήθη Λακεδαίμων·
οὐ τόσον ἠρασάμην Νιόβης παρὰ γείτονι Λέρνῃ,
κούρης ἀρχεγόνοιο Φορωνέος· οὐ τόσον Ἰοῦς
φοιτάδος Ἰναχίης ταυρώπιδος, ἣ παρὰ Νείλῳ
τίκτε γονὴν Ἐπάφοιο καὶ ἀρχεγόνου Κεροέσσης·
οὐ Παφίης τόσον ἦλθον ἐς ἵμερον, ἧς χάριν εὐνῆς
Κενταύρους ἐφύτευσα βαλὼν σπόρον αὔλακι γαίης·
ὡς σέο νῦν μεθέπω γλυκερὸν πόθον. ἦ ῥα καὶ αὐτὴ

48 "No, Father Zeus, I have a different errand of my own. I came not to concern myself with others' troubles, warlike Indians and Indianslaying Dionysos, but I hásten to visit the blazing court of the East near to Helios. For Eros is on the wing beside the waters of Tethys, struck with passion for Rhodope Ocean's daughter, and he has renounced his matchmaking! So the order of the universe is out of joint, life is worthless when wedlock is gone. I have been to summon him, and here I am on the way back. For you know I am called the Lady of Wedlock, because my hands hold the accomplishment of childbirth."

59 So she spoke aloud, and her consort glowing made reply:

60 "Beloved bride, let quarrels be! Let my proud Dionysos cut down root and branch those Indians who will have no Bacchos, and goodbye to him! But let a bridebed receive us both! Not for any mate, neither mortal woman nor goddess, was I ever so charmed in soul at the touch of the cestus; no, not even when I had Teÿgete [a] Atlas's daughter, from whose bed was born Lacedaimon the ancient prince—not so did I love Niobe,[b] the daughter of primeval Phoroneus beside Lerna—not so did I love Inachos's Io, the wandering heifer, from whom beside the Nile came the line begun by Epaphos and primeval Ceroessa—not so did I desire the Paphian, for whose sake I dropt seed in the furrow of the plowland and begat the Centaurs,[c] as I now feel sweet desire for you! And so you shoot your own husband with

[a] An obscure genealogy; the mountain Taygetos and the district Lacedaemon are provided with eponyms.

[b] Zeus's first earthly love is an Argive heroine; no connexion with the daughter of Tantalos.

[c] See xiv. 193 ff.

ὡς Ζυγίη γεγαυῖα καὶ ὡς μεδέουσα γενέθλης
Κυπριδίοις βελέεσσιν ὀιστεύεις παρακοίτην;"
Ὣς εἰπὼν χρυσέας νεφέλας πυργηδὸν ἑλίξας
δινωτὴν ἐπίκυρτον ἐνεσφαίρωσε καλύπτρην·
καὶ θαλάμου ποιητὸς ἔην τύπος, ὃν τότε κύκλῳ
Ἴριδος αἰθερίης ἑτερόχροος ἔστεφε μορφὴ
πορφυρέη, καὶ Ζηνὶ καὶ ἀγλαοπήχεϊ νύμφῃ
αὐτόματον σκέπας ἦεν ὀρεσσαύλων ὑμεναίων,
καὶ τύπος αὐτοτέλεστος ἀναγκαίης πέλεν εὐνῆς.
Οἱ δὲ γάμου χαρίεντος ὁμίλεον ἤθεϊ θεσμῷ·
Γαῖα δὲ κηώεσσαν ἀναπτύξασα λοχείην
ἄνθεσιν ἱμερτοῖσι γαμήλιον ἔστεφεν εὐνήν·
καὶ κρόκος ἐβλάστησε Κίλιξ καὶ ἐφύετο μῖλαξ, 86
θήλεϊ δ᾽ ἄρσενα φύλλα συνέπλεκε γείτονι ποίῃ, 88
οἷα πόθου πνείων καὶ ἐν ἄνθεσιν ἁβρὸς ἀκοίτης, 89
καὶ λέχος ἀμφοτέρων ἐπεκόσμεε διπλόος ὅρπηξ, 87
Ζῆνα κρόκῳ πυκάσας καὶ μίλακι σύγγαμον Ἥρην·
καὶ Διὸς ὀξὺν ἔρωτα νοήμονι δείκνυε σιγῇ
ἱμερόεις νάρκισσος ἐπιθρῴσκων ἀνεμώνῃ.
οὐδέ τις ἀθανάτων σκιόεν λέχος, οὐ τότε Νύμφαι
γείτονες, οὐ Φαέθων πανεπόψιος, οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτῆς
ἔδρακεν ἄφθιτα λέκτρα βοώπιδος ὄμμα Σελήνης·
πυκνοῖς γὰρ νεφέεσσιν ἐμιτρώθη σκέπας εὐνῆς,
καὶ Διὸς ὄμματα θέλξεν ὁμόστολος Ὕπνος Ἐρώτων.
Ὄφρα μὲν ἁβρὸς ἴαυεν ἐν ἄνθεσι θελγόμενος Ζεύς,
ἀγκὰς ἔχων παράκοιτιν ἀθηήτων ἐπὶ λέκτρων,
τόφρα δὲ ποικιλόμορφος ἐν οὔρεσι φοιτὰς Ἐρινὺς
νεύμασιν Ἡραίοισιν ἐθωρήχθη Διονύσῳ·

Cyprian shafts, being the Lady of Wedlock and queen of creation ! "

76 He spoke, and assembling with a whirl golden clouds like a wall, he arched them eddying above like a round covering dome. It was something in the shape of a bridal chamber, so contrived that the purple manicoloured bow of heavenly Iris was then round it like a crown. Thus there was a natural covering for the loves of Zeus and his fairarmed bride as they mated there in the open hills, and there was the shape of a couch self-formed to serve their need.

83 While they communed under the sweet canon of gracious marriage, Earth unfolded her teeming perfumes and crowned the marriage bed with lovely flowers : there sprouted Cicilian saffron, there grew bindweed, and wrapt his male leaves about the female plant by his side, as though breathing desire, and himself a dainty mate in the world of flowers. So the double growth adorned the bed of the pair, covering Zeus with saffron and Hera his wife with bindweed ; lovely iris leaping upon anemone portrayed by a meaning silence the sharp love of Zeus. No immortal then beheld the shaded bed of the divine ones, not the Nymphs of the neighbourhood, not Phaëthon allseeing, not even the soft eye of Selene herself saw that imperishable bed ; for the couch was covered with thick shady clouds round about, and Sleep the servant of the Loves had charmed the eyes of Zeus.

98 While Zeus slept delicately charmed among the flowers, holding his wife in his arms on that bed unseen, the Fury of many shapes wandering among the hills armed herself against Dionysos by Hera's com-

καὶ κτύπον ἐσμαράγησεν ἐπ' ὀφθαλμοῖσι Λυαίου,
σεισαμένη βαρύδουπος ἐχιδνήεσσαν ἱμάσθλην·
καὶ κεφαλὴν ἐλέλιξε, δρακοντείων δὲ κομάων
φρικτὰ τινασσομένων ἐπεσύρισε λοίγιος ἠχώ,
καὶ σκοπιὴν ἔρραινον ἐρημάδα πίδακες ἰοῦ . . .
ἄλλοτε θηρείοιο τύπον φαίνουσα προσώπου
αἰνομανὴς ἔφριξε λέων πυκινότριχι λαιμῷ,
χάσματι φοινήεντι καταΐσσων Διονύσου.
Τὸν μὲν ἀμερσινόοιο κατάσχετον ἅλματι λύσσης
Ἄρτεμις ἐσκοπίαζε, καὶ ἤθελε λύσσαν ἐλάσσαι,
ἀλλά μιν ἐπτοίησε βαρύκτυπος ὑψόθεν Ἥρη,
πυρσὸν ἀκοντίζουσα· καὶ εἴκαθε δεσπότις ἄγρης
μητρυιῇ κοτέουσα· φύλαξ δέ τις ἔπλετο Βάκχου
μαινομένου, καὶ θῆρας ἑοὺς ἀνέκοψεν ἀπειλῇ,
καὶ κύνας ἀγρευτῆρας ἐπεσφηκώσατο δεσμῷ,
αὐχενίων σφίγξασα πολύπλοκον ὁλκὸν ἱμάντων,
μὴ χρόα δηλήσαιντο νοοσφαλέος Διονύσου.
Νερτερίῳ δὲ Μέγαιρα κελαινιόωσα χιτῶνι
εἰς ζόφον αὖτις ἵκανεν, ἐπαιθύσσουσα Λυαίῳ
φάσματα ποικιλόμορφα· κατὰ Βρομίοιο δὲ πολλαὶ
ἰοβόλοι ῥαθάμιγγες ὀιστεύοντο καρήνου
καὶ βλοσυροὶ σπινθῆρες· ἀεὶ δέ οἱ ἔνδον ἀκουῆς
Ταρταρίης σύριζε λαθίφρονος ἦχος ἱμάσθλης.
Καὶ μογέων Διόνυσος ἐρημάδος ἔνδοθι λόχμης
δύσβατα φοιτητῆρι διέστιχεν οὔρεα ταρσῷ
ἄσθματι δαιμονίῳ δεδονημένος· ἀμφὶ δὲ πέτραις,
οἰστρομανὴς ἅτε ταῦρος, ἑὰς ἤρασσε κεραίας,
τρηχαλέον μύκημα χέων λυσσώδεϊ λαιμῷ·
Πᾶνα δὲ καλλείψασα καὶ ὑστερόφωνον ἀοιδὴν
φθόγγῳ μαινομένῳ μυκήσατο δύσθροος Ἠχώ,
ἀντίτυπον θρασὺν ἦχον ἀμειβομένη Διονύσου.
καὶ βαλίας ἐλάφους, λασίας δ' ἐδίωκε λεαίνας

mands. She made a great rattling over Lyaios's eyes, loudly cracking her snaky whip ; she shook her head, and a deadly hiss issued from her quivering serpent-hair, terrible, and fountains of poison drenched the rocky wilderness. . . . At times, again, she showed a face like some wild beast ; a mad and awful lion with thick bristles upon his neck, threatening Dionysos with bloody gape.

110 Then Artemis saw Bacchos caught in a fit of mind-marauding madness, and would have driven the madness away, but Hera with heavy noise aloft cast a burning brand at her and scared her off. The mistress of the hunt gave way in anger to her step-mother. But she did protect maddened Bacchos a little ; she held back her wild beasts with threatenings, and shackled the hunting dogs, fastening straps round and round their necks that they should not hurt the flesh of delirious Dionysos.

119 Now Megaira black in her infernal robe went back into the darkness, and sent out many spectral visions to Lyaios. Showers of poison-drops were shot upon the head of Bromios and big fat sparks ; ever in his ears was the whistling sound of the hellish whip which robbed him of his senses.

125 Thus tormented in the lonely forest, Dionysos paced the pathless mountains with wandering foot, shaken by terrible pantings. Like a mad bull, he dashed his horns against the rocks, and a harsh bellow came from his maddened throat. Echo left Pan and mimicked his tune no more, but bellowed an ugly sound in frenzied tone, repeating the wild noise of Dionysos. He swift as the storm chased the dappled

Βάκχος ἀελλήεις, μεθέπων ὀρεσίδρομον ἄγρην·
οὐδέ οἱ ἄγχι λέων θρασὺς ἤιε· ταρβαλέη δὲ
ἄρκτος ἐριπτοίητος ἐκεύθετο φωλάδι πέτρῃ
λύσσαν ἀπειλητῆρος ὑποπτήσσουσα Λυαίου,
δεχνυμένη βλοσυρῇσι θεήλατον ἦχον ἀκουαῖς·
μηκεδανοὺς δὲ δράκοντας ἐρειδομένους τινὶ πέτρῃ
μείλιχα λιχμώοντας ἀπέθρισε νηλέι θύρσῳ·
καὶ σκοπιὰς ἐτίναξε τανυγλώχινι κεραίῃ
κτείνων ἀκλινέων ἱκετήσια φῦλα λεόντων·
καὶ δρύας εὐκάρποιο μετερρίζωσεν ἀρούρης,
Ἀδρυάδας δ' ἐδίωκεν· ὀιστεύων δὲ κολώνας
Νηιάδας ποταμοῖο μετήλυδας ἤλασε Νύμφας.
Βασσαρίδες δ' ἀλάληντο καὶ οὐχ ἥπτοντο Λυαίου,
καὶ Σάτυροι φρίσσοντες ἐνεκρύπτοντο θαλάσσῃ,
οὐδέ οἱ ἐγγὺς ἵκοντο τεθηπότες ὄγκον ἀπειλῆς,
μή σφιν ἐπαΐξειε χέων ἑτερόθροον ἠχώ,
ἀφρὸν ἀκοντίζων χιονώδεα, μάρτυρα λύσσης.
Δηριάδης δ' ὑπέροπλον ἔχων θράσος ἔχραε Βάκχαις,
νεύμασιν Ἡραίοισι τινασσομένου Διονύσου.
ὡς δ' ὅτε χειμερίων ῥοθίων μυκώμενος ὁλκῷ
ἄπλοος ἀντιπόροις βακχεύετο πόντος ἀέλλαις,
κύμασιν ἠλιβάτοισι κατάρρυτον ἠέρα νίφων,
πρυμναίους δὲ κάλωας ἀφειδέι κύματος ὁρμῇ
λαίλαπες ἐρρήξαντο, καὶ ἄσθματι λαῖφος ἑλίξας
ἱστὸν ἀνεχλαίνωσε κεκυφότα λάβρος ἀήτης
λαίφεσιν ἀμφίζωστον, ἐδοχμώθη δὲ κεραίη,
ναῦται δ' ἀσχαλόωντες ἐπέτρεπον ἐλπίδα πόντῳ·
ὡς τότε Βάκχον ὄρινεν ὅλον στρατὸν Ἰνδικὸς Ἄρης.
Ἔνθά τις οὐ κατὰ κόσμον ἔην ἔρις, οὐ κλόνος ἀνδρῶν
ἶσος ἔην, οὐ δῆρις ὁμοίιος· ἀκάματος γὰρ

deer and shaggy lionesses, plying his highland hunt. No lion so bold as to come near him; the bear appalled and scared hid in a secret cave, fearing the menacing madness of Lyaios, hearing the sound of the god in her rough ears. With pitiless thyrsus he cut through long pythons lying on a stone and gently licking him: he shook the rocks with long-pointed horn: he killed troops of lions, unyielding beasts but now seeking mercy: he rooted up trees from the fruitful soil, he chased the Hadryads, he volleyed the cliffs and drove the Naiad nymphs out of the river homeless. Bassarids went scattering and would not come within touch of Lyaios, Satyrs shivered and hid in the sea; they would not come near him, dazed at the threatening onset, lest he dash at them letting out that outlandish roar, spitting snowy foam, the witness of madness.

151 Now Deriades with exceeding great boldness attacked the Bacchant women, while Dionysos was being shaken at the command of Hera. As when the sea bellowing with the rush of wintry surge, unnavigable, is driven wildly by contrary winds, and floods the soaking air with waves mountain-high: the blasts have parted the stern-hawsers in the pitiless assault of the billows, the violent wind has tangled up the canvas with its breath and made a cloak of girdling sails round the bending mast, the yard is askew, the sailors in despair have thrown hope to the sea[a]—so the Indian Ares threw into confusion the whole Bacchic army.

162 Then came a struggle out of all order, then came an unequal fight, a one-sided struggle; for

[a] Thrown it away, that is.

νόστιμος ἐγρεκύδοιμος ἐπέβρεμε χάλκεος Ἄρης,
Μωδαίου[1] προμάχοιο φέρων τύπον, ὃς πλέον ἄλλων
ὑσμίνης ἀκόρητος ἀτερπέι τέρπετο λύθρῳ,
ᾧ πλέον εἰλαπίνης φόνος εὔαδεν· ἐν δὲ βοείῃ,
οἷά τε Γοργείων πλοκάμων ὀφιώδεας ὁλκούς,
γραπτὸν ἐυσμήριγγος ἔχων ἴνδαλμα Μεδούσης
Δηριάδῃ πέλεν ἶσος, ὁμόχροος· οὗ τότε μορφῆς
ῥιγεδανῆς ἀγέλαστον ἔχων μίμημα προσώπου,
καὶ σκολιὴν πλοκαμῖδα φέρων καὶ σῆμα βοείης,
αἰνομανὴς πεφόρητο μόθῳ λαοσσόος Ἄρης,
καὶ προμάχους θάρσυνεν. ὁμογλώσσῳ δ' ἀλαλητῷ
Βάκχου μὴ παρεόντος ἀταρβέες ἔβρεμον Ἰνδοί,
καὶ κτύπον ἐννεάχιλον ἐπέκτυπε λοίγιος Ἄρης,
φοιταλέην συνάεθλον ἔχων Ἔριν· ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
στῆσε Φόβον καὶ Δεῖμον ὀπάονα Δηριαδῆος.
καὶ στρατιὴν οἴστρησαν ἐρημονόμου Διονύσου
Δηριάδης καὶ κῶμα Διὸς καὶ σύνδρομος Ἄρης.
Συμμιγέες δὲ φάλαγγες ὁμοζήλοιο κυδοιμοῦ
Βασσαρίδων στίχα πᾶσαν ἐμιτρώσαντο σιδήρῳ,
καὶ πολέες φεύγοντες ἐνὶ κτείνοντο φονῇι,
θεινόμενοι ξιφέεσσιν. Ὁμηρίδες, εἴπατε, Μοῦσαι,
τίς θάνε, τίς δούπησεν ὑπ' ἔγχεϊ Δηριαδῆος·
Αἰβίαλος Θύαμίς τε καὶ Ὀρμένιος καὶ Ὀφέλτης,
Κρίασος Ἀργασίδης, Τελέβης καὶ Λύκτιος Ἀνθεὺς
καὶ Θρόνιος καὶ Ἄρητος ἐυμμελίης τε Μοληνεὺς
ἀλκήεις τε Κόμαρκος· ἐτείνετο δ' ἄλλος ἐπ' ἄλλῳ
ἔγχεϊ Δηριάδαο νέκυς στρατός· ὀλλυμένων δὲ
ὃς μὲν ἔην δαπέδῳ τετανυσμένος, ὃς δὲ ῥεέθροις
πλώετο κυματόεντα φέρων μόθον,[2] ὃς δὲ θαλάσσῃ

[1] See Crit. Intr. [2] So MSS.: Ludwich μόρον.

ᵃ From *Il.* v. 860, xiv. 148.

brazen Ares came back unwearied to awaken the conflict. He took the form of the champion Modaios, more than all others unsated with battle, whose joy was joyless carnage, whom bloodshed pleased better than banquets. On the shield he bore the graven image of Medusa with her bush of hair, like the viperine tresses of the Gorgon's head, and he was equal to Deriades, of the same colour. So then Ares took on Modaios's terrible shape and the copy of his unsmiling face, his curly hair and the blazon of his shield, and furiously raging rushed amid the fray to scatter the people, giving courage to his warriors. With one voice the Indians fearlessly roared their warcry, now Bacchos was not there, and deathly Ares shouted as loud as nine thousand,[a] with Discord moving by his side to support him; in the battle he placed Rout and Terror [b] to wait upon Deriades. So the army of Dionysos, absent in the wilderness, was driven pellmell by Deriades, and his comrade Ares, and the slumber of Zeus.

181 So the mingled battalions fighting with one common ardour girded the whole company of Bassarids with a ring of steel; many were slain by one slayer in their flight, smitten by swords. O ye Muses of Homer! Tell me who died, who fell to the spear of Deriades! Aibialos and Thyamis, Ormenios and Opheltes, Criasos Argasides, Telebes and Lyctian Antheus, Thronios and Aretos, Moleneus with his ashplant and Comarcos in his might—a host were laid out dead one upon another by the spear of Deriades. They fell as they were slain, one stretched out on the ground; one swam in the water enduring trouble amid the waves; one drowned in the sea

[b] The Homeric attendants of Ares.

*ἀγχιπόρῳ δέδμητο, διωκόμενον δὲ σιδήρῳ
κύμασιν ἀρτιχάρακτον Ἄραψ τυμβεύσατο Νηρεύς·
ὃς δὲ θυελλήεντι δι' οὔρεος ἔδραμε ταρσῷ
Κῆρα φυγών, ἕτερος δὲ πεπαρμένον ἔγχος ἐάσας
μεσσοπαγὲς περὶ νῶτα μετέστιχεν ἔνδια λόχμης,
χρηίζων ἀπεόντος ἀλεξικάκου Διονύσου.*

*Αὐχήεις δ' Ἐχέλαος ἀτυμβεύτῳ πέσε πότμῳ,
Μορρέος ἠλιβάτοιο τυπεὶς ῥηξήνορι πέτρῳ,
Κύπριος, ἀρτιχάρακτον ἔχων ἔτι κύκλον ὑπήνης,
ὑψικόμῳ φοίνικι πανείκελος· ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
ἁβρὸς ἀκερσικόμης ἐκυλίνδετο λαμπάδα σείων,
πληγεὶς ἰσχίον ἄκρον, ὅπῃ χροὸς ἥλικι δεσμῷ
συμφερτὸν κοτύλῃ φύσις ἥρμοσεν ἄξονα μηροῦ·
καὶ θάνεν ἀπτομένην κρατέων ἔτι μυστίδα πεύκην,
ἀσπαίρων δὲ κάρηνον ἑῷ τεφρώσατο πυρσῷ,
φλέξας λιγνυόεντι πολύπλοκα βόστρυχα δαλῷ.
καί οἱ ἐπαυχήσας φιλοκέρτομος ἴαχε Μορρεύς·*

*"Κοῦρε, φατιζομένης ἀλλότριε σεῖο τιθήνης,
ἡβητὴρ Ἐχέλαε, γονὴν ἐψεύσαο Κύπρου·
οὐκ ἀπὸ Πυγμαλίωνος ἔχεις γένος, ᾧ πόρε Κύπρις
μηκεδανὴν βιότοιο πολυχρονίοιο πορείην·
οὔ σε τεῆς Παφίης ἐρρύσατο νυμφίος Ἄρης·
οὐδέ σοι ἄσπετα κύκλα παλιννόστων ἐνιαυτῶν
δῶκε τεὴ Κυθέρεια καὶ οὐ σκάζουσαν ἀπήνην,*

---

a Hardly anything is known of the legend of Pygmalion, except that he was a king of Cyprus (probably originally a god, the first two syllables of his name being apparently a corruption of a divine Phoenician name). The tale how he made a beautiful statue of a woman, fell in love with it and successfully begged Aphrodite to make it live is the

hard by, whom Arabian Nereus buried in the waves newly wounded by the pursuing spear ; another ran over the hills with stormswift sole fleeing his fate ; another left the lance planted in the middle of his back and crawled into the heart of the bushes, longing for absent Dionysos to save him.

199 Proud Echelaos fell, and was left unburied, crushed by the manbreaking rock from gigantic Morrheus : he was a Cyprian, with the down fresh around his cheeks. He lay then like a palm spire with a head of leaves ; but in the battle he rushed about shaking his torch, a tender lad with uncropt hair, until he was struck on the top of the hip, where nature had fitted the axle in the cup of the thigh to grow together with the flesh of his body. He died holding the mystic pine still alight, and in his convulsions burnt his head to ashes with his own torch, setting fire to the braided hair with the smoking brand. Then Morrheus triumphed over him and mocked him :

210 " Boy, you must be a stranger to the land which is called your nurse—Echelaos lad, you have belied your birth as a Cyprian ! You are not sprung from Pygmalion,[a] to whom Cypris gave a long course of life and many years. Ares the bridegroom of your Paphian did not save you. Your Cythereia did not grant you infinite circles of revolving years and a car that stumbled not, that you might escape your

only well-known story concerning him. From this passage it appears that the goddess also granted him long life and that she gave him a carriage (not a war-chariot, for it was drawn by mules) which carried him safely out of all dangers. Lines 216-218 must refer to some tale concerning Pygmalion, for they are quite inappropriate to Echelaos, who evidently had been fighting on foot.

ὄφρα φύγῃς σέο πότμον ἀλεξιμόρων ἐπὶ δίφρων,
ἡμιόνων βαρύγουνον ἀεὶ δρόμον ἡνιοχεύων.
ἤλιτον, ἐκ Κύπροιο φέρεις γένος· ὠκύμορον γὰρ
Ἄρης καὶ σὲ δάμασσεν ὁμοίιον υἱέι Μύρρης."
Ὣς εἰπὼν πρυλέεσσι δορυσσόος ἤχμασε Μορρεύς·
εἰλιπόδην δὲ Βίλιθον ἑλὼν καὶ Δένθιν ὀλέσσας,
αὐχένα δ' ὀρχηστῆρος Ἐριγβώλοιο δαΐξας
ἔγχεϊ τηλεβόλῳ Φρυγίους ἐφόβησε μαχητάς·
Σηβέα δ' ὀκριόεντι κατεπρήνιξε βελέμνῳ·
Θηβαίων δὲ φάλαγγα καὶ Ἀκταίωνα διώκων
ἔκτανεν Εὐβώτην, Καδμηίδος ἀστὸν ἀρούρης,
σύννομον Ἀκταίωνος. ὁμοφθόγγῳ δ' ἀλαλητῷ
πολλοὶ Δηριάδαο πεφυζότες ἄπλετον ἀλκὴν
πασσυδὸν ὠλίσθησαν ὁμόζυγος εἰς λίνα Μοίρης,
αὐτοφόνῳ θνήσκοντες ἀλοιητῆρι σιδήρῳ,
ἀνδρὸς ἑνὸς ῥιπῇσιν· ἐπ' ἀλλήλοις δὲ πεσόντες
αἱμαλέῃ στοιχηδὸν ἐπεστόρνυντο κονίῃ
Κρίμισος, Ἰμαλέων, Φράσιος, Θάργηλος, Ἰάων,
οἷσι δαϊζομένοις ἐναρίθμιος ἤριπε Κοίλων,
καὶ νέκυς αἱματόεντι Κύης ἐκυλίνδετο πότμῳ·
καὶ φόνος ἄσπετος ἔσκε· δαϊζομένων δὲ σιδήρῳ
ἐχθρῷ διψὰς ἄρουρα θελήμονι λούσατο λύθρῳ,
δεχνυμένη ξένον ὄμβρον Ἐνυαλίου νιφετοῖο.
Βακχείης δὲ φάλαγγος ἔην κλόνος· ἀσταθέες γὰρ
πεζοὶ μὲν δεδόνηντο, φυγοπτολέμων δ' ἐλατήρων
εἰς φόβον εὐλάιγγες ἀνεκρούοντο χαλινοί·
ὧν ὁ μὲν οὐρεσίφοιτος ἐδύσατο κοιλάδα πέτρην,
ὃς δὲ μολὼν τανύφυλλον ὑπὸ κλέτας ἕζετο λόχμης
κρυπτόμενος πετάλοισιν, ὁ δὲ σπήλυγγα λεόντων,
ἄλλος ἀμαιμακέτοιο μετήιεν ἔνδιον ἄρκτου·
καί τις ἀερσιλόφοιο διὰ πρηῶνος ἀλύξας
ποσσὶν ὀρεσσινόμοισι διέστιχεν ἄκρα κολώνης.

fate on that fatefending waggon, as you ever drove a kneeheavy run of mules!—Wrong! you do come from Cyprus. Fate caught you also quick when Ares vanquished you just like Myrrha's son." [a]

221 As he spoke the words, shakespear Morrheus thrust again at the footmen. He caught waddling Bilithos and killed Denthis, cut off the head of Erigbolos the dancer and put the Phrygian warriors to flight with farcast spear. Sebeus he brought down with a jagged stone; he chased Actaion and the company of Thebans, and killed Eubotes, who dwelt in the Cadmeian country, a companion of Actaion. One common shriek arose as a multitude fleeing before the infinite might of Deriades in utter rout slipt into the meshes of one common fate, dying in heaps under the blows of one man and his murderous destroying steel, falling over each other and lying in rows on the bloodstained dust—Crimisos Himaleon Phrasios Thargelos Iaon: Coilon tumbled among them slain, Cyes rolled over in bloody death a corpse. The carnage was infinite: the steel cut them down, the thirsty soil accepted this foreign shower of war's torrents, and gladly bathed in the enemies' blood.

240 There was panic in the army of Bacchos. The footmen were shaken and ran, the horsemen checked their jewelled bridles to flee and escape. So one made for the hills and into a cave in the rocks, one crept into the bushes on the hillside and sat hidden under the leaves, one entered the cave of lions, another the den of a savage bear, one slunk over a high cliff and traversed the uplands with hillranging feet. A

[a] The son of Myrrha is Adonis; the boar which killed him is now and then said to have been Ares in disguise.

Βάκχη δ' ἀρτιτόκοιο παρήλυθε θηρὸς ἐναύλους,
ταρβαλέῳ πρηῶνα διαστείβουσα πεδίλῳ·
οὐ γὰρ ἔχειν μενέαινε λεοντείην ἔτι πέτρην,
ἀλλὰ λιποσθενέων ἐλάφων ἐκίχησε καλιὴν
ἤθεσιν ἀδρανέεσσιν, ἐπεὶ προτέρην φρένα Βάκχη
εἰς κραδίην ἐλάφοιο μετέτραπεν ἀντὶ λεαίνης.
καί τις ἀελλοπόδων Σατύρων δειδήμονι ταρσῷ
ἔτρεχεν, ἀσταθέεσσιν ἀσάμβαλος εἴκελος αὔραις,
φεύγων Δηριάδαο θεημάχον ὄγκον ἀπειλῆς.
καὶ σκοπέλους ἐδίωκε γέρων Σειληνὸς ἀλήτης·
πολλάκι δ' εἰς χθόνα πῖπτε κονιομένοιο προσώπου,
ὀκλάζων βαρύγουνος ὀλισθηροῖσι πεδίλοις,
ἔμπαλιν ὀρθώσας λάσιον δέμας· ἐν δὲ κολώναις
ἀντὶ μόθου κεκάλυπτο, καὶ Εὔιον ἔγχος ἀνάγκῃ
κάλλιπεν ἀπτολέμοισι μεμηλότα θύρσον ἀέλλαις,
καὶ μόγις εὐπήληκος ἀλεύατο Μορρέος αἰχμήν.
ὀκναλέοις δὲ πόδεσσιν ἐχάζετο νωθρὸς Ἐρεχθεύς,
ἐντροπαλιζομένην ταινύων εὔκυκλον ὀπωπήν,
αἰδόμενος μενέχαρμον ἑὴν πολιοῦχον Ἀθήνην.
Βακχείην δ' ἀέκων ἠρνήσατο Μαινάδα χάρμην
λαιὸν Ἀρισταῖος βεβολημένος ὦμον ὀιστῷ.
καὶ στρατιὴν ἀλέεινε δοριθρασέων Κορυβάντων
οὐτηθεὶς λασίοιο κατὰ στέρνοιο Μελισσεύς,
μαζὸν Ἐρυθραίῃ κεχαραγμένος ἄκρον ἀκωκῇ.
καὶ βλοσυροὶ Κύκλωπες ἀναιδέες εὔποδι ταρσῷ
εἰς φόβον ἠπείγοντο τεθηπότες, οἷς ἅμα φεύγων
Ἰνδῴην ἀδόνητος ἐλίμπανε Φαῦνος Ἐνυώ.
εὐκεράου δὲ φάλαγγος ὅλον στρατὸν εἰς φόβον ἕλκων
πρεσβυγενὴς φύξηλις ἐχάζετο Παρράσιος Πάν,
σιγαλέοις δὲ πόδεσσιν ἐδύσατο δάσκιον ὕλην,
μή μιν ἴδῃ φεύγοντα δι' οὔρεος ἄστατος Ἠχώ,
καί οἱ ἐπεγγελάσειε καὶ ἀδρανέοντα καλέσσῃ.

Bacchant passed by the lair of a wild beast with a litter, and trod the uplands with timid shoe; now she wanted no longer a lion's rocky den, but she found a harbourage of weak deer in her craven mood—for she had changed her former heart into a deer's heart instead of a lioness. One of the stormswift Satyrs was running like the quick winds, unshod, with frightened foot, to escape the impious weight of Deriades' threats. An old Seilenos wandered scouring the cliffs. Often he sank with stumbling feet upon heavy knees, and fell to the ground and covered his face with dirt; then he lifted his hairy form again, but instead of fighting he hid among the hills, and with difficulty kept clear of helmeted Morrheus with his spear. The spear of Euios, the thyrsus, he was obliged to throw away for the peaceful winds to take care of. Erechtheus retired slowly with reluctant feet, turning again and again his round eyes backwards, for he was ashamed to think of Athena the warlike patron of his city. Aristaios hit by an arrow in the left shoulder, unwillingly refused to take further part in Mainad battle on behalf of Bacchos. Melisseus was avoiding the company of spearbold Corybants; he was pierced through his hairy chest and the Erythraian spear had gone through the nipple. The grim merciless Cyclopians hastened to flee discomfited with quick foot, and with them Phaunos also fled from the Indian battle though unshaken. An ancient Parrhasian Pan, himself a runaway, led to flight the whole horned company, and with silent feet plunged into the shadowy forest, that restless Echo might not see him escaping over the hills and mock him and call him coward.

Καὶ πρόμαχοι τότε πάντες ὑπέκφυγον·
ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
Αἰακὸς αὐτόθι μοῦνος ἐλείπετο, μαρνάμενος δὲ
δεύετο μὴ παρεόντος ἀνικήτου Διονύσου·
ἔμπης δ' αὐτόθι μίμνεν. ἀπὸ σκοπέλοιο δὲ Νύμφαι
Νηιάδος βυθίοισιν ἐνεκρύπτοντο μελάθροις·
αἱ μὲν Ὑδασπιάδεσσιν ὁμήλυδες, αἱ δὲ φυγοῦσαι
Ἰνδὸν ἐς ἀγχικέλευθον ἐναυλίζοντο ῥεέθροις,
ἄλλαι Συδριάδεσσιν ὁμόστολοι, αἱ δ' ἐνὶ Γάγγῃ
λύθρον ἀπεσμήξαντο νεόσσυτον, ἃς τότε πολλὰς
ἐρχομένας ἀγεληδὸν ἐς ὑδατόεντας ἐναύλους
Νηιὰς ἀργυρόπεζα φιλοξείνῳ πυλεῶνι
δέξατο κυματόεντος ἐς αὔλια παρθενεῶνος.
ἄλλαι Ἀμαδρυάδος σκιεροῖς κρύπτοντο κορύμβοις,
δυσάμεναι δρυόεντας ἀνοιγομένους κενεῶνας.
πολλαὶ δ' ὑγροτόκους ὑπὸ πίδακας ἐγγύθι πέτρης
Βασσαρίδες κρουνηδὸν ἐκώκυον· ἀρτιχύτῳ δὲ
ὄμβρῳ δακρυόεντι φιλοθρήνοιο προσώπου
πληθομένη βαθύκολπος ὅλη πορφύρετο πηγή,
μυρομένη βαρὺ πένθος ἀπειθήτου Διονύσου.

281 Now the leaders had slunk away, all but Aiacos, who was left there alone in the battle fighting on, though he needed the presence of unconquered Dionysos. Nevertheless there he stayed. The Nymphs from the rocks had hidden in the deep hall of some Naiad; these joined the nymphs of Hydaspes, those fled to neighbouring Indos and lodged in his waters, others went to the Sydros,[a] others washed off the fresh gore in the Ganges—these were many, they came in herds to the watery channels, and the silverfoot Naiad stood at her hospitable door to welcome them into the watery retreat of her virginal palace. Others hid under the shady branches of a Hamadryad or slipt into open holes in the trees. Many Bassarids were beside the watersprings near the rock shedding fountains of tears; and the deep fountain itself, filled with the showers of tears newly shed upon her sorrowful countenance, grew all dark lamenting the heavy mourning of nevermourning Dionysos.

[a] The Sutlej.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΡΙΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΤΡΙΤΟΝ

Ἐν δὲ τριηκοστῷ τριτάτῳ Μορρῆα δαμάζει
φλέξας θοῦρος Ἔρως ἐπὶ κάλλεϊ Χαλκομεδείης.

Αὐτὰρ ὁ φοιταλέῳ πεφορημένος ἅλματι ταρσῶν
εὐκεράῳ ταχύγουνος ὁμοίιος ἔσσυτο ταύρῳ,
λοίγιον ἆσθμα χέων ἑτερόφρονος οἴδματι λύσσης.
Καὶ Χάρις ὠκυπέδιλος Ἐρυθραίῳ παρὰ κήπῳ
φυταλιὴν εὔοδμον ἀμεργομένη δονακήων,
ὄφρα πυριπνεύστων Παφίων ἔντοσθε λεβήτων
Ἀσσυρίου μίξασα χυτὰς ὠδῖνας ἐλαίου
ἄνθεσιν Ἰνδῴοισι μύρον τεύξειεν ἀνάσσῃ,
ὁππότε παντοίην δροσερὴν ἐδρέψατο ποίην,
χῶρον ὅλον θηεῖτο· καὶ ἀγχιπόρῳ παρὰ λόχμῃ
λύσσαν ἑοῦ γενετῆρος ὀπιπεύουσα Λυαίου
ἀχνυμένη δάκρυσε, φιλοστόργῳ δὲ μενοινῇ
πενθαλέοις ὀνύχεσσιν ἑὰς ἐχάραξε παρειάς·
καὶ Σατύρους σκοπίαζεν ὑποπτήσσοντας Ἐνυώ,
Κωδώνην δ' ἐνόησε μινυνθαδίην τε Γιγαρτὼ
κεκλιμένας ἐφύπερθεν ἀτυμβεύτοιο κονίης·
Χαλκομέδην δ' ἐλέαιρε θυελλήεντι πεδίλῳ
μαινομένου Μορρῆος ἀλυσκάζουσαν ἀκωκήν,
καὶ φθονερὴ δεδόνητο ῥοδώπιδος εἵνεκα κούρης,
μή ποτε νικήσειεν ἐς ἀγλαΐην Ἀφροδίτην.

ª Normally the Charites are daughters of Zeus; Dionysos

BOOK XXXIII

In the thirty-third, furious Love masters Morrheus, and sets him aflame for the beauty of Chalcomedeia.

But Bacchos himself, rushed away kneequick like a horned bull, carried in long leaps by his wandering feet, puffing deadly breath in the flood of his frenzied madness.

4 One of the swiftshoe Graces was gathering the shoots of the fragrant reeds in the Erythraian garden, in order to mix the flowing juice of Assyrian oil with Indian flowers in the steaming cauldrons of Paphos, and make ointment for her Lady. While she plucked all manner of dew-wet plants she gazed all round the place ; and there in a forest not far off she saw the madness of Lyaios her father.[a] She wept for sorrow and tender affection, and tore her cheeks with her nails in mourning. Then she saw the Satyrs scurrying from battle; she distinguished Codone and Gigarto, dead too soon, lying on the dust unburied ; she pitied Chalcomede fleeing with stormswift shoe from the blade of furious Morrheus—and indeed she was shaken with jealousy of the rosy-cheek maiden, for fear she might win the day with radiant Aphrodite.

is their father only in Nonnos and one or two other late authors.

Ἀχνυμένη δ' ἐς Ὄλυμπον ἀνήιε, πενθάδι σιγῇ
ἄλγος ἑοῦ γενετῆρος ὑποκλέπτουσα Λυαίου·
καὶ χλόος εὐκύκλοιο παρηίδος ἄνθος ἀμείψας
μαρμαρυγὴν στίλβουσαν ἀπημάλδυνε προσώπου.
Τὴν δὲ κατηφιόωσαν Ἀδωνιὰς ἔννεπε Κύπρις,
τοῖον ἔπος βοόωσα παρήγορον, ἐκ δὲ προσώπου
Πασιθέης ἐνόησεν ἄχος κήρυκι σιωπῇ·
"Νύμφα φίλη, τί παθοῦσα τεὴν ἠλλάξαο μορφήν;
παρθένε, πῶς μετάμειψας ἐρευθαλέην σέο μορφήν;
εἰαρινὴν δ' ἀκτῖνα τίς ἔσβεσε σεῖο προσώπου;
οὐκέτι σῶν μελέων ἀμαρύσσεται ἄργυφος αἴγλη·
οὐκέτι δ', ὡς τὸ πρόσθε, τεαὶ γελόωσιν ὀπωπαί.
ἀλλὰ τεὰς ἀγόρευε μεληδόνας· ἦ ῥά σε τείρει
υἱὸς ἐμός, φιλέεις δὲ ποθοβλήτῳ παρὰ πέτρῃ
οἷα Σεληναίη τινὰ βουκόλον; ἦ ῥά που αὐτὴν
καὶ σὲ μετ' Ἠριγένειαν Ἔρως ἐπεμάστιε κεστῷ;
οἶδα, πόθεν χλοάουσι παρηίδες· ὅττί σε κούρην
νυμφίος ἀχλυόεις νυμφεύεται Ὕπνος ἀλήτης·
οὐ μὲν ἀναινομένην σε βιήσομαι, οὐδὲ συνάψω
λευκάδι Πασιθέῃ μελανόχροον Ὕπνον ἀκοίτην."
Ὣς φαμένης δάκρυσε Χάρις καὶ ἀμείβετο μύθῳ·
"Ἀενάου κόσμοιο φυτοσπόρε, μῆτερ Ἐρώτων,
βουκόλος οὐ κλονέει με,
καὶ οὐ θρασὺς ἵμερος Ὕπνου.
οὐ πέλον Ἠριγένεια δυσίμερος ἠὲ Σελήνη,
ἀλλὰ πόνος περίφοιτος ἀνιάζει με Λυαίου,
πατρὸς ἐμοῦ φρίσσοντος Ἐρινύας· ὑμετέρου δέ,
εἰ δύνασαι, προμάχιζε κασιγνήτου Διονύσου."
Ἔννεπε, καὶ γενετῆρος ὅλον πόνον εἶπεν ἀνάσσῃ
Βασσαρίδων τε φάλαγγας ἀπείρονας,
ἃς κτάνε Μορρεύς,
καὶ Σατύρων φύξηλιν ὅλον στρατόν, εἶπε καὶ αὐτὴν

21 Sorrowing she returned to heaven, but she hid her grief for Lyaios her father in mournful silence. Pallor displaced the bloom on her rounded cheek, and dimmed the bright radiance of her face.

25 Cypris, the lover of Adonis, saw Pasithea downcast, and understood the grief heralded by her silent face ; then she addressed to her these comforting words :

28 " Dear girl, what trouble has changed your looks ? Maiden, what has made you lose your ruddy looks ? Who has quenched the gleams of springtime from your face ? The silvery sheen shines no longer upon your skin, your eyes no longer laugh as before. Come now, tell me your anxieties. Are you plagued by my son, perhaps ? Are you in love with some herdsman, among the mountains, struck with desire, like Selene ? Has Eros perhaps flicked you also with the cestus, like Dawn once before ?—Ah, I know why your cheeks are pale : shadowy Sleep, the vagabond, woos you as a bridegroom woos a maid ! I will not compel you if you are unwilling ; I will not join Sleep the blackskin to Pasithea the lilywhite ! "

41 When Aphrodite had said this, the Charis weeping replied :

42 " O mother of the Loves ! O sower of life in the everlasting universe ! No herdsman troubles me, no bold desire of Sleep. I am no lovesick Dawn or Selene. No, I am tormented by the afflictions of Lyaios my father, driven about in terror by the Furies. He is your brother—protect Dionysos if you can ! "

48 Then she recounted all her father's afflictions to her mistress, and the countless ranks of Bassarids that Morrheus had killed, and all the fugitive host

δαιμονίην μάστιγα τιναssoμένου Διονύσου
καὶ κινυρὴν σπαίρουσαν ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο Γιγαρτώ,
Κωδώνην τ᾽ ἀγόρευε προώριον· αἰδομένη δὲ
πένθος ὁμοῦ καὶ κάλλος ἐπέφραδε Χαλκομεδείης.
Καὶ ῥοδέου σπινθῆρα μεταλλάξασα προσώπου
ἠθάδα ῥῖψε γέλωτα φιλομμειδὴς Ἀφροδίτη.
Ἀγλαΐην δ᾽ ἐκέλευσε διάκτορον, ὄφρα καλέσσῃ
υἱέα θοῦρον Ἔρωτα μετάρσιον ἠεροφοίτην,
ἀνδρομέης γονόεντα κυβερνητῆρα γενέθλης.
Καὶ Χάρις ἴχνος ἔκαμψε,
πολυστρέπτῳ δὲ προσώπῳ
σὺν χθονὶ πόντον ὄπωπε καὶ οὐρανόν, εἴ που ἐφεύροι
ἄστατον ἴχνος Ἔρωτος, ἐπεὶ πτερὰ πάντοθι πάλλει,
τέτραχα τεμνομένην κυκλούμενος ἄντυγα κόσμου.
Εὗρε δέ μιν χρυσέοιο περὶ ῥίον ἄκρον Ὀλύμπου
νεκταρέας ῥαθάμιγγας ἀκοντίζοντα κυπέλλοις·
πὰρ δέ οἱ ἵστατο κοῦρος ὁμέψιος ἁβρὸν ἀθύρων,
εὐχαίτης Ὑμέναιος· ἀερσινόου δὲ τεκούσης
Οὐρανίης σοφὸν ἔργον ἐπισταμένης δρόμον ἄστρων
σφαῖραν ἄγων τροχόεσσαν ἀέθλια θήκατο νίκης,
Ἄργου δαιδαλέης ἀντίρροπον εἰκόνα μορφῆς·
καὶ πτερόεις εὔκυκλον Ἔρως μητρῷον ἀείρων
χρύσεον ὅρμον ἔθηκε θαλασσαίης Ἀφροδίτης,
νίκης φαιδρὸν ἄγαλμα παναίολον· ἀργύρεος δὲ
κεῖτο λέβης ἐν ἀγῶνι, καὶ οἰνοχύτου βρέτας Ἥβης
μεσσοφανὴ σκοπὸν εἶχε· καὶ ἱμερόεις Γανυμήδης
οἰνοχόος Κρονίδαο δικασπόλος ἤεν ἀγῶνος,
στέμμα φέρων παλάμῃσι. φιλακρήτων δὲ βολάων
λαχμὸς ἔην, μεθέπων ἑτερότροπα δάκτυλα χειρῶν·

of Satyrs, even Dionysos lashed with the fury's whip, and wailing Gigarto gasping on the ground, and Codone gone before her season: with shame she described the sorrows and beauty of Chalcomedeia.

55 Then sweetsmiling Aphrodite put off the wonted laugh from her radiant rosy face, and told her messenger Aglaia to call Eros her son, that swift airy flyer, that guide to the fruitful increase of the human race.

60 The Charis moved her footsteps, and turned her face this way and that way over earth and sea and sky, if somewhere she might find the restless track of Eros—for he beats his wings everywhere circling the four separate regions of the universe.

64 She found him on the golden top of Olympos,[a] shooting the nectar-drops from a cup.[b] Beside him stood Hymenaios, his fairhaired playfellow in the dainty game. He had put up as a prize for the victor something clever made by his haughty mother Urania, who knew all the courses of the stars, a revolving globe like the speckled form of Argos[c]; winged Eros had taken and put up a round golden necklace which belonged to his mother sea-born Aphrodite, a shining glorious work of art, as a prize of victory. A large silver basin stood for their game, and the shooting mark before them was a statue of Hebe shown in the middle pouring the wine. The umpire in the game was adorable Ganymedes, cupbearer of Cronides, holding the garland. Lots were cast for the shots of unmixed wine, with varied

[a] This scene recalls Apoll. Rhod. iii. 114, where she sends Eros to shoot Medea.

[b] *i.e.* playing cottabos, a game fashionable in classical Athens, in which wine was thrown out of cups at a mark.

[c] Covered with stars like the eyes of Argos.

καὶ τὰ μὲν ὀρθώσαντες ἀνέσχεθον, ἄλλα δὲ καρπῷ
χειρὸς ἐπεσφήκωτο συνήορα σύζυγι δεσμῷ·
ἀμφοτέροις δ' ἔρις ἦεν ἐπήρατος. ἁβροκόμης δὲ
πρῶτα λαχὼν Ὑμέναιος ἕλεν δέπας, ἱπταμένην δὲ
νεκταρέην ῥαθάμιγγα μετάρσιον ἠέρι πέμπων
ῥῖψε λέβητος ὕπερθε· καὶ οὐ τότε μητέρι Μούσῃ
εὐχωλὴν ἀνέφηνε· διεσσυμένη δὲ κυπέλλου
ἠέρα μέσσον ἔτυψεν ἀερσιπότητος ἐέρση,
ἀλλὰ παρατρέψασα βολὴν βητάρμονι παλμῷ
ἑλκομένη παλίνορσος ἀγάλματος ἀμφὶ προσώπῳ
ἄψοφος ἄκρον ἔτυψεν ἀδουπήτοιο καρήνου·
δεύτερος αἰολόμητις Ἔρως τεχνήμονι θεσμῷ
ἱμερόεν δέπας εἷλε, καὶ εὔξατο Κυπρογενείῃ
λάθριος ἐν πραπίδεσσι, καὶ ἀπλανὲς ὄμμα τανύσσας
εἰς σκοπὸν ἠκόντιζεν ἐκηβόλον ἰκμάδα πέμπων·
νεκταρέου δὲ ποτοῖο παλινδίνητος ἐέρση
ἰθυτενὴς ἄγναμπτος ἀγάλματος ὑψόθι κόρσης
ἠερόθεν βαρύδουπος ἐπεσμαράγησε μετώπῳ·
ἴαχε δ' ἁβρὸν ἄγαλμα, καὶ υἱέι Κυπρογενείης
χρυσέῳ ἐσμαράγησε λέβης ἐπινίκιον ἠχώ·
καὶ στέφος ἁβρὸν Ἔρωτι
πόρεν γελάσας Γανυμήδης·
καὶ ταχὺς αἰόλον ὁρμὸν ἑλὼν καὶ σφαῖραν ἀείρων
διπλόον εἶχεν ἄεθλον ἐυρραθάμιγγος ἀγῶνος,
σκιρτήσας δὲ πόδεσσι, κυβιστήσας δὲ καρήνῳ
κυδιόων ἐχόρευεν Ἔρως θρασύς· ἀντιπάλου δὲ
πολλάκις ἀχνυμένοιο κατήγαγε χεῖρα προσώπου.
Ἀγλαΐη δέ οἱ ἄγχι παρίστατο· τερψινόου δὲ
δέξατο χερσὶν ἄνακτος ἀέθλια· νεῦσε δὲ κούρῳ

movements of the fingers[a]: these they held out, these they pressed upon the root of the hand closely joined together. A charming match it was between them.

81 Daintyhair Hymenaios drew the first try. He took the cup, and shot the flying nectar-drop high in the air over the basin; but he offered no prayer then to his mother the Muse: darting from the cup the dew went scattering high through the air, but the leaping drops turned aside and swerving fell back about the face of the statue so as to touch the top of the head without a sound.[b] Second, crafty Eros took hold of the lovely cup in a masterly way, and secretly in his heart prayed to Cyprogeneia; then with a steady eye on the mark, he shot the liquid into the distance—the dewy nectar went straight, unswerving, and curved round until it fell from the air upon the forehead above the temple with a loud plop. The elegant statue rang, and the basin echoed the sound of victory for the golden son of Cyprogeneia. Ganymedes laughing handed the dainty garland to Eros. Quickly he picked up the beautiful necklace and lifted the globe, and kept the two prizes of their cleverdrop game. Bold Eros went skipping and dancing for joy and turned a somersault, and tried often to pull his rival's hands from his sorrowful face.

105 Now Aglaia stood by him, and she received the prizes from the hands of the prince of heart's delight. She beckoned the boy aside, and with silence their

[a] First they played the finger game, It. *mora*, Lat. *micare digitis*; A. quickly opens and closes some of his fingers and B. has to say at once how many he has held out. This was to determine which should throw first apparently.

[b] So it was not a fair hit; the mark must make an audible sound (or, in some forms of the game, turn over) to count.

νόσφι μολεῖν, καὶ Ἔρωτος ἐς οὔατα μάρτυρι σιγῇ
ψευδομένης ἀγόρευε δολόφρονα μῦθον ἀνάσσης·
“ Πανδαμάτωρ ἀδάμαστε,
βιοσσόε σύγχρονε κόσμου,
σπεῦσον, ἐπεὶ Κυθέρεια βιάζεται, οὐδέ τις αὐτῇ
ἀμφιπόλων παρέμιμνε, Χάρις φύγεν, ᾤχετο Πειθώ,
καὶ Πόθος ἀστήρικτος ἐχάζετο· σοὶ δέ με μούνην
πέμψεν ἀνικήτοιο τεῆς χατέουσα φαρέτρης.”
Ὣς φαμένην ἐρέεινεν Ἔρως, ἵνα πάντα δαείη·
ὅττι νέοι ξύμπαντες, ἀτέρμονος ὁππότε μύθου
ἀρχὴν εἰσαΐουσι, τέλος σπεύδουσιν ἀκοῦσαι·
καὶ στομάτων ἀχάλινον ἀπερροίβδησεν ἰωήν·
“ Τίς Παφίην ἀκάχησεν ἐμήν;
ἵνα χεῖρα κορύσσω
μαρνάμενος πάντεσσι· βιαζομένης δὲ τεκούσης
νευρὴν πανδαμάτειραν ἐπὶ Κρονίωνα τανύσσω,
καὶ πάλιν οἰστρηθέντα γαμοκλόπον ὄρνιν Ἐρώτων
αἰετόν, ἤ τινα ταῦρον ἁλὸς πλωτῆρα τελέσσω·
εἰ δέ ἑ Παλλὰς ὄρινε καὶ ἤκαχεν ἀμφιγυήεις
Κεκροπίου λύχνοιο φεραυγέα δαλὸν ἀνάψας,
μάρναμαι ἀμφοτέροισι, καὶ Ἡφαίστῳ καὶ Ἀθήνῃ·
εἰ δέ μιν ἰοχέαιρα λαγωβόλος εἰς χόλον ἕλκει,
ἔμπυρον Ὠρίωνος Ὀλύμπιον ἆορ ἐρύσσας
Ἄρτεμιν οἰστρήσαιμι, καὶ αἰθέρος ἐκτὸς ἐλάσσω . . .
κουφίζων πτερύγεσσιν ὁμόστολον υἱέα Μαίης,
οὐτιδανὴν καλέοντα μάτην ἐπαρηγόνα Πειθώ·
καλλείψας δὲ βέλεμνα καὶ ἔμπυρον ἅμμα φαρέτρης
δαφναίοις πετάλοισι θελήμονα Φοῖβον ἱμάσσω,
δέσμιον αὐδήεντι περισφίγξας ὑακίνθῳ·

---

[a] Grace, Persuasion, Desire.

[b] *i.e.* comes against her with a torch for his weapon :

only witness, she whispered into his ear the artful message of her intriguing mistress :

109 " Allvanquisher unvanquished, preserver of life co-eval with the universe, make haste ! Cythereia is in distress. None of her attendants has remained with her ; Charis has gone, Peitho has vanished, Pothos [a] the inconstant has left her ; she had none to send but me. She needs your invincible quiver ! "

114 No sooner had she spoken, than Eros wanted to know all about it ; for all young people, when they hear only the beginning of a story, are eager to hear the end. So he rattled out with that unbridled tongue of his—

118 " Who has hurt my dear Paphian ? Let me take arms in hand and fight all the world ! If my mother is in distress, let me stretch my allvanquishing bowstring against even Cronion, to make him once more a mad ravishing love-bird, an eagle, or a bull swimming the sea ! Or if Pallas has provoked her, if Crookshank [b] has hurt her by lighting the bright torch of the Cecropian light, I will fight them both, Hephaistos and Athena ! Or if Archeress hareslayer moves her to anger, I will draw the fiery Olympian sword of Orion to prick Artemis and drive her out of the sky ! ⟨Or if it is Hermes⟩ I will carry off with me Maia's son on my wings, and let him call useless Peitho in vain to his help.[c] Or I will leave my arrows and the fiery belt of my quiver, I will lash Phoibos a willing victim with cords of laurel leaves, holding him bound in a belt of speaking iris.[d] Indeed I fear not the

Cecropian = Athenian torch-races being a feature of Hephaistos's festival there.

[c] His wife in Nonnos, *cf.* v. 574.

[d] Nonnos is obsessed with this story ; the reader is referred to former notes.

οὐ μὲν Ἐνυαλίου τρομέω σθένος, οὐδὲ μογήσω
Ἄρεα μαστίζων πεπεδημένον ἤδεϊ κεστῷ·
καὶ διδύμους φωστῆρας ὑποδρήσσοντας ἐρύσσω
εἰς Πάφον οὐρανόθεν, καὶ ὀπάονα μητρὶ κομίσσω
σὺν Κλυμένῃ Φαέθοντα, σὺν Ἐνδυμίωνι Σελήνην,
πάντες ἵνα γνώωσιν, ὅτι ξύμπαντα δαμάζω."
Εἶπε, καὶ ἰθυκέλευθον ἐν ἠέρι ταρσὸν ἑλίσσων
ἔφθασεν Ἀγλαΐην πτερύγων διδυμάονι ῥοίζῳ,
ἄχρι δόμων ἐπέβαινεν ἐπειγομένης Ἀφροδίτης.
Καὶ μέσον ἀγκὰς ἑλοῦσα γαληνιόωντι προσώπῳ
πεπταμένῳ πήχυνε γεγηθότι κοῦρον ἀγοστῷ,
γούνασι κουφίζουσα φίλον βάρος· ἑζομένου δὲ
καὶ στόμα παιδὸς ἔκυσσε καὶ ὄμματα· θελξινόου δὲ
ἁπτομένη τόξοιο καὶ ἀμφαφόωσα φαρέτρην,
οἷα χόλου πνείουσα, δολόφρονα ῥήξατο φωνήν·
"Τέκνον ἐμόν, Φαέθοντος ἐλήσαο καὶ Κυθερείης·
οὐκέτι Πασιφάη μυκώμενα λέκτρα διώκει·
Ἠέλιος γελάᾳ με, καὶ Ἀστρίδος αἷμα κορύσσει
παιδὸς ἑῆς υἷῆα μαχήμονα Δηριαδῆα,
Βασσαρίδων ὀλετῆρα γυναιμανέος Διονύσου,
καὶ Σατύρων Βρομίοιο ποθοβλήτων ἐλατῆρα.
τοῦτό με μᾶλλον ὄρινεν, ὅτι βροτοειδέϊ μορφῇ
Ἄρης ἐγρεκύδοιμος ἔχων συνάεθλον Ἐνυώ,
ἀρχαίης φιλότητος ἀφειδήσας Ἀφροδίτης,
νεύμασιν Ἡραίοισιν ἐθωρήχθη Διονύσῳ,
Ἰνδῴῳ βασιλῆι συνέμπορος. ἀλλ' ἐνὶ χάρμῃ
Ἄρης Δηριάδαο, σὺ δὲ προμάχιζε Λυαίου·
ἔγχος ἔχει, σὺ δὲ τόξον ὑπέρτερον, ᾧ γόνυ κάμπτει

[a] Phaëthon is Helios here: Clymene his love was mother of the real Phaëthon.

[b] Aphrodite was angry with the Sun for revealing her

strength of Enyalios, it will not weary me to flog Ares when he is shackled by the delightful cestus. The two luminaries I will drag down from heaven to be drudges in Paphos, and give my mother for a servant Phaëthon with Clymene,[a] Selene with Endymion, that all may know that I vanquish all things!"

140 He spoke, and straight through the air he plied his feet, and reached the dwelling of eager Aphrodite long before Aglaia with his pair of whirring wings.

143 His mother with serene countenance took him into her embrace, and threw one happy arm round her boy, lifting him on her knees, a welcome burden. He sat there while she kissed the boy's lips and eyes; then she touched his mindcharming bow, and handled the quiver, and pretending to breathe anger, spoke these delusive words:

149 My dear child, you have forgotten Phaëthon and Cythereia! Pasiphaë no longer wants the bull's love.[b] Helios mocks at me, and arms the offspring of Astris, the warrior Deriades his own daughter's son, to destroy the Bassarids of womanmad Dionysos and to rout the love-stricken Satyrs of Bromios. But it has provoked me more than all, that battle-stirring Ares in mortal shape, with Enyo by his side, without regard for his old love of Aphrodite, has armed himself against Dionysos at Hera's bidding and supports the Indian king. Now then, on this field Ares is for Deriades—then you fight for Lyaios. He has a spear, you have a stronger bow, before

adultery with Ares, and so plagued all his children, Pasiphaë with monstrous love, Phaëthon with fatal ambition, and so on: *cf.* Hyginus, *Fab.* 148. 3.

Ζεὺς ὕπατος καὶ θοῦρος Ἄρης καὶ θέσμιος Ἑρμῆς·
δειμαίνει σέο τόξα καὶ ὁ κλυτότοξος Ἀπόλλων.
εἰ δὲ τεῇ, φίλε κοῦρε, χαρίζεαι ἀφρογενείῃ,
Βασσαρίδων προμάχιζε καὶ ἡμετέρου Διονύσου.
ἀλλὰ μολὼν ἀκίχητος Ἑώϊον εἰς κλίμα γαίης
Ἰνδῴην παρὰ πέζαν, ὅπῃ θεράπαινα Λυαίου
ἔστί τις ἐν Βάκχῃσιν, ὑπέρτερος ἥλικος ἥβης,
οὔνομα Χαλκομέδη φιλοπάρθενος—εἰ δέ κεν ἄμφω
Χαλκομέδην καὶ Κύπριν ἔσω Λιβάνοιο νοήσῃς,
οὐ δύνασαι, φίλε κοῦρε, διακρίνειν Ἀφροδίτην—·
κεῖθι μολὼν χραίσμησον ἐρημονόμῳ Διονύσῳ,
Μορρέα τοξεύσας ἐπὶ κάλλεϊ Χαλκομεδείης·
σεῖο δὲ τοξοσύνης γέρας ἄξιον ἐγγυαλίξω
Λήμνιον εὐποίητον ἐγὼ στέφος, εἴκελον αἴγλαις
Ἠελίου φλογεροῖο· σὺ δὲ γλυκὺν ἰὸν ἰάλλων
δὸς χάριν ἀμφοτέροις, καὶ Κύπριδι καὶ Διονύσῳ·
σὸν καὶ ἐμὸν κύδαινε γαμοστόλον ὄρνιν Ἐρώτων,
εὐφροσύνης κήρυκα βιοζυγέων ὑμεναίων."
Εἶπε θεά· καὶ μάργος Ἔρως ἀνεπάλλετο κόλπου
μητρὸς ἑῆς, καὶ τόξον ἐκούφισεν, ἀμφὶ δὲ βαιῷ
ὤμῳ πανδαμάτειραν ἐπῃώρησε φαρέτρην·
καὶ πτερόεις πεπότητο δι᾽ αἰθέρος· ἀμφὶ δὲ Κέρνῃ
κυκλώσας πτερὰ κοῦφα βολαῖς ἀντώπιος Ἠοῦς
ἵπτατο μειδιόων, ὅτι τηλίκον ἡνιοχῆα
δίφρων οὐρανίων ὀλίγοις ἔφλεξε βελέμνοις,
καὶ σέλας Ἠελίοιο σέλας νίκησεν Ἐρώτων.
καὶ ταχὺς Ἰνδῴοιο μολὼν κατὰ μέσσον ὁμίλου
τόξον ἑὸν στήριζεν ἐπ᾽ αὐχένι Χαλκομεδείης·
καὶ βέλος ἰθύνων ῥοδέης περὶ κύκλα παρειῆς
Μορρέος εἰς φρένα πέμψεν. ἐρετμώσας δὲ πορείην
νηχομένων πτερύγων ἑτερόζυγι σύνδρομος ὁλκῷ

which bend the knee Zeus the Highest and furious Ares and Hermes the lawgiver; even that Archer Apollo fears your bow. If you will give a boon to your Foamborn, fight for the Bassarids and our Dionysos. Go I pray, to the Eastern clime and let no one catch you—go to the Indian plain, where there is a handmaid of Lyaios amongst the Bacchants, more excellent than her yearsmates, named Chalcomede, who loves the maiden state—but if you should see Chalcomede and Cypris both together in Libanos, you cannot tell which was Aphrodite, my dear boy! Go to that place and help Dionysos ranging the wilds, by shooting Morrheus for the beauty of Chalcomedeia. I will give you a worthy prize for your shooting, a wellmade Lemnian [a] chaplet, like the rays of fiery Helios. Shoot a sweet arrow, and you will do a grace both to Cypris and to Dionysos; honour my bridesmaid bird of love [b] and yours, the herald of lifelong wedding and happy hearts!"

180 So spoke the goddess; and Eros wildly leapt from his mother's lap and took up his bow, slung the allvanquishing quiver about his little shoulder, and sailed away on his wings through the air; round Cerne he turned his flight opposite the rays of morning, smiling that he had set afire that great charioteer of the heavenly car with his little darts, and the light of the loves had conquered the light of Helios. Soon he was moving in the midst of the Indian host, and laid his bow against the neck of Chalcomedeia, aiming the shaft round her rosy cheek, and sent it into the heart of Morrheus. Then paddling his way with the double beat of his floating wings he

[a] *i.e.* made by Hephaistos.
[b] Presumably the dove.

πατρῴους ἀνέβαινεν ἐς ἀστερόεντας ὀχῆας,
καλλείψας πυρόεντι πεπαρμένον Ἰνδὸν ὀιστῷ.
Αἰεὶ δ' ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα πόθου δεδονημένος ἰῷ,
παρθένος ἧχι βέβηκε, δυσίμερος ἤιε Μορρεύς,
μείλιχον ἆορ ἔχων, πεφιδημένον ἔγχος ἀείρων,
καὶ θρασὺν ἱμερόεντι νόον μαστίζετο κεστῷ·
ἀμφὶ δέ μιν περίκυκλον ἐρωμανὲς ὄμμα τιταίνων
νεύμασι Κυπριδίοισιν ἀθελγέας εἷλκεν ὀπωπάς.
Ἡ δὲ δολοφρονέουσα παρήπαφεν ὄρχαμον Ἰνδῶν,
οἷά περ ἱμείρουσα, πόθου δ' ἀπεμάξατο κούρη
ψευδαλέον μίμημα· καὶ αἰθέρος ἥπτετο Μορρεύς,
ἐλπίδι μαψιδίῃ πεφορημένος· ἐν κραδίῃ γὰρ
παρθενικὴν ἐδόκησεν ἔχειν βέλος ἶσον Ἐρώτων,
κοῦφος ἀνήρ, ὅτι παῖδα σαόφρονα δίζετο θέλγειν
κυανέοις μελέεσσι, καὶ οὐκ ἐμνήσατο μορφῆς.
καί οἱ ἐπεγγελόωσα δόλῳ φιλοπαίγμονι κούρη
ἀγχιφανὴς ἐρέθιζε δυσίμερον, ἀντιβίῳ δὲ
εἶπεν ἀνυμφεύτοιο ποδήνεμα γούνατα νύμφης,
πῶς ποτε Φοῖβον ἔφευγε, Βορηίδι σύνδρομος αὔρῃ,
πῶς διερὸν παρὰ χεῦμα τιταινομένου ποταμοῖο
παρθένιον πόδα πῆξε παρ' εὐρυρέεθρον Ὀρόντην,
ὁππότε γαῖα χανοῦσα παρ' εὐύδρου στόμα λίμνης
παῖδα διωκομένην οἰκτίρμονι δέξατο κόλπῳ.
Τοῖον ἔπος φαμένης ἀνεπάλλετο χάρματι Μορρεύς,
ἓν δέ ἑ μοῦνον ὄρινε, διωκομένην ὅτι Δάφνην
καὶ θεὸς οὐκ ἐκίχησε καὶ οὐκ ἐμίηνεν Ἀπόλλων·
καὶ βραδὺν ἔννεπε Φοῖβον· ἀεὶ δ' ὑπεμέμφετο γαίῃ,
παρθένον ὅττι κάλυψεν ἀπειρήτην ὑμεναίων·
δείδιε γὰρ τρομέων γλυκερῷ πυρί, μή τι καὶ αὐτὴ
εἴη Χαλκομέδη φιλοπάρθενος, οἷά τε Δάφνη,

mounted to the starry barriers of his father, leaving the Indian transfixed with the fiery shaft.

195 Now Morrheus moved lovesick this way and that way, struck by the arrow of desire, wherever the maiden went; the sword he lifted was tame, his spear hung idle, his bold spirit was lashed by the cestus of love, he turned his enamoured gaze all about and moved his eyes at the bidding of Cypris, uncomforted.

201 But the girl cunningly deceived the Indian chieftain, as if desiring him, yet it was only a false pretence of love that she modelled; and yet Morrheus touched heaven soaring in vain hope, for he thought she had in her heart a wound of maiden love like his own. Shallow man! he forgot his looks, and sought to charm a girl in her right mind with his black body. The girl had good sport in her playful tricks, showed herself near him and teased the lovesick man. She told her enemy how the knees of that unwedded Nymph [a] fled swift on the breeze, how she ran once from Phoibos quick as the north wind, how she planted her maiden foot by the flood of a longwinding river, by the quick stream of Orontes, when the earth opened beside the wide mouth of a marsh and received the hunted girl into her compassionate bosom.

216 At this tale of hers Morrheus jumped for joy—one thing only annoyed him, that the god never caught Daphne when she was pursued, that Apollo never ravished her. He called Phoibos a sluggard, and always blamed Earth for swallowing the girl before she knew marriage. Trembling with the sweet fire, he feared that Chalcomede also like

[a] Daphne.

μή μιν ἰδὼν φεύγουσαν ἐτώσιον εἰς δρόμον ἔλθῃ,
μοχθίζων ἀτέλεστον ἐς ἵμερον, ὥς περ Ἀπόλλων.
Ἀλλ' ὅτε νὺξ ἀνέτελλε, κατευνήτειρα κυδοιμοῦ,
Χαλκομέδη μὲν ἵκανεν ἐρημάδος εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης,
ἴχνια μαστεύουσα νοοπλανέος Διονύσου·
οὐ τότε ῥόπτρα φέρουσα καὶ Εὔια κύμβαλα Ῥείης
ὄργια μυστιπόλευεν ἀκοιμήτοιο Λυαίου,
ἀλλὰ κατηφιόωσα καὶ οὐ ψαύουσα χορείης
εἶχεν ἀσιγήτοισιν ἀήθεα χείλεσι σιγήν,
νοῦσον ἀλεξητῆρος ἐπισταμένη Διονύσου.
Ὀκναλέοις δὲ πόδεσσι μόγις βραδὺς ἤιε Μορρεύς,
ἐντροπαλιζομένῳ δεδοκημένος ὄμματι νύμφην,
μεμφόμενος Φαέθοντα ταχύδρομον· ἑσπόμενον δὲ
Χαλκομέδῃ νόον εἶχεν ὁμόστολον· ἀσχαλόων δὲ
Κυπριδίοις ὀάροισιν ἀνήρυγε θῆλυν ἰωήν,
αἰθύσσων νυχίων ὑποκάρδιον ἰὸν Ἐρώτων·
"Ἔρρε, βέλος καὶ τόξον Ἀρήιον· ἱμερόεν γὰρ
φέρτερον ἄλλο βέλος με βιάζεται· ἔρρε, φαρέτρη·
κεστὸς ἱμὰς νίκησεν ἐμῆς τελαμῶνα βοείης.
οὐκέτι Βασσαρίδεσσι μαχήμονα χεῖρα κορύσσω·
ἀλλὰ θεὸν πατρῷον, ὕδωρ καὶ γαῖαν ἐάσας
βωμὸν ἀναστήσω καὶ Κύπριδι καὶ Διονύσῳ,
ῥίψας χάλκεον ἔγχος Ἐνυαλίου καὶ Ἀθήνης.
οὐκέτι πυρσὸν ἔχων θωρήσσομαι· ἀδρανέος γὰρ
δαλὸν Ἐνυαλίοιο κατέσβεσε πυρσὸς Ἐρώτων·
ἄλλῳ θερμοτέρῳ πυρὶ βάλλομαι. αἴθε καὶ αὐτός,
αἴθε γυναιμανέων Σάτυρος πέλον, ὄφρα χορεύσω
μεσσόθι Βασσαρίδων, παλάμῃ δ' ἵνα πῆχυν ἐρείσας
σφίγξω δεσμὸν ἔρωτος ἐπ' αὐχένι Χαλκομεδείης.
εἰς Φρυγίην Διόνυσος ὀπάονα Δηριαδῆος
δουλοσύνης ἐρύσειεν ὑπὸ ζυγόν, ἀντὶ δὲ πάτρης

Daphne might be in love with maidenhood, feared he might see her fleeing and chase her in vain, wasting his pains on desire unattainable like Apollo.

225 But when night came up and sent the battle to rest, Chalcomede traversed lonely wooded heights seeking traces of distracted Dionysos. She bore no tambours then, no Euian cymbals of Rheia, she performed no mystic rite for unsleeping Lyaios; but downcast and touching not the dance, she kept silence with those lips so unused to silence, understanding the malady of Saviour Dionysos.

233 With timid steps went Morrheus, slow and hesitating, as he watched the nymph with glances that returned again and again, and blamed Phaëthon for all his speed; but his mind was keeping company with Chalcomede. In distress, he softened his voice to womanish love-prattle, as the arrow of nightly love quivered beneath his heart:

239 "Bow and arrows of Ares, I have done with you; for another shaft and a better constrains me, the arrow of desire! I have done with you, quiver! The cestus-strap has conquered my shieldsling. No more I equip a fighting hand against Bassarids. The gods of my nation, Water and Earth, I will leave, and set up altars both to Cypris and Dionysos; I will throw away the brazen spear of Enyalios and Athena. No more will I arm me with fiery torches, for love's torch has quenched the torch of Enyalios the weakling: I am hit by another and hotter fire. Would I were a Satyr, one womanmad, that I might dance among Bassarids, that I might rest my hand on Chalcomedeia's shoulder and encircle her neck with love's tight bond! May Dionysos drag the minister of Deriades to Phrygia under the yoke of

Μαιονίη πολύολβος ἐὸν ναέτην με δεχέσθω·
Τμῶλον ἔχειν ἐθέλω μετὰ Καύκασον· ἀρχέγονον δὲ
Ἰνδὸν ἀπορρίψας ἐμὸν οὔνομα Λυδὸς ἀκούσω,
αὐχένα δοῦλον Ἔρωτος ὑποκλίνων Διονύσῳ·
Πακτωλὸς φερέτω με· τί μοι πατρῷος Ὑδάσπης;
Χαλκομέδης δ᾽ ἐχέτω με δόμος γλυκύς·
ἐν πολέμοις γὰρ
Κύπρις ὁμοῦ καὶ Βάκχος ὑπ᾽ ἀμφοτέροισι βελέμνοις
γαμβροῖς Δηριαδῆος ἐπέχραον, ὄφρά τις εἴπῃ·
'Μορρέα κεστὸς ἔπεφνε,
καὶ ἔκτανε θύρσος Ὀρόντην.' "

Τοῖα μὲν ἠύτησε· πολυφλοίσβῳ δὲ μερίμνῃ
τήκετο Χαλκομέδης μεμνημένος· ἐν γὰρ ὁμίχλῃ
θερμότεροι γεγάασιν ἀεὶ σπινθῆρες Ἐρώτων.
ἤδη γὰρ σκιόεντι θορὼν αὐτόχθονι παλμῷ
ἄψοφος ἀννεφέλοιο μελαίνετο κῶνος ὁμίχλης,
καὶ τρομερῇ ξύμπαντα μιῇ ξύνωσε σιωπῇ·
οὐδέ τις ἴχνος ἔπειγε δι᾽ ἄστεος Ἰνδὸς ὁδίτης,
οὐδὲ γυνὴ χερνῆτις ἐθήμονος ἥπτετο τέχνης,
οὐδέ οἱ ἐν παλάμῃσι φιληλακάτῳ παρὰ λύχνῳ
κύκλον ἐς αὐτοέλικτον ἰὼν ἄτρακτος ἀλήτης
ἄστατος ὀρχηστῆρι τιταίνετο νήματος ὁλκῷ,
ἀλλὰ καρηβαρέουσα φιλαγρύπνῳ παρὰ λύχνῳ
εὗδε γυνὴ ταλαεργός· ὄφις δέ τις ἥσυχος ἕρπων
κεῖτο πεσών, κεφαλῇ δ᾽ ἐρύων παλινάγρετον οὐρὴν
γαστέρος ὑπναλέης ἀνεσείρασεν ὁλκὸν ἀκάνθης·
καί τις ἀερσιπόδης ἐλέφας παρὰ γείτονι τοίχῳ
ὄρθιον ὕπνον ἴαυεν, ὑπὸ δρυὶ νῶτον ἐρείσας.

Καὶ τότε μοῦνος ἄυπνος ἀπόσσυτος ἄψοφος ἕρπων
ποσσὶ παλιννόστοισιν ἕλιξ ἐστρεύγετο Μορρεύς,

slavery! May wealthy Maionia receive me as her settler instead of my native land! I want to leave Caucasos[a] and dwell in Tmolos; let me throw off my ancient name of Indian and be called Lydian, let me bow my neck to Dionysos as the slave of love. Let Pactolos carry me—what care I for the Hydaspes of my homeland? Let Chalcomede's sweet home possess me. Cypris and Bacchos have joined forces and overwhelmed the goodsons of Deriades with their volleys, that men may say—'The cestus killed Morrheus, the thyrsus Orontes.'"

262 Such was his outcry. He melted in the resounding flood of care when he thought of Chalcomede: for in the darkness the sparks of the loves are always hotter. For already the cone of cloudless dark, leaping up with its unconscious moving shade, had covered everything together in one trembling quietude. No wayfarer walked through the Indian city; no working-woman touched her familiar craft, nor beside the distaff-loving lamp did the moving spindle go round of itself under her hands, dangled unresting by the dancing pull of the thread. No, the industrious drudge slept with heavy head beside the wakeful lamp. A snake had crawled in quietly and lay where it fell; the head caught the tail, then it tightened up the length of its backbone in sleep on its belly. A towering elephant by the neighbouring wall enjoyed his sleep upright,[b] leaning his back against a tree.

280 Then alone, sleepless, noiseless, Morrheus hurriedly left Cheirobiê sleeping alone in her chamber,

[a] Here the Hindu Kush.

[b] Because it was supposed not to be able to bend its knees.

μούνην Χειροβίην θαλάμοις εὕδουσαν ἐάσας·
καί τινος ἀρχαίοιο σοφοῦ πάρα μῦθον ἀκούσας
ἀνδράσι πὰρ Κιλίκεσσιν ἔχων μόθον ἐγγύθι Ταύρου
ἔνθεον ἀστραίων δεδαημένος οἶστρον Ἐρώτων,
ἠέρι πεπταμένην μετανεύμενος αἴθριον αὐλὴν
νυμφίον Εὐρώπης ἐπεδέρκετο, Ταῦρον Ὀλύμπου·
ἀξονίῳ δὲ τένοντι πολυπλανὲς ὄμμα τιταίνων
Καλλιστὼ σκοπίαζε καὶ ἄστατον ὁλκὸν Ἀμάξης,
γινώσκων, ὅτι θῆλυς ἐδέξατο θῆλυν ἀκοίτην
μιμηλῆς μεθέποντα νόθον δέμας ἰοχεαίρης
ἀγνώστοις μελέεσσιν· ὑπερτέλλοντα δὲ Ταύρου
Μυρτίλον ἐσκοπίαζε, πυρίπνοον Ἡνιοχῆα,
ὅττι γάμῳ χραίσμησε, καὶ εἰς δρόμον Ἱπποδαμείης
ἀντίτυπον ποίησε τύπον τροχοειδέι κηρῷ,
ἄχρι Πέλοψ γάμον εὗρε· καὶ ἀγχόθι Κασσιεπείης
Αἰετὸν Αἰγίνης τανυσίπτερον εἶδεν ἀκοίτην,
καὶ δόλον ἤθελε τοῖον ἐπίκλοπον, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὸς
Χαλκομέδης λύσειεν ἀνυμφεύτοιο κορείην,
καί τινα μῦθον ἔειπεν ἔχων ἄγρυπνον ὀπωπήν·
"Ἔκλυον, ὡς Σατύρῳ πανομοίιος ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς
Ἀντιόπην δολόεντι τύπῳ νυμφεύσατο κούρην
μιμηλῇ φιλότητι φιλοσκάρθμων ὑμεναίων·
τοῖον ἔχειν ἐθέλω καὶ ἐγὼ δέμας, ὄφρα χορεύσω
εἰς στρατὸν εὐκεράων Σατύρων ἄγνωστος ἱκάνων,
Χαλκομέδης ἵνα λέκτρα φιλακρήτοιο τελέσσω.
οἶδα, πόθεν, Κυθέρεια, χολώεαι υἱάσιν Ἰνδῶν·
γείτονας Ἠελίοιο τεοὶ κλονέουσιν ὀιστοί·

---

[a] Zeus approached Callisto in the shape of Artemis.

[b] Myrtilos was Oinomaos's charioteer: *cf.* Rose, *Handbook of Gk. Myth.*, p. 247. Another myth of the constellation

and crept round and round in distress with ever-returning feet. Once when at war near the Tauros among the Cilicians, he had heard the lore of an old sage, and learnt of the sting of starry loves in the heavens. Surveying therefore the heavenly domain spread abroad in the skies, he noticed Europa's bridegroom, the Olympian Bull; then he turned his wandering eye to the polar region, and observed Callisto and the restless course of the Waggon, and recognized that the female received a female bedfellow, who was disguised under the false likeness of the Archeress with limbs unrecognizable.[a] Rising over the Bull he saw Myrtilos, the fire-breathing Charioteer,[b] because he once helped a marriage, at the race for Hippodameia, and made a counterfeit peg of rounded wax, so that Pelops got his marriage. Near Cassiepeia he saw that Eagle [c] spreading his wings who bedded with Aigina, and wished for such another delusive device, that he might himself undo the maidenhead of unwedded Chalcomede. Then with unsleeping gaze he began to speak:

301 "I have heard how Zeus the Ruler on High once took the shape of a Satyr,[d] and wooed the maiden Antiope under a deceitful shape, in the mock love of a dancing bridal. I wish I had such a shape myself, to dance unrecognized into the host of horned Satyrs and to enjoy the bed of wineloving Chalcomede. I know, Cythereia, why you are angry with the sons of India; as neighbours of the Sun your arrows plague them,[e] you have not yet forgotten

Auriga is that it is Erichthonios, the first to drive four-in-hand.

[c] The form Zeus took to approach Aigina, daughter of Asopos.

[d] See xxxi. 217.

[e] *Cf. supra*, 149.

οὔ πω μῆστιν ὄλεσσας ἐλεγχομένων σέο δεσμῶν.
οὐ Φαέθων με φύτευσε· τί με κλονέεις, Ἀφροδίτη;
οὐ τέκε Πασιφάη με βοοσκόπος, οὐκ Ἀριάδνης
γνωτὸς ἐγώ. φθέγξασθε, λίθοι, πετρώδεα φωνήν.
Χαλκομέδην ποθέω, καὶ ἀναίνεται. ἔρρε, φαρέτρη,
ἔρρετε, φοίνια τόξα καὶ ἠνεμόεντες ὀιστοί·
Ἄρης οὔ με σάωσε κορυσσομένης Ἀφροδίτης·
βαιὸς Ἔρως με δάμασσε,
τὸν οὐ κτάνε Βάκχος ἀγήνωρ."
Τοῖα μάτην κατὰ νύκτα
δυσίμερος ἔννεπε Μορρεύς.
οὐδὲ νοοπλανέος πτερὸν εὔνασεν ἡδέος Ὕπνου [a]
Χαλκομέδην φυγόδεμνον, ἐπεὶ πόθον εἶχεν ὀλέθρου,
Μορρέα δειμαίνουσα μεμηνότα, μή μιν ἐρύσσας
θερμὸς ἀνὴρ ζεύξειεν ἀναγκαίοις ὑμεναίοις
Βάκχου μὴ παρεόντος· Ἐρυθραίῃ δὲ θαλάσσῃ
ἔννυχον ἴχνος ἔκαμψε καὶ ἴαχε κύματι κωφῷ·
"Μηλίς, ἐπολβίζω σε·
σὺ γάρ ποτε, νῆις Ἐρώτων,
αὐτομάτῃ στροφάλιγγι δέμας ῥίψασα θαλάσσῃ
λέκτρα γυναιμανέοντος ἀλεύαο Δαμναμενῆος·
σὸν μόρον ὀλβίζω φιλοπάρθενον· οἰστρομανῆ γὰρ
νυμφίον εἰς σὲ κόρυσσεν ἁλὸς θυγάτηρ Ἀφροδίτη,
καί σε θάλασσα φύλαξε, καὶ εἰ Παφίης πέλε μήτηρ,
καὶ θάνες ἐν ῥοθίοις ἔτι παρθένος. ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴν
Χαλκομέδην ἐθέλουσαν ὕδωρ κρύψειε θαλάσσης
Μορρέος ἱμείροντος ἀπειρήτην ὑμεναίων,
ὄφρα νέη Βριτόμαρτις ἐγὼ φυγόδεμνος ἀκούσω,
ἥν ποτε πόντος ἔδεκτο καὶ ἔμπαλιν ὤπασε γαίῃ,
Κυπριδίων Μίνωος ἀφειδήσασαν Ἐρώτων.

[a] This story is otherwise unknown.

how your captivity was discovered by those nets. Phaëthon was not my father—why do you plague me, Aphrodite? Bullgazer Pasiphaë was no mother of mine, Ariadne no sister. O ye rocks, utter your stony voice! Chalcomede I desire, and she denies! Away my quiver, away with you, my murderous bow and windswift arrows! Ares did not save me when Aprodite took up arms: little Love has vanquished me, whom proud Bacchos could not kill!"

317 Such were the vain cries of lovesick Morrheus through the night. Nor did the wing of sweet bewildering Sleep give rest to loveshy Chalcomede; for she longed to die, being in terror of mad Morrheus—she feared the hot man might bind her in forced wedlock while Bacchos was far away. She turned her step in the night to the Erythraian sea, and cried out to the deaf waves:

324 "Melis,[a] I call you happy! for you unacquainted with love once threw yourself of your own free will over and over into the sea, and so escaped the bed of womanmad Damnameneus. I call your chaste lot happy. For Aphrodite daughter of the brine armed the maddened bridegroom against you, and the sea guarded you even though it was the Paphian's mother: you died in the waves a virgin still; O may the water of the sea cover Chalcomede also, willing enough, while she is still unacquainted with the marriage that Morrheus desires; that I may be called a new loveshy Britomartis,[b] whom once the sea received and returned to the land, where she rejected the bodily love of Minos. Earthshaker

[b] A Cretan heroine, or rather goddess. She leapt into the sea to escape Minos, was caught in some nets, and finally got away from Crete to Aigina.

οὔ με διεπτοίησεν ἐρωμανέων ἐνοσίχθων,
οἷά περ Ἀστερίην φιλοπάρθενον, ἣν ἐνὶ πόντῳ
πλαζομένην ἐδίωκε παλίνδρομον, εἰσόκεν αὐτὴν
ἄστατον ἱππεύουσαν ἀμοιβάδι σύνδρομον αὔρῃ
κύμασιν ἀστυφέλικτον ἐνερρίζωσεν Ἀπόλλων.
δέξό με, δέξο, θάλασσα, φιλοξείνῳ σέο κόλπῳ·
δέχνυσο Χαλκομέδην μετὰ Μηλίδα· δέξο καὶ αὐτὴν
ὁπλοτέρην Βριτόμαρτιν ἀναινομένην ὑμεναίους,
ὄφρα φύγω Μορρῆα καὶ ὑμετέρην Ἀφροδίτην·
Χαλκομέδην ἐλέαιρε, βοηθόε παρθενικάων."

Ὣς φαμένη δεδόνητο νόον παρὰ γείτονι πόντῳ·
καί νύ κεν αὐτοκύλιστος ἐδύσατο κῦμα θαλάσσης,
ἀλλὰ Θέτις χραίσμησε χαριζομένη Διονύσῳ,
καὶ δέμας ἀλλάξασα παρίστατο Χαλκομεδείῃ,
Βάκχης δ᾽ εἶδος ἔχουσα παρήγορον ἴαχε φωνήν·
"Τέτλαθι, Χαλκομέδη, μὴ δείδιθι Μορρέος εὐνήν·
αἴσιον ὄρνιν ἔχεις με τεῆς ἀλύτοιο κορείης,
μαρτυρίην μεθέπουσαν ἀνυμφεύτων σέο λέκτρων.
εἰμὶ Θέτις φυγόδεμνος ὁμοίιος, εἰμὶ καὶ αὐτή,
οἷά τε Χαλκομέδη, φιλοπάρθενος· οὐρανόθεν δὲ
Ζεύς με πατὴρ ἐδίωκε καὶ ἤθελεν εἰς γάμον ἕλκειν,
εἰ μή μιν ποθέοντα γέρων ἀνέκοπτε Προμηθεὺς
θεσπίζων Κρονίωνος ἀρείονα παῖδα φυτεῦσαι,
μὴ Θέτιδός ποτε κοῦρος ἐπιβρίσειε τοκῆι
καὶ Κρονίδην ἐλάσειεν, ἅτε Κρόνον ὑψιμέδων Ζεύς.
γίνεό μοι δολόεσσα φερέσβιος· αὐτοφόνος γὰρ
αἴ κε θάνῃς ἀδίδακτος ἀνυμφεύτων ὑμεναίων,
Βασσαρίδων στίχα πᾶσαν ἀνάρσιος Ἰνδὸς ὀλέσσει·
ἀλλά μιν ἠπερόπευε, καὶ ἐκ θανάτοιο σαώσεις

---

[a] The nymph of Delos: but it is usually Zeus who wanted

enamoured did not affright me, as he did the chaste Asteriê,[a] whom he hunted to and fro in the sea, riding restless before the changing wind, until Apollo rooted her in the waves immovable. Receive me, O sea, receive me in your hospitable breast! Receive me like Melis; receive me also, a later Britomartis, refusing marriage, that I may escape Morrheus and your Aphrodite; pity Chalcomede, O saviour of maidens!"

346 So in her distracted mind she cried aloud by the neighbouring sea; and she would have thrown herself rolling headlong into the waves, but Thetis gave her help, to please Dionysos. She changed her shape, and stood before Chalcomedeia in the form of a Bacchant woman with comfortable words:

351 "Courage, Chalcomede! fear not the bed of Morrheus. You have in me a lucky omen of your untouched maidenhead, bringing witness that no marriage shall come near your bed. I am Thetis, like you an enemy of marriage. I love maidenhood, as Chalcomede herself; yet Father Zeus drove me from heaven and would have dragged me into marriage, but that old Prometheus stopt his desires, by prophesying that I should bear a son stronger than Cronion; he wished that Thetis's boy should not some time overpower his father and drive out Cronides as high Zeus drove out Cronos. Be astute, and save us! For if you contrive your own death, without learning what marriage is without a bridegroom, the wild Indian will destroy the whole company of Bassarids. No, you must delude him, and you will save from death your army, which is now

her, not Poseidon. Her island became stationary at the birth of Apollo there.

σὴν στρατιὴν φύξηλιν ἱμασσομένου Διονύσου,
ψευδομένη Παφίης κενεὸν πόθον· εἰ δέ σε Μορρεὺς
εἰς εὐνὴν ἐρύσειεν ἀναινομένην ὑμεναίους,
οὐ χατέεις ἐπὶ Κύπριν ἀρηγόνος· ὑμετέρης γὰρ
φρουρὸν ἔχεις ἀπέλεθρον ὄφιν χραισμήτορα μίτρης·
ὑμέτερον δὲ Δράκοντα λαβὼν μετὰ φύλοπιν Ἰνδῶν
στηρίξει Διόνυσος ἐν ἀστεροφεγγέι κύκλῳ,
ἄγγελον οὐ λήγοντα τεῆς ἀλύτοιο κορείης,
ἐγγὺς ἑοῦ Στεφάνοιο φεραυγέος, εὖτε τελέσσῃ
ἀστερόεν μέγα σῆμα Κυδωναίης Ἀριάδνης·
Ἀρκτῴῳ δὲ Δράκοντι δράκων τεὸς ἰσοφαρίζων
ἀστράψει μερόπεσσι, συναστράπτων Ὀφιούχῳ.
ὕστερον αἰνήσεις ἀλίην Θέτιν, εὖτε νοήσῃς
ἀστέρα σὸν πυρόεντα συναστράπτοντα Σελήνῃ.
ἔσσο δὲ θαρσήεσσα γάμου χάριν· οὐ γὰρ ἀκοίτης
ἔμπεδον ὑμετέρης ἀναλύσεται ἅμμα κορείης,
οὐ μὰ σὲ καὶ Διόνυσον ἐμῆς ψαύσαντα τραπέζης,
οὐ μὰ σὲ καὶ σέο θύρσα, καὶ εἰναλίην Ἀφροδίτην."
Εἶπε παραιφαμένη· νεφέλῃ δ' ἐκαλύψατο κούρην,
μή μιν ἐσαθρήσωσι φυλάκτορες ἢ σκοπὸς ἀνήρ,
φώριον ἴχνος ἔχων δολίῳ ποδὶ νυκτὸς ὁδίτης,
ἠὲ γυναιμανέων θρασὺς αἰπόλος, ἑσπερίην δὲ
παρθενικὴν ἐρύσειε παρ' εἰνοδίους ὑμεναίους.

in flight while Dionysos is under the lash. Just pretend an unreal desire for love. Then if Morrheus should drag you to bed while you refuse marriage, you need no helper against Cypris, for you have a huge serpent to protect and save your girdle. After the Indian War, Dionysos will take your Serpent and place him in the shining circle of the stars, an everlasting herald of your untouched maidenhood, near his own brilliant Crown, when he completes the great starry sign of Cydonian Ariadne: and your serpent shall be equal to the northern Serpent,[a] and shine upon mortals along with shining Ophiuchos. By and by you shall praise Thetis of the sea, when you espy your fiery star shining along with Selene. Have no fear about marriage. No bedfellow shall loose the firm knot of your maidenhood: I swear it by Dionysos, who has touched my board, I swear it by your thyrsus, and by Aphrodite of the sea."

383 She ended her consolation; and then hid the girl in a cloud, that the guards might not see her, or some spy walking cunningly in the night with secret foot, or some bold goatherd womanmad, and drag the maiden in the evening to a wayside wedding.

[a] The constellation Draco, usually the dragon of the Hesperides.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΡΙΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΤΕΤΑΡΤΟΝ

Κτεινομέναις ἑκάτερθε τριηκοστοῖο τετάρτου
Δηριάδης Βάκχῃσι κορύσσεται ἔνδοθι πύργων.

Κούρη δ' οὐρεσίφοιτος ἑῷ ταχυδίνεϊ ταρσῷ
ἄψοφον ἴχνος ἔχουσα διέστιχεν εἰς ῥάχιν ὕλης·
οὐδὲ Θέτις δήθυνεν ἐπ' ἠόνος, ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὴ
πατρῴην βρυόεσσαν ἐδύσατο Νηρέος αὐλήν.
Ἤδη δ' ἀννεφέλοιο δι' ἠέρος ὄμμα τιταίνων
ἄντυγας ἀστραίας ὁρόων ἐκορέσσατο Μορρεύς·
καί τινα μῦθον ἔειπε μεληδόσι θυμὸν ἱμάσσων·
" Πλάζεται ἀλλοπρόσαλλος ἐμὸς νόος· οὐ μία βουλή,
εἷς νόος οὐ μεθέπει με· πολυσπερέες δὲ μενοιναὶ
ἀμφ' ἐμὲ κυκλώσαντο, καὶ οὐ μίαν οἶδα τελέσσαι·
κτείνω Χαλκομέδειαν ἐπήρατον; ἀλλὰ τί ῥέξω,
μή με πόθῳ μετὰ πότμον ἀποκτείνειε καὶ αὐτή;
ἀλλὰ λίπω ζώουσαν ἀνούτατον, ἀμφαδίην δὲ
παρθένον εἰς ὑμέναιον ἐφέλκομαι; ἀλλ' ἐνὶ θυμῷ
Δηριάδην τρομέω καὶ Χειροβίην ἐλεαίρω.
οὐ μὲν ἐγὼ κτείνω ποτὲ παρθένον· ἢν δὲ δαμάσσω,
πῶς δύναμαι ζώειν, ὅτε παρθένον οὐκέτι λεύσσω;
κάμνω, Χαλκομέδης ὅτε λείπομαι εἰς μίαν ὥρην."
Τοῖα μάτην ἐνέπων πολυμήχανος ᾔιε Μορρεύς,

BOOK XXXIV

In the thirty-fourth, Deriades attacks and massacres the Bacchant women within the walls.

The girl passed over the hills in her quickmoving step, until she silently passed into the woody uplands ; nor did Thetis herself linger upon the shore, but she too returned to the weedy hall of her father Nereus.

5 Morrheus already had enough of staring through the cloudless heaven and watching the circling stars ; and he spoke, lashing his spirit with cares :

8 " My mind moves unsteadily every way. No one counsel guides me, no one resolve ; wishes throng round me in crowds, and I cannot fulfil one of them. Shall I kill Chalcomedeia, my beloved ? Then what can I do, that she too may not kill me with longing, after her fate ? Or shall I leave her alive and unwounded, and drag the girl openly into marriage ? But in my heart I fear Deriades and pity Cheirobië.[a] I will never kill the girl ; if I strike her down, how can I live when I see the girl no more ? I am in pain when I am without Chalcomede for one hour."

19 So Morrheus went raving and pondering vainly

[a] His wife.

παφλάζων ὀδύνῃσι ποθοβλήτοιο μερίμνης.
Τὸν δὲ παλινδίνητον ἀλώμενον ὑψόθεν ὄχθης
μουνάδος ἀμνήστοιο λελοιπότα δέμνια νύμφης,
ἔδρακεν ἐγρήσσων θρασὺς Ὕσσακος· ὡς δολόεις δὲ
κρυπτὸν ἀτεκμάρτων ἐφράσσατο κέντρον Ἐρώτων,
πιστότατος θεράπων· δολίῳ δέ μιν εἴρετο μύθῳ,
τοῖον ἔπος προχέων ἀπατήλιον ἀνθερεῶνος·
"Τίπτε λιπὼν σέο λέκτρα
καὶ ὑπναλέην σέο νύμφην
πλάζεαι ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα κατὰ κνέφας,
ἄτρομε Μορρεῦ;
μὴ τάχα Δηριάδης σε διεπτοίησεν ἀπειλῇ;
μή σοι Χειροβίη κοτέει ζηλήμονι θυμῷ,
ἐλπομένη φιλέειν σε δορικτήτην τινὰ Βάκχην;
καὶ γὰρ ὅτ' εἰσορόωσιν ἐρωμανέοντας ἀκοίτας,
κρυπταδίην διὰ Κύπριν ἀεὶ φθονέουσι γυναῖκες.
μὴ τάχα πανδαμάτωρ
θρασὺς Ἵμερος εἰς σὲ κορύσσει
νυμφιδίους σπινθῆρας ἀκοιμήτοιο φαρέτρης;
μή τινα Βασσαρίδων ποθέεις μίαν; ὡς μὲν ἀκούω,
τρεῖς Χάριτες γεγάασι, χορίτιδες Ὀρχομενοῖο,
ἀμφίπολοι Φοίβοιο, χοροπλεκέος δὲ Λυαίου
εἰσὶ τριηκοσίων Χαρίτων στίχες, ὧν μία μούνη
πασάων προφέρουσα φαείνεται, οἷα καὶ αὐτὴ
φαιδροτέραις ἀκτῖσι κατακρύπτει σέλας ἄστρων
μαρμαρυγὴν εὔκυκλον ἀκοντίζουσα Σελήνη.
καὶ διδύμοις βελέεσσι κορύσσεται εἰν ἑνὶ θεσμῷ,
κάλλεϊ τοξεύουσα καὶ αἰχμάζουσα σιδήρῳ·
ἔστι δὲ Πασιθέη κορυθαιόλος, ἥν τινα Βάκχαι
Χαλκομέδην καλέουσιν· ἐγὼ δέ μιν αὐτὸς ἐνίψω
Ἄρτεμιν ἀργυρόπεζαν ἠὲ χρύσασπιν Ἀθήνην."

[1] So MSS.

many plans, boiling with the pangs of his desire-struck imagination.

21 As he walked alone on the bank, wandering up and down and forgetful of his bride left alone in her bed, bold Hyssacos his trusty guardian, wide awake, saw him. He was shrewd enough to recognize the secret sting of some undivined love, so he began to ask crafty questions and spoke in beguiling words, as follows:

27 "Why have you left your bed and your sleeping bride to wander about in the dark, fearless Morrheus? Has Deriades affrighted you with a threat? Is Cheirobië angry with you in a jealous temper, and thinks you in love with some captive Bacchant? For when women see their partners wild with love, they are always jealous of some secret intrigue. Perhaps that allvanquishing braggart Desire has been aiming at you bridal sparks from his unresting quiver! Do you want one of the Bassarids, perhaps? As I hear, there are three Graces, the dancers of Orchomenos, handmaids of Phoibos—but Lyaios the danceweaver has whole rows of Graces three hundred strong, one of whom shines pre-eminent above all, as Selene herself quenches the light of the stars with her brighter beams when she scatters her shimmering around. And she arms herself with two shots on one count —the arrow of her beauty and the steel of her spear. She is a helmeted Pasithea,[a] whom the Bacchants name Chalcomede: but I will call her Silverfoot Artemis or Goldenshield Athena."

[a] *i.e.* lovely as a Charis in armour.

Ὣς φάμενος σίγησε· καὶ ὀφρύος ἄκρα καθέλκων
αἰδομένοις στομάτεσσι δυσίμερος ἔννεπε Μορρεύς·
“Ἀτρεκέως Διόνυσος ἐδύσατο κῦμα θαλάσσης
δειμαίνων Λυκόοργον, ὑποβρυχίοιο δὲ κόλπου
Νηρεΐδας θώρηξε, καὶ ἐξ ἁλὸς ἦλθε κομίζων
εἰναλίην ἐς Ἄρηα κασιγνήτην Ἀφροδίτην·
ἀντὶ δὲ νυμφιδίοιο καὶ εὐόδμοιο χιτῶνος
δῶκεν ἔχειν θώρηκα σιδήρεον, ἀντὶ δὲ κεστοῦ
χάλκεον ἔγχος ὄπασσε· καὶ οὔνομα τὸ πρὶν ἀμείψας
Χαλκομέδην ὀνόμηνε κορυσσομένην Ἀφροδίτην·
ἔστι δὲ Βασσαρίδεσσι συνέμπορος· ἀμφοτέροις δὲ
μάρναμαι ἀγνώσσων, καὶ Κύπριδι καὶ Διονύσῳ.
καὶ τί μάτην δόρυ θοῦρον ἀείρομαι; εἶξον, ἀκωκή·
εἰ Παφίη νίκησεν ἀκοντιστῆρα κεραυνοῦ,
εἰ πολέμων σκηπτοῦχον ἑῷ σπινθῆρι δαμάζει,
εἰ φλογερὸν Φαέθοντα κατέφλεγε μείζονι πυρσῷ
καὶ κλονέει πυρόεντα, τί κεν ῥέξαιμι σιδήρῳ;
εἴπατέ μοί τινα μῆτιν ἀρηγόνα Κυπρογενείης·
οὐτήσω τὸν Ἔρωτα; πόθεν πτερόεντα κιχήσω;
ἔγχος ἀερτάζω; πυρὶ μάρναται. ἆορ ἐρύσσω;
τόξον ἔχει, τὸ δὲ τόξον ἐμῆς φρενὸς ἁπτόμενον πῦρ.
πολλάκις οὐτήθην κατὰ φύλοπιν· ἀλλὰ καμόντα
ἰητήρ με σάωσεν ἑῇ ζωαρκέι τέχνῃ,
ὠτειλῇ μελέων ὀδυνήφατον ἄνθος ἑλίξας.
Ὕσσακε, μὴ κρύψῃς, τίνα φάρμακα ποικίλα πάσσων
ἔνδον ἐμῆς κραδίης ἰήσομαι ἕλκος Ἐρώτων.
εἰμὶ μὲν ἀντιβίοισιν ἀεὶ θρασύς· ἀλλ᾽ ὅτε λεύσσω
Χαλκομέδην παρεοῦσαν, ἐμὴ θηλύνεται αἰχμή.
οὐ τρομέω Διόνυσον· ὑποπτήσσω δὲ γυναῖκα,
ὅττι σέλας πέμπουσα ποθοβλήτοιο προσώπου

* Chalco- means bronze.

48 When he had said this, he fell silent; and lovesick Morrheus drawing his brows together answered with shamefast lips:

50 "Certainly Dionysos dived into the waves of the sea for fear of Lycurgos, and armed the Nereïds in the bosom of the deep, and out of the brine he brought against Ares his own sister, Aphrodite of the brine: instead of the fragrant dress for a bridegift he gave her a steel corselet to wear, instead of the cestus he gave her a spear of bronze: he changed her name, and Aphrodite armed became Chalcomede.[a] She is in the company of the Bassarids, and I have two to fight, without knowing it—both Cypris and Dionysos. Why do I vainly lift my valiant spear? Yield, my point! If the Paphian has conquered the master of the thunderbolt, if she vanquishes the king of battles with her spark, if she has burnt up flaming Phaëthon with a fire greater than his own and harasses the fiery one, what could I do with steel? Tell me some device to help against Cyprogeneia. Shall I wound Eros? but how shall I catch that winged one? Shall I lift a spear? Fire is his weapon. Shall I draw the sword? He has an arrow, and his arrow is fire kindling my heart.

69 "Often I have been wounded in the field; but wounded, some physician has made me whole by his lifesaving art, by laying an allheal flower on the wound of my body. Hyssacos, hide it not, tell me what varied store of balsams can I apply in my heart to cure the wound of love! To my adversaries I am always bold; but when I see Chalcomede before me, my sharp point grows womanish. I fear not Dionysos, but I shrink before a woman, for she shoots bright shafts from her lovesmit countenance and pierces me

μορφῇ ὀιστεύει με, καὶ οὐκέτι τόξα τιταίνω.
ὣς ἄρα Νηρεΐδων μίαν ἔδρακον· εἰ θέμις εἰπεῖν,
ἢ Θέτις ἢ Γαλάτεια συναιχμάζει Διονύσῳ."
Εἶπε, καὶ ἀκροτάτοισι μόγις βραδὺς ἴχνεσι βαίνων,
μὴ νυχίην εὕδουσαν ἑὴν παράκοιτιν ἐγείρῃ,
εἰς θάλαμον πάλιν ἦλθε· μελαγκόλποιο δὲ νύμφης
τηλόχεν ἔτραπεν ὄμμα, καὶ ἤθελεν, ὄφρα φανεῖσα
Χαλκομέδη λάμψειε καὶ ἠριγένεια φανείη.
ἀσχαλόων δ' ὑπ' Ἔρωτι κατηφέι κάππεσεν εὐνῇ·
καὶ θεράπων ἄγρυπνος ἔχων πόθον ἡδέος ὕπνου
Ὕσσακος αὖτις ἔδαρθεν ἑῆς ἐφύπερθε βοείης.
Μορρέα δ' ὑπνώοντα παρήπαφεν ὄψις ὀνείρου,
κλεψινόων ἐλέφαντος ἀναΐξασα πυλάων,
καί τινα μῦθον ἔειπεν ἐπήρατον ἠπεροπῆα·
"Δέχνυσο Χαλκομέδην πειθήμονα, νυμφίε Μορρεῦ·
δέξο καὶ ἐν λεχέεσσι μετὰ πτολέμους σέο νύμφην·
ἠματίην ὁρόων με τεὴν ηὔφρηνας ὀπωπήν,
καὶ νυχίῃ παρίαυε φιλήνορι Χαλκομεδείῃ.
ἔστι καὶ ὑπναλέοιο γάμου χάρις, ἔστι καὶ αὐτῶν
ἱμερόεις γλυκὺς οἶστρος ὀνειρείων ὑμεναίων.
ἤθελον ἀγκὰς ἔχειν σε, καὶ ἐγγύθι φαίνεται Ἠώς."
Ὣς φαμένη πεπότητο·
καὶ ἐξ ὕπνου θόρε Μορρεύς,
ἀρχομένης δ' ἐνόησεν ἀμερσιγάμου φάος Ἠοῦς·
Χαλκομέδην δ' ἐδόκησεν ἔχειν πόθον· αἶψα δὲ σιγῇ
ἔννεπε Κυπριδίην ἀπατήλιον ἐλπίδα βόσκων·
"Τριπλόον, ἠριγένεια, φέρεις φάος, ὅττι κομίζεις
Χαλκομέδην, καὶ φέγγος ἄγεις καὶ νύκτα διώκεις.
Μορρέος ἀγρύπνοιο παρήγορε, καὶ σὺ φανείης,
Χαλκομέδη, ῥοδόεσσα ῥοδοστεφέος πλέον Ἠοῦς·

[a] The mermaid whom Polyphemos the Cyclops loved.
[b] A false dream: *cf.* Hom. *Od.* xix. 563, Virg. *Aen.* vi. 895-896.

with her beauty. I cannot aim my bow then. So I have seen one of the Nereïds. If I dare say it, either Thetis or Galateia [a] is fighting beside Dionysos!"

81 He spoke; and moving on the tips of his toes, slowly and carefully, so as not to awaken his sleeping wife in the night, he entered his chamber again. Far from the black bosom of his bride he turned his eyes away, and wished that Chalcomede might stand shining before him and dawn appear. Chafing with love he fell on his sad couch; and his watchful guardian Hyssacos, longing for quiet rest, fell asleep once more on his oxhide shield.

89 While Morrheus slumbered, the vision of a dream came flying from the deluding gates of ivory [b] to cajole him, and uttered a comforting but deceitful speech:

92 "Bridegroom Morrheus, welcome Chalcomede a willing bride! Welcome your bride in your own bed after your battles! In the day when you saw me you delighted your eyes—in the night, sleep by the side of your loving Chalcomedeia! Even in sleep marriage has its charm, even in dreams it has a passion of sweet desire. I would fain hold you in my arms, and dawn is near."

99 With these words, the vision flew away; Morrheus leapt out of his sleep and saw the beginning of Dawn, the thief of love. He thought Chalcomede desired him, and at once said silently to himself, feeding his delusive hope of love:

103 "Threefold light you bring, O daughter of the mist! You bring Chalcomede, and you bring the daylight, and you drive night away! O Chalcomede, do you appear to me also, and comfort wakeful Morrheus, you, rosier yourself than rose-crowned

οὔ ποτε τοῖον ἄγουσι ῥόδον λειμωνίδες Ὧραι.
παρθενικὴ χαρίεσσα, τεαὶ μεθέπουσι παρειαὶ
εἰαρινὸν λειμῶνα, τὸν οὐ χρόνος οἶδε μαραίνειν·
ἄνθεα σοὶ θαλέουσιν, ὅτε φθινοπωρίδες Ὧραι·
σὰ κρίνα καὶ κατὰ χεῖμα φαείνεται· ἀμφιέπει δὲ
σὸν δέμας οὐ λήγουσαν ἐρευθομένην ἀνεμώνην,
ἣν Χάριτες κομέουσι καὶ οὐκ ὀλέκουσιν ἀῆται.
οὔνομα σὸν κόσμησας ἀριστεύουσα σιδήρῳ·
ἄρμενον ἠνορέῃ τεὸν οὔνομα· Χαλκομέδην δὲ
οὔ σε μάτην καλέουσι· σὲ γὰρ τέκε χάλκεος Ἄρης
Κύπριδος ἐν λεχέεσσιν Ἐρωτοτόκοιο χορεύων.
Χαλκομέδην μὲν ἅπαντες, ἐγὼ δέ σε μοῦνος ἐνίψω
Χρυσομέδην, ὅτι κάλλος ἔχεις χρυσῆς Ἀφροδίτης·
πείθομαι, ὡς Σπάρτηθεν ἔχεις γένος· ὡς δοκέω γάρ,
Χαλκομέδην ἐλόχευσε σιδηροχίτων Ἀφροδίτη."
Τοῖον ἔπος κατέλεξε φιλαγρύπνων ἐπὶ λέκτρων.
ἀλλ' ὅτε φοινίσσοντι σέλας πέμπουσα προσώπῳ
ὑσμίνης προκέλευθος ἐκηβόλος ἄνθορεν Ἠώς,
Ἰνδῴην ἐκόρυσσε γοινὴν λαοσσόος Ἄρης·
καὶ τότε θωρηχθέντες ἐυτροχάλων ἀπὸ λέκτρων
ἅρματι Δηριάδαο συνήλυδες ἔρρεον Ἰνδοί.
Βάκχοι δ' οὐ παρεόντος ἀνικήτου Διονύσου
εἰς πεδίον προχέοντο κατηφέες· ἐν κραδίῃ δὲ
οὐκέτι θαρσήεντες ἐπεστρατόωντο κυδοιμῷ,
ἀλλὰ φόβῳ δονέοντο· καὶ οὐ ῥηξήνορι λύσσῃ
εἰσέτι χαλκοχίτωνες ἐβακχεύοντο γυναῖκες·
οὐδὲ βαρυφθόγγοιο μεμυκότος ἀνθερεῶνος
ἀφρὸν ἀνηκόντιζον, ἐν ἀφλοίσβῳ δὲ σιωπῇ
μίμνεν ἀδεψήτοιο περίκροτα νῶτα βοείης·
οὐ δαΐδες σελάγιζον Ἐνυαλίης φλόγα πεύκης,

• The Armed Aphrodite of Sparta.

Dawn: no such roses are brought by the Seasons to our meadows. Charming maiden, your cheeks present a meadow of the Springtime which time knows not how to wither. Your flowers are in bloom when the fruitwasting Autumn Seasons are here: your lilies can be seen even in winter; your body is all one blushing anemone never-fading, which the Graces tend and the winds never destroy. Your name you have adorned by the triumphs of your spear; your name fits your valour—not in vain are you called Chalcomede, for brazen Ares begat you, tumbling on the bed of love-begetting Cypris. All the world calls you Chalcomede, but I alone call you Chrysomede, because you have the beauty of golden Aphrodite; I believe you come from Sparta, for as I think, Aphrodite Steelcorselet [a] was the mother of Chalcomede."

122 So he spoke on his wakeful bed. But when farshooting Dawn with crimson face leapt up sending forth her light as the forerunner of battle, Ares musterhost armed the Indian nation; then the Indians fully equipped ran from their wellwheeled [b] beds to gather round the chariot of Deriades.

128 But the Bacchoi, with invincible Dionysos still amissing, poured forth downcast on the plain. No longer in confident heart they marched to the fight, but they were stricken with fear. No longer with manbreaking madness the women in bronze corselets rushed frantic to the field, no more they scattered foam from their bellowing throats with deep growlings; but in silence undisturbed the untanned calfskins lay unbeaten. Their torches sent forth no shining flame of martial brands nor belched the death-

[b] Apparently they were in caravans, like Scythian nomads.

καπνὸν ἐρευγομένης θανατηφόρον· ἀλλ' ὑπὸ κέντρῳ
δαιμονίης μάστιγος ἐθηλύνοντο μαχηταί.
οὐ Σάτυροι κελάδησαν, ἐθήμονος οὐ θρόος αὐλοῦ
ἔβρεμεν ἐγρεκύδοιμος· ἀβακχεύτῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ
Σειληνοὶ πολέμιζον ἐχέφρονες, οὐδὲ προσώπῳ
μίλτον ἐπιχρίσαντες ὁμόχροον αἴθοπι λύθρῳ
ξανθὸν ἐφοινίξαντο τύπον ψευδήμονι μορφῇ
εἰς φόβον, οὐδὲ μέτωπα πεφυρμένα λευκάδι γύψῳ,
ὡς πάρος, ἐρραίνοντο· καὶ οὐ στομάτεσσι πιόντες
θερμὸν ἐρημονόμοιο νεόσσυτον αἷμα λεαίνης
Πᾶνες ἀελλήεντες ἐβακχεύοντο κυδοιμῷ,
ἀλλὰ φόβῳ γεγάασιν ἐνηέες· ὀκναλέοι δὲ
φειδομέναις ἤρασσον ἀδουπήτοις χθόνα χηλαῖς,
φρικτὸν ἀναστείλαντες ὀρίδρομον ἅλμα χορείης.
Δηριάδης δ' ὑπέροπλος ἐπέχραεν ἄρσενι χάρμῃ,
σείων ὡς τρυφάλειαν ἑῆς γλωχῖνα κεραίης·
θηλυτέρῃ δὲ φάλαγγι θορὼν βακχεύετο Μορρεύς·
οὐ γὰρ Χαλκομέδεια συνέμπορος ἵστατο Βάκχαις,
ὄφρά μιν αἰδέσσαιτο, κατεσσυμένην δὲ γυναικῶν
αἵματι πορφύρουσαν ἀναστείλειεν ἀκωκήν,
ἀλλὰ τότε προμάχοισιν ὁμήλυδος ἤπτετο χάρμης
παρθένος ἱμερόεσσα νέη κλυτότοξος Ἀμαζών,
φάρεα λεπτὰ φέρουσα καὶ ἀστράπτοντα χιτῶνα
ἐν πεδίῳ· τὸ γὰρ εἶπε σοφὴ Θέτις, ὄφρα σαώσῃ
λαὸν ὅλον μογέοντα τινασσομένου Διονύσου.
Ἔνθα διατμήξας Χαρίτων ἴνδαλμα προσώπου
Βασσαρίδας ζώγρησεν ἀνάλκιδας ἕνδεκα Μορρεύς,
ἃς μετὰ Χαλκομέδην ἐκρίνατο· Μαιναλίδων δὲ
χεῖρας ὀπισθοτόνους ἀλύτῳ σφηκώσατο δεσμῷ,
καὶ στίχα λυσιέθειραν ὑπὸ ζυγὰ δούλια σύρων
ληίδας ἀμφιπόλους ἑκυρῷ πόρε Δηριαδῆι,

bringing smoke: but under the goad of the divine lash the warriors turned to women. The Satyrs made no noise, no sound echoed as of yore from the pipes to awaken the conflict. The Seilenoi went to battle in sober silence with their wits about them; they had not painted their faces with crimson like fresh blood, nor purpled their yellow skin to deceive and affright, nor daubed their foreheads with white chalk as usual. The Pans had drunk no hot blood fresh from the veins of a lioness of the wilds, and rushed not swift as the wind frenzied into the conflict, but they were mild with fear: hesitating they pawed the ground with gentle noiseless hooves, and ceased the terrible leaps of their highland dance.

151 But Deriades proudly grappled with the men's battle, shaking his pointed horn like a helmet plume; Morrheus leapt raging against the company of women. For Chalcomedeia did not stand beside the Bacchant women to make him pitiful, and check the blade which darted against the women purpled with blood; but now the lovely young girl, a new bowfamed Amazon, took hand in the fight beside the front ranks in the plain, clad in light robes and a shining tunic. For that is what wise Thetis told her to do, that she might save the whole host, so distressed while Dionysos was being plagued.

162 Then Morrheus parting from that face, the image of the Graces, saved alive eleven of the weak Bassarids, whom he judged to be next after Chalcomede. He bound the Mainalids' arms behind them in a knot too tight to be undone; then dragging them with hair flowing loose to the yoke of slavery, he gave them to his goodfather Deriades as servants won by

ἕδνον ἑῆς ἀλόχοιο τὸ δεύτερον, ἧς χάριν εὐνῆς
νυμφοκόμον μόθον εἶχεν ἀερσιλόφῳ παρὰ Ταύρῳ,
ὁππότε Δηριάδαο νέην βασιληΐδα κούρην,
ἥλικα Χειροβίην, ζυγίῳ σφηκώσατο δεσμῷ·
οὐ γὰρ δῶρον ἔδεκτο γαμήλιον ὄρχαμος Ἰνδῶν
παιδὸς ἑῆς, οὐ χρυσὸν ἐπήρατον, οὐ λίθον ἅλμης
μαρμαρέην, ἀγέλας δὲ βοῶν καὶ πώεα μήλων
Δηριάδης ἀπέειπε, καὶ ἐγρεμόθοισι μαχηταῖς
θυγατέρων ἔζευξεν ἀδωροδόκους ὑμεναίους,
γαμβρὸν ἔχων Μορρῆα καὶ ἐννεάπηχυν Ὀρόντην·
καὶ διδύμοις προμάχοισιν ἑὴν νύμφευσε γενέθλην,
Μορρέϊ Χειροβίην καὶ Πρωτονόειαν Ὀρόντῃ·
οὐ γὰρ ἐπιχθονίοισιν ὁμοίιος ἔπλετο Μορρεύς,
ἀλλὰ Γιγαντείων μελέων ὑψαύχενι μορφῇ
Ἰνδῶν Γηγενέων μιμήσατο πάτριον ἀλκήν,
ἠλιβάτου Τυφῶνος ἔχων αὐτόχθονα φύτλην,
εὖτε πυριτρεφέων Ἀρίμων παρὰ γείτονι πέτρῃ
σύγγονον ἠνορέην ἐπεδείκνυε μάρτυρι Κύδνῳ,
ἕδνα φέρων θαλάμων, Κιλίκων ἱδρῶτας ἀέθλων,
νυμφίος ἀκτήμων, ἀρετῇ δ' ἐκτήσατο νύμφην.
ὥς ποτε Μορρείοιο γάμου μνηστῆρι σιδήρῳ
Ἀσσυρίῃ γόνυ κάμψε, καὶ εἰς ζυγὰ Δηριαδῆος
αὐχένα πετρήεντα Κίλιξ δοχμώσατο Ταῦρος,
καὶ θρασὺς ὤκλασε Κύδνος, ὅθεν Κιλίκων ἐνὶ γαίῃ
Σάνδης Ἡρακλέης κικλήσκεται εἰσέτι Μορρεύς.
καὶ τὰ μὲν ἐν προτέροισιν· ἐν ὀψιγόνῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ
θυιάδας ἐζώγρησεν ἀφειδέϊ δούρατι Μορρεύς·
κυδιόων δ' ἀχάλινον ἀπερροίβδησεν ἰωήν·

"Σοὶ μὲν ἐγώ, σκηπτοῦχε, τεῆς κειμήλια κούρης

---

[a] *i.e.* not Typhon but Morrheus, as described.

[b] Nonnos is right for once: Sandes, whom the Greeks

the spear, to be a second brideprice for his wife; for whose sake he had fought beside peaksoaring Tauros, to win her for his bride, when he joined to himself in the bonds of wedlock the young princess, Deriades' daughter, his yearsmate Cheirobië. For the Indian chieftain had received no marriage gift for his daughter, no precious gold, no bright stone of the sea; herds of oxen and flocks of sheep Deriades refused, and joined his daughters in marriage without price, to stirring warriors, taking for goodsons Morrheus and ninecubit Orontes—gave his own children as brides to two champions, Cheirobië to Morrheus and Protonoeia to Orontes. For Morrheus was not like men of this earth, but he resembled the national strength of the earthborn Indians in highnecked body and gigantic limbs; he had the earthborn breed which towering Typhon had, when near the neighbouring rock of firebreeding Arima he [a] displayed his inborn courage for Cydnos to behold. The brideprice which he brought was the sweat of Cilician labours; a bridegroom without possessions, he possessed his bride by valour. So in those days Assyria bent the knee to the steel that wooed a bride for Morrheus, Cilician Tauros bowed his rocky neck to the yoke of Deriades, bold Cydnos curtseyed, and for that reason in the Cilician land Morrheus is still called Heracles Sandes.[b] But that is an old story; in this later conflict Morrheus captured the Thyiads with pitiless spear, and triumphant shouted an unbridled speech:

196 "These are for you, my lord king, treasures for

identified with Heracles, seems really to have been a Cilician god; see Roscher's *Lexikon* iv. 322. 39. His connexion with Morrheus is fanciful.

Βάκχας πρῶτον ἄγω,
μετέπειτα δὲ Βάκχον ὀπάσσω."
Ὣς φαμένου Μορρῆος ἀμείβετο κοίρανος Ἰνδῶν·
"Χειροβίην ἀνάεδνον ἔχων, κορυθαιόλε Μορρεῦ,
ἄξιά μοι πόρες ἕδνα φερεσσακέων ὑμεναίων,
ἄστεα δουλώσας Κιλίκων ὑψήνορι νίκῃ.
ἄρτι πάλιν νέα δῶρα χαρίζεαι· ἢν δ' ἐθελήσῃς,
ἄλλας Βασσαρίδας ληίσσεο, Χειροβίης δὲ
ἀμφιπόλων ἔμπλησον ὅλον δόμον· ἀμφὶ δὲ Βάκχου
οὐ χατέω Μορρῆος, ἀλυκτοπέδαις δὲ πεδήσας
δούλιον εἰς ζυγόδεσμον ἐγὼ Διόνυσον ἐρύσσω.
μοῦνον ἐμοὶ πεφύλαξο δορικτήτης πόθον εὐνῆς,
μή σε γυναιμανέεσσιν ἴδω πανομοίιον Ἰνδοῖς·
ὄμματα μὴ σκοπίαζε καὶ ἄργυφον αὐχένα Βάκχης,
μὴ ποθέων τελέσειας ἐμὴν ζηλήμονα κούρην.
αὐτὰρ ἐπὴν Βρομίου στρατιὴν ξύμπασαν ὀλέσσω,
Μαιονίην ἐπὶ γαῖαν ἐλεύσομαι, ἔνθεν ἀφύξω
Λυδῶν ἄσπετον ὄλβον, ὅσον Πακτωλὸς ἀέξει·
ἵξομαι εἰς Φρυγίην εὐάμπελον, ὁππόθι Ῥείη
παιδοκόμος Βρομίοιο, καὶ ἀγχικέλευθον ὀλέσσω
ἀργυρέης Ἀλύβης πέδον ὄλβιον, ὄφρα κομίσσω
φαιδρὰ ῥυηφενέων χιονώδεα νῶτα μετάλλων·
πέρσω δ', ἣν καλέουσι, καὶ ἑπταπύλου χθόνα Θήβης,
καὶ φλέξω Σεμέλης φλογερὸν δόμον, ὁππόθι παστοὶ
λείψανα θερμὰ φέρουσι μαραινομένων ὑμεναίων."
Εἶπεν ἄναξ ἀθέμιστος, Ἐνυαλίοιο δὲ γαμβροῦ
ἀμφιπόλων στίχα πᾶσαν ἐδέξατο δῶρα κυδοιμοῦ
Δηριάδης, Φλογίῳ δὲ καὶ Ἀγραίῳ πόρε Βάκχας

your daughter which I bring first; later I will give you Bacchos!"

198 To these words of Morrheus the Indian prince replied:

199 "Cheirobië you had without price, Morrheus of the flashing helmet. You paid me price enough for your shieldbearing marriage by enslaving the Cilician cities in the lofty valour of victory. Now again you bestow new gifts. If it be your pleasure, make prisoners of the Bassarids as well, and fill the whole palace of Cheirobië with handmaids; but for Bacchos I need not Morrheus; I myself will drag Dionysos to a yoke of slavery laden with galling fetters. Only I bid you take care not to lust after a captive for your bed, that I may not see you just like the womanmad Indians. Do not look upon the eyes and silvery neck of a Bacchant woman, that you may not make my girl jealous by your lusts. But when I have destroyed the whole army of Bromios, I will invade the Maionian land, and thence I will drain the infinite wealth of Lydia, all that Pactolos produces; I will march to vineclad Phrygia, where Rheia dwells who cared for Bromios in boyhood, and I will destroy the wealthy ground of silvery Alybe hard by, that I may bring home shining white sheets from mines that roll in riches. And I will devastate the land of sevengate Thebes, as they call it, and I will burn Semele's fiery house, where the lady's chamber still is in hot ruins from that parched bridal."

221 So spoke the lawless king Deriades, as he received the whole line of handmaidens, gifts of his warlike goodson from the battle. He handed over the Bacchants to Phlogios and Agraios, dragged along

ἑλκομένας πλοκαμῖδος· ὁμοπλέκτῳ δ' ἐνὶ δεσμῷ
ἀρραγέες παλάμῃσιν ἐμιτρώθησαν ἱμάντες.
Γὰς μὲν ἄγων Φλόγιος βασιληΐδος ἄγγελα νίκης
σφιγγομένας πόμπευε δι' ἄστεος. ὑψιτενεῖς δὲ
αἱ μὲν ἐυγλυφάνοιο παρὰ προπύλαια μελάθρου
ἀγχονίῳ θλίβοντο περίπλοκον αὐχένα δεσμῷ·
ἄλλαις θερμὸν ὄπασσε μόρον πυρόεντος ὀλέθρου·
αἱ δὲ πεδοσκαφέεσσιν ἐτυμβεύοντο ῥεέθροις
φρείατος ἐν γυάλοισιν, ὅπῃ βυθίων ἀπὸ κόλπων
χερσὶν ἀμοιβαίαις βεβιημένον ἕλκεται ὕδωρ·
καί τις ἔσω διεροῖο βαθυνομένου κενεῶνος
ἡμιφανὴς ἀτίνακτος ἀμοιβαίῃ φάτο φωνῇ·
"Ἔκλυον, ὡς Ἰνδοῖσι θεὸς πέλε γαῖα καὶ ὕδωρ·
οὐδὲ μάτην ποτὲ τοῦτο φατίζεται· ἀμφότεροι γὰρ
εἰς ἐμὲ θωρήχθησαν ὁμόφρονες, εἰμὶ δὲ μέσση
καὶ χθονίου θανάτοιο καὶ ὑδατόεντος ὀλέθρου,
καὶ μόρον ἐγγὺς ἔχω διδυμόζυγον· ἰλυόεις γὰρ
ξεῖνος δεσμὸς ἔχει με, καὶ οὐκέτι ταρσὸν ἀείρω,
ὑγρὰ δὲ ῥιζώσασα πεπηγότα γούνατα πηλῷ
ἵσταμαι ἀστυφέλικτος ἐγὼ Μοίρῃσιν ἑτοίμη·
καὶ ποταμός με δίωκε, καὶ οὐ χυτὸν ἔτρεμον ὕδωρ·
αἴθε καὶ οὗτος ἔην κελάδων ῥόος, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτοῦ
χεῖρας ἐρετμώσασα διατμήξω μέλαν ὕδωρ."
Ἔννεπεν· οἰγομένῳ δὲ κατάρρυτα χεύματα λαιμῷ
δεχνυμένη κατὰ βαιὸν ἀτυμβεύτῳ θάνε πότμῳ.
Αὐτὰρ ὁ Χαλκομέδης πεπεδημένος ἠδέι κέντρῳ
Μαιναλίδων ἀσίδηρον ὅλον στρατὸν ἤλασε Μορρεὺς
εἰς πόλιν ὀφρυόεσσαν, ὀπίστερος ἔγχεϊ νύσσων.
ὡς δ' ὅτε μηλονόμος πολυχανδέος εἰς μυχὰ μάνδρης
συμμιγέων ὀίων σποράδας στίχας εἰς ἓν ἐλαύνων
εἰροπόκων ἴθυνε καλαύροπι πώεα μήλων
πασσυδίῃ, πολέες δὲ συνεστιχόωντο βοτῆρες

by the hair, their hands all girdled with unbreakable straps in one long line.

226 These Phlogios led bound, and conducted them through the city as tidings of the royal victory. Some were hung up beside the carved gateway of the palace, with nooses choking their encircled necks. To others he allotted a hot fate of death by fire. Others were entombed in water, in the earthdug hollows of a well, where water is drawn from deep-sunk pools by the hard work of hand over hand. Then they would cry, half-seen, immovable, from the watery depths of the pit, one after another—

236 "I have heard that the Indians' god was Earth and Water, and there is reason for that saying: for both are arrayed against me together! I am between death by earth and destruction by water, and I have a double fate near me. A strange chain of mud holds me fast, and I can no longer lift a foot; my soaking knees are firmly rooted in mire, and I stand immovable ready for the Fates. There was a time when a river pursued me, and I feared not the running water; O that this also were a murmuring stream, that I might here also paddle my hands and cut its dark water too!"

247 So she spoke, and receiving the pouring flood into her open throat, perished slowly by a fate which gave her no burial.

249 But Morrheus, enchained by the sweet passion for Chalcomede, drove the whole unweaponed band of Mainalids into the frowning city, prodding them with his spear from behind. As a shepherd drives scattered clumps of mingled sheep into the shelter of a roomy pen together, and guides his fleecy flocks of sheep with his staff all in a flurry, while many drovers

μῆλα περισφίγγοντες ὁμόζυγι πήχεος ὁλκῷ
προτροπάδην στοιχηδὸν ἀρηρότα, μή ποτε ποίμνης
κλειομένης πλάζοιτο παράτροπος ἑσμὸς ἀλήτης·
ὣς ὅ γε θῆλυν ὅμιλον ἔσω πυλεῶνος ἐέργων
εἰς πόλιν αἰπύδμητον ἀελλόπος ἤλασε Μορρεὺς
Βακχείην στίχα πᾶσαν ἀποσπάδα δηιοτῆτος.
καὶ μογέων δόλον εἶχεν ἐτώσιον, ὄφρα κυδοιμοῦ
ληίδα καλλιγύναικα λιπὼν μετανάστιον ἄγρην
Χαλκομέδην ἐρύσειεν ὑπὸ ζυγὰ δουλοσυνάων,
ἄλλαις θηλυτέρῃσιν ὁμόστολον, ὄφρά οἱ αἰεὶ
ἠματίη θεράπαινα καὶ ἔννυχος εὐνέτις εἴη,
καὶ διδύμων τελέσειεν ἀμοιβαδὶς ἔργα θεάων,
λάθρια Κύπριδος ἔργα
καὶ ἀμφαδὸν ἱστὸν Ἀθήνης . . .
Μορρεὺς δ' οὐκ ἀμέλησε δορυσσόος·
ἀγχιμάχῳ γὰρ
Δηριάδῃ φύξηλιν ἐπέτρεπε θῆλυν Ἐνυώ,
Βακχιάδος δὲ φάλαγγος ἐπέχραεν ἄρσενι χάρμῃ,
ὄφρα περικλείσειε καὶ ἀνέρας· ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
εἰς φόβον ἠπείγοντο. θυελλήεσσα δὲ κούρη
ἵστατο κοσμηθεῖσα πρὸ ἄστεος ἐγγύθι πύργου,
παρθένος ἀκρήδεμνος· ἐρωμανέων δὲ γυναικῶν
νεύμασι ποιητοῖσι τύπον μιμήσατο κούρη,
ὄμματα δινεύουσα, καὶ ἠθάδος ἔκτοθι μίτρης
λευκὸς ἐρευθιόωντι χιτὼν φοινίσσετο μαζῷ·
Μορρεὺς δ' εἰσορόων ἐπετέρπετο, καὶ διὰ πέπλου
λεπταλέου σφριγόωσαν ἴτυν τεκμαίρετο μαζοῦ.
Καὶ λίθον εὐποίητον ἴσον τροχοειδέι δίσκῳ
παρθένος ἁρπάξασα, πελώριον ἄχθος ἁμάξης,
Μορρέος εὐπήληκος ἀκόντισεν ἴδμονι τέχνῃ·

run by his side, stretching out their joined hands, to encircle them and drive them on in close files headlong, for fear some group of the enclosed sheep should break aside and run away: so windswift Morrheus drove to the steepwalled city all the column of Bacchant women cut out from the battle, and herded the female crowd into the gates. But for all his trouble his scheme was useless. He wished to leave all this booty of fair women from the battle, and to hunt afterwards for Chalcomede, to drag her away, to make her his slave with other women, that she might be his servant by day and his bedfellow by night, and do the work of two goddesses in turn—Cypris in secret and Athena's loom in public. . . .[a]

269 Shakespear Morrheus did not neglect this. He turned over the timid women's war to Deriades, who was fighting near him, and attacked the male part of Bacchos's army, that he might cut off the men too; and they were put to flight on the field. But the tempestuous girl stood in all her bravery in front of the city near the wall, a maiden unveiled. She mimicked the ways of love-mad women with artificial nods and becks, rolling her eyes, and her blushing breast gave colour to the white tunic which had escaped from its wonted belt. Morrheus gazed at her with delight, and saw the delicate round of her breast stretching the robe from within.

281 The maiden caught up a hewn stone rounded like a quoit, which would be a monstrous weight for a cart, and cast it with skilful hand at helmeted

[a] A good deal is lost here; the fighting goes on, and some movement of Dionysos's army induces the two Indian commanders to change places.

καὶ λίθος ἠερόθεν πεφορημένος ὀξέι ῥοίζῳ
ἀσπίδος ἄκρον ἄραξεν, ὅπῃ χρυσήλατος εἰκὼν
Χειροβίης νόθον εἶχε δέμας ψευδήμονι μορφῇ,
ποιητὸν δὲ κάρηνον ἀπέξεσε, βαλλομένῃ δὲ
μαρμαρέῃ γλωχῖνι χαρασσομένοιο προσώπου
μιμηλῆς ἀμάθυνε περίτροχον εἰκόνα μορφῆς·
καὶ σάκος ὀλβίζων ἀνεπάλλετο πολλάκι Μορρεύς,
καὶ κραδίῃ γελόων κρυφίην ἐφθέγξατο φωνήν·
"Ἄτρομε Χαλκομέδεια, νέη ῥοδοδάκτυλε Πειθώ,
Κύπριδος ἁβρὸν ἄγαλμα καὶ εὐθώρηκος Ἀθήνης,
Βακχιὰς ἠριγένεια καὶ οὐ δύνουσα Σελήνη,
γραπτὸν ἐμῆς ἀλόχου τύπον ἔξεσας· αἴθε καὶ αὐτῆς
Χειροβίης ἤμησας ἀληθέος αὐχένα νύμφης."
Ὣς εἰπὼν ἐδίωκε πρὸ ἄστεος ἄζυγα κούρην,
γλῶσσαν ἀπειλείουσαν ἔχων, οὐ χεῖρα κορύσσων,
μῦθον ἀκοντίζων, οὐ παρθένον ἔγχεϊ νύσσων,
μειλιχίῃ παλάμῃ πεφιδημένον ἔγχος ἀείρων·
καὶ βλοσυρῆς κελάδησε βοῆς ἀπατήλιον Ἠχώ,
ὡς ἐτεὸν κοτέων πρόμος ἤπιος· ἀμφότερον γάρ,
εἶχε νόον γελόωντα, χόλον δ' ἀνέφηνε προσώπῳ.
ἦκα δὲ δινήσας σφαλερὴν προέηκεν ἀκωκὴν
εἰς σκοπὸν ἀχρήιστον ἑκούσιος· ἡ δὲ φυγοῦσα
ἠερίαις ταχύγουνος ἐπέτρεχε σύνδρομος αὔραις·
τῆς δὲ τιταινομένης ἀνεμώδεϊ γούνατος ὁρμῇ
πλοχμοὺς βοτρυόεντας ἀνερρίπιζον ἀῆται,
αὐχένα γυμνώσαντες ἐριδμαίνοντα Σελήνῃ·
φειδομένοις δὲ πόδεσσιν ἑκούσιος ἔτρεχε Μορρεύς,
πῇ μὲν ἐυρραφέων ποδὸς ἴχνια γυμνὰ πεδίλων
εἰς σφυρὰ παπταίνων ῥοδοειδέα, πῇ δὲ δοκεύων
πλαζομένης ἑλικηδὸν ὀπίστερα βόστρυχα χαίτης
Χαλκομέδην ἐδίωκε· καὶ ἴαχεν ἡδέι μύθῳ,
μείλιχον ἀφλοίσβοιο χέων ἔπος ἀνθερεῶνος·

Morrheus. The stone hurtled through the air with a loud whizzing sound, and scraped the surface of his shield, where a chased image of gold showed the imitation portrait of an unreal Cheirobië. It tore off the depicted head, and scratched the face with its shining edge and disfigured the artistic beauty of a rounded portrait. "Happy shield!" thought Morrheus, and leapt about again and again, laughing in his heart as he said to himself,

292 "Fearless Chalcomedeia! A new rosyfinger Peitho![a] Elegant image of Cypris, and of Athena in her cuirass! Bacchic Dawn, Selene who never sets! You have torn off the portrait of my wife: I only wish you had cut the throat of Cheirobië, the real wife!"

297 With these thoughts, he pursued the chaste maiden in front of the walls, shouting threats but not lifting his hand, with volleys of words but no pricks of the spear for the maiden, for he lifted the sparing spear in a gentle hand merciful: as if in real anger, a friendly enemy with a rough voice he cried speeches meant to deceive; for he both laughed in his heart and showed fury in his face. He gently brandished and cast a wavering lance at a useless mark, on purpose. The girl fled nimbleknee, quick as the blowing breezes. As she strained with moving windswift knee, the air spread abroad her clustering curls and bared the neck which rivalled Selene. Morrheus ran with sparing foot on purpose, now gazing at the feet bare of strapped shoes and at the rosy ankles, now watching the locks of hair tossed behind—so he chased Chalcomede, and now called to her in pleasant words, coaxing speech from a gentle throat:

[a] Persuasion.

"Μίμνέ με, Χαλκομέδεια, τὸν ἱμείροντα μαχητήν·
ῥύεταί ἀγλαΐη σε, καὶ οὐ δρόμος· οὐ τόσον αἰχμαὶ
ἄνδρα βαλεῖν δεδάασιν, ὅσον σπινθῆρες Ἐρώτων.
δήιος οὐ γενόμην, μὴ δείδιθι· μαρνάμενον γὰρ
χαλκείην σέο κάλλος ἐμὴν νίκησεν ἀκωκήν·
ἔγχεος οὐ χατέεις, οὐκ ἀσπίδος· ὑμετέρου γὰρ
ὡς ξίφος, ὡς δόρυ θοῦρον, ἔχεις ἀκτῖνα προσώπου,
καὶ μελίης πολὺ μᾶλλον ἀριστεύουσι παρειαί.
φρικτὸν ἐμῆς παλάμης λέλυται σθένος·
οὐ νέμεσις γάρ,
εἰ δόρυ θοῦρον ἔχω νικώμενον, ὅττι καὶ αὐτὸς
Κύπριδος ἱσταμένης θηλύνεται ἄγριος Ἄρης.
δέξό με σοῖς Σατύροισιν ὁμόστολον· ἐν πολέμοις γὰρ
Ἰνδοὶ ἀριστεύσουσιν, ἕως ἔτι χεῖρα κορύσσω.
ἢν δ' ἐθέλῃς, ἅτε λάτρις ὑποδρήσσω Διονύσῳ·
ἢν ἐθέλῃς, με δάμαζε κατ' αὐχένος ἢ κενεῶνος·
οὐκ ἀλέγω θανάτοιο τεῇ δεδαϊγμένος αἰχμῇ·
μοῦνον ἐμὲ στενάχιζε δεδουπότα· μυρομένης δὲ
δάκρυα Χαλκομέδης με καὶ ἐξ Ἀΐδαο κομίσσει.
παρθένε, τί τρομέεις, ὅτι μείλιχον ἔγχος ἀείρω;
σοὺς πλοκάμους ὁρόων ἑλικώδεας ὑψόθεν ὤμων
ἀσκεπέων τρυφάλειαν ἐμῶν ἀπέθηκα κομάων·
νεβρίδα παπταίνων στυγέω θώρηκα φορῆσαι."
Ὣς φαμένου παράμειβε
γυνὴ καὶ ἐμίγνυτο Βάκχοις,
καὶ φονίου Μορρῆος ἀποπλαγχθεῖσα κελεύθου
θαρσαλέη πολέμιζε καὶ ἤρισεν ἄρσενι χάρμῃ.
Καὶ τότε δυσκελάδοιο
λιπὼν στροφάλιγγα κυδοιμοῦ
ἄμπνυτο Βάκχος ὅμιλος, ἕως ἀνεχάζετο Μορρεύς.
Βασσαρίδων δὲ φάλαγγα πρὸ ἄστεος ἄορι τύπτων
Δηριάδης ἐδίωκεν, ἕως σχεδὸν ἤλασε πύργων,

316 "Wait for me, Chalcomedeia! Wait for your lover in arms! Your radiance saves you, not your speed! Sharp steel is not so strong to bring down a man as the sparks of love. I am no enemy, fear not! for in this battle your beauty has beaten my point of steel. You need no spear, no shield. For sword, for furious spear, you have the rays of your countenance, and your cheeks are much more triumphant than the ashplant. The terrible strength of my hand is melted. No wonder if my valiant spear is conquered, for savage Ares himself turns woman when Cypris stands up to him. Receive me in the company of your Satyrs. In battle the Indians are best so long as I hold arms in my hands: but if it be your pleasure, I will serve Dionysos as lackey. If it be your pleasure, strike my neck or my flank: I care not for death if your blade pierces me. Only mourn me when dead; the tears of sorrowing Chalcomede will bring me back even from Hades.

334 "Maiden, why do you tremble if I lift a gentle spear? Seeing your tresses lying tangled upon your uncovered shoulders, I have put my helmet from off my uncovered hair; when I see the fawnskin, I hate to wear a corselet."

338 When the words were said, she passed away and joined the Bacchoi, and keeping out of the way of the murderous Morrheus, she boldly fought and battled against the armed men.

341 Then the Bacchic host left the noise of the whirling conflict and had time to breathe, while Morrheus retired from the field.

343 But Deriades pursued the band of Bassarids in front of the city, striking with his sword, until he had

οἰγομένου στίχα πᾶσαν ἔσω πυλεῶνος ἐέργων
τείχεος ὑψιλόφοιο· διωκόμεναι δὲ σιδήρῳ
ἄστεος ἐντὸς ἵκανον ἀποσπάδες ἠθάδος ὕλης·
ἀσταθέες δὲ φάλαγγες ἀήθεα κύκλα κελεύθου
ἔστιχον ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα διακριδόν, εἰς πτερὸν Εὔρου,
εἰς ῥαχίην Ζεφύροιο παρ' Ἑσπέριον κλίμα γαίης,
αἱ δὲ Νότου παρὰ πέζαν ἀλήμονες, αἱ δὲ Βορῆος
Βασσαρίδες κλονέοντο· καὶ ἀρσενόθυμον ἀνάγκην
Μαινάδες ἠλλάξαντο, πάλιν δ' ἐγένοντο γυναῖκες,
καὶ μόθον ἠρνήσαντο, φιληλακάτοιο δὲ τέχνης
καὶ ταλάρων μνήσαντο, καὶ ἤθελον αὖτις Ἀθήνης
ἀμφιέπειν κλωστῆρα καὶ οὐκέτι θύσθλα Λυαίου.
καὶ στίχα χιονέην ἀλέκων κυανόχροος ἀνὴρ
ἐνδόμυχον κλόνον εἶχε πολισσούχοιο κυδοιμοῦ.

driven them up to the walls, and the whole company was penned within the open gateway of the lofty fortress. So pursued with the sword, they entered the city, torn from their familiar forests. Unresting the columns marched away here and there by unfamiliar winding roads, divided into parts, these towards the wing of Euros, these to the uplands of Zephyros in the western clime of the world, others travelling along the plain of Notos, other Bassarids driven to the region of Boreas. Then the Mainads put off the manly temper which constrained them, and once more became women, refusing battle, remembering the art they loved of distaff and basket; once more they wished to ply the spindle of Athena instead of the gear of Lyaios. And the blackskin men had wild uproar of defensive battle within the city, destroying the snow-white host.

ΔΙΟΝΥΣΙΑΚΩΝ ΤΡΙΑΚΟΣΤΟΝ ΠΕΜΠΤΟΝ

Μορρέος ἐχθρὸν Ἔρωτα τριηκοστῷ ἐνὶ πέμπτῳ
δίζεο Βασσαρίδων τε φόνον καὶ Ἄρηα γυναικῶν.

Δηριάδης δ' ἀπέλεθρος ἐμάρνατο θυιάδι χάρμῃ,
καὶ Βρομίου προπόλοισιν ἐπέχραε κοίρανος Ἰνδῶν,
πῇ μὲν ἀκοντίζων δολιχῷ δορί, πῇ δὲ δαΐζων
ἄορι κωπήεντι, χαραδραίοις δὲ βελέμνοις
τοξεύων πεφόρητο καὶ ὀξυτέροισιν ὀιστοῖς.
Ὡς αἱ μὲν κλονέοιντο κατὰ πτόλιν ἔνδοθι πύργων
ἔγχεϊ Δηριάδαο· πολυγλώσσῳ δὲ κυδοιμῷ
ἀμφοτέρων κτύπος ἦεν· ἐρευθιόωντι δὲ λύθρῳ
ἄστεος εὐλάιγγες ἐφοινίχθησαν ἀγυιαὶ
κτεινομένων καναχηδὸν ἐν ἄστεϊ θηλυτεράων.
ἀκλινέες δὲ γέροντες ἀερσιλόφων ἐπὶ πύργων
φύλοπιν ἐσκοπίαζον· ὑπὲρ τεγέων δὲ καὶ αὐταὶ
θυρσοφόρον στίχα πᾶσαν ἐθηήσαντο γυναῖκες·
καί τις ὑπὲρ μεγάροιο περικλινθεῖσα τιθήνη
παρθένος ἑλκεσίπεπλος ἐδέρκετο θῆλυν Ἐνυώ,
καὶ κταμένῃ βαρύδακρυς ἐπέστενεν ἥλικι κούρῃ.
οὐδέ τις ἱμερόεσσαν ἑλὼν ἐβιήσατο νύμφην,
ὅττι γυναιμανέεσσιν ἄναξ ἐπετέλλετο λαοῖς,
φεύγειν δήια λέκτρα δορικτήτων ὑμεναίων,

BOOK XXXV

In the thirty-fifth, seek the love of Morrheus for the enemy, and the battle and bloodshed of Bassarid women.

Deriades, the gigantic Indian chieftain, was fighting furiously in the mad battle and attacking the servants of Bromios, now casting a long spear, now striking with the hilted sword; or he rushed about throwing boulders from the mountain torrents and shooting arrows sharper still.

6 In this manner the women within the walls were harried by the spears of Deriades; and there was a din from both sides of many tongues. The paved streets of the city were empurpled by the red gore, as the women were slain therein amid great tumult. The old men were seated unmoving upon the high precipitous walls, watching the fray; the women also upon the rooftops gazed at the whole thyrsusbearing throng, and many a longrobed maiden from her chamber above leaning upon her nurse marked this female warfare, and lamented with tears the slaughter of some girl of her own years. But no man took and forced any lovely nymph; for the king had commanded his womanmad people to eschew meddling or marrying with the captives of the spear, lest in

μὴ Παφίης ἀλέγοντες ἀφειδήσωσιν Ἐνυοῦς.
Καί τις ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο περισκαίρουσα κονίῃ
παρθενικὴ γυμνοῦτο· παρελκομένου δὲ χιτῶνος
ἀγλαΐῃ κεκόρυστο καὶ ἱμείροντα φονῆα
οὔτασεν οὐτηθεῖσα, βέλος δέ οἱ ἔπλετο μορφή,
καὶ φθιμένη νίκησε· κατ' ἀντιβίοιο δὲ γυμνοὶ
μηροὶ ἐθωρήχθησαν, ὀιστευτῆρες Ἐρώτων.
καὶ νύ κε νεκρὸν ἔχων πόθον ἄπνοον,
ὥς περ Ἀχιλλεύς,
ἄλλην Πενθεσίλειαν ὑπὲρ δαπέδοιο δοκεύων
ψυχρὰ κονιομένης προσπτύξατο χείλεα νύμφης,
εἰ μὴ Δηριαδῆος ἐδείδιεν ὄγκον ἀπειλῆς.
καὶ γυμνῆς σκοπίαζεν ἀναινομένης χρόα κούρης,
καὶ σφυρὰ λευκὰ δόκευε καὶ ἀσκεπέων πτύχα μηρῶν,
καὶ μελέων ἔψαυσε, καὶ ἥψατο πολλάκι μαζοῦ
οἰδαλέου ῥοδόεντος, ἐοικότος εἰσέτι μήλῳ·
ἤθελε καὶ φιλότητι μιγήμεναι· ὀψὲ δὲ κάμνων
τοίην ἱμερόεσσαν ἀνήρυγεν ἄφρονα φωνήν·
"Παρθενικὴ ῥοδόπηχυ, τεὸν δυσέρωτα φονῆα
οὔτασας οὐταμένη, φθιμένη ζώοντα δαμάζεις,
καὶ σὺ τεὸν βλεφάροισιν ὀιστεύεις ἀλετῆρα·
ἔγχος ἐνικήθη σέο κάλλεϊ· σεῖο προσώπου
μαρμαρυγαὶ κλονέουσιν, ὅσον γλωχῖνες ἀκόντων·
στῆθος ἔχεις ἅτε τόξον, ἐπεὶ σέο μᾶλλον ὀιστῶν
μαζοὶ ἀριστεύουσιν, ὀιστευτῆρες Ἐρώτων.
ξεῖνον ἔχω καὶ ἄπιστον ἐγὼ πόθον, ὅττι διώκω
κούρης νεκρὸν ἔρωτα καταφθιμένων ὑμεναίων·
ἄπνοος οἶστρος ἔχει με τὸν ἔμπνοον·
εἰ θέμις εἰπεῖν,
χείλεα φωνήεντα καὶ ἔμπνοα ταῦτα γενέσθω,
σῶν γλυκερῶν στομάτων ἵνα, παρθένε,
μῦθον ἀκούσω . . .

thinking of the Paphian they should be slack in the fight.

21 But a girl rolling upon the ground was bared, her dress was pulled aside, and armed with her own radiance, wounded she wounded her lusting slayer; her beauty was her bolt, and dying she conquered; her naked thighs were as weapons, and sped the arrows of the Loves against her slayer. Then he would have felt desire for a lifeless corpse, as Achilles did—seeing a new Penthesileia[a] on the ground, he would have kissed the cold lips of the girl, prostrate in the dust, had he not feared the weight of the threat of Deriades. He looked at the skin of the naked girl denied him, he gazed at her white ankles, at the parting of the uncovered thighs, touched her limbs, handled often the swelling rosy breast even now like an apple; he would even have mingled with her in love—but at last, tired, he let these foolish words of desire escape him:

37 "Maiden of the rosy arms, wounded yourself you have wounded your lovesick slayer, slain you conquer the living, you pierce your own destroyer with the arrows of your eyes! The spear has been conquered by your beauty; for the radiance of your face deals confusion as much as the barbs of javelins. Your bosom is as a bow, since your breasts are more potent archers of the Loves than arrows are. A strange incredible desire is in me, when I pursue a girl's dead love to attain a perished wedlock! A thing without breath goads me, the breathing. If I dare ask it, let those lips have breath and speech, maiden, that I may hear a word from your sweet

[a] Queen of the Amazons at Troy. Achilles, having slain her, saw her beauty and mourned for her.

τοῖον ἔπος βοόωσα· 'κυλινδομένην ἐνὶ γαίῃ,
ἣν κτάνες, ἣν σύλησας, ἀτάσθαλε, κάλλιπε κούρην·
ἣν σέο χαλκὸς ἔταμνεν, ἐμοῦ μὴ ψαῦε χιτῶνος·
τί κρατέεις κενεῶνα, τὸν οὔτασας; ἴσχεο δειλῆς
ἀμφαφόων ἐμὸν ἕλκος, ὅ μοι πόρες.'
ἐρρέτω αἰχμή,
ἐρρέτω ἡμετέρης παλάμης θράσος, ὅττι λιποῦσα
Σειληνοὺς πολιῇσιν ὑποφρίσσοντας ἐθείραις
καὶ Σατύρων δύσμορφον ὅλον γένος, ἀντὶ γερόντων,
ἀντὶ δασυστέρνων ἁπαλὴν ἐδάμασσε γυναῖκα.
ἀλλὰ ποθοβλήτοιο τεοῦ χροὸς ἕλκος ἀφάσσων
ποίην καλλιβότοιο διαστείχων ῥάχιν ὕλης
ἕλκεος ὑμετέροιο βοηθόον εἰς σὲ καλέσσω
γηραλέον Χείρωνα φερέσβιον; ἢ πόθεν εὕρω
φάρμακα, λυσιπόνου Παιήονος ὄργια τέχνης;
ἤθελον, ἣν καλέουσιν, ἔχειν Κενταυρίδα ποίην,
ὄφρα τεοῖς μελέεσσιν ἀνώδυνον ἄνθος ἑλίξας
ἐξ Ἀΐδος ζώουσαν ἀνοστήτοιο σαώσω.
ποῖον ἔχω μάγον ὕμνον ἢ ἀστερόεσσαν ἀοιδήν,
ὄφρα θεοκλήτῳ προχέων μέλος εὐάδι φωνῇ
οὐταμένου τεὸν αἷμα κατευνήσω κενεῶνος;
ἤθελον ἐγγὺς ἔχειν φυσίζοον ἐνθάδε πηγήν,
ὄφρα τεοῖς μελέεσσι βαλὼν ὀδυνήφατον ὕδωρ
πρηΰνω τεὸν ἕλκος ἐπήρατον, ὄφρα καὶ αὐτὴν
ψυχὴν ὑμετέρην παλινάγρετον εἰς σὲ κομίσσω.
Γλαῦκε πολυσπερέων ἐτέων στροφάλιγγα κυλίνδων,
εἰ θέμις, ἀτρυγέτοιο λιπὼν κευθμῶνα θαλάσσης
δεῖξον ἐμοὶ βοτάνην ζωαρκέα, δεῖξον ἐκείνην,
ἧς ποτε σοῖς στομάτεσσιν ἐγεύσαο, καὶ βίον ἕλκεις
ἄμβροτον, ἀενάοιο χρόνου κυκλούμενος ὁλκῷ.''
Ὣς εἰπὼν παράμειβε,
νέκυν πόθον ἐν φρεσὶ κεύθων.

mouth, speaking something like this: 'You killed me, you plundered me, rolling upon the ground! Then let a girl be, scoundrel. Touch not my tunic, when your steel has cut me! Why do you hold the side which you have wounded? Stroke no more the cruel wound which you gave me!' Away my spear, away the boldness of my hand, because it left alone Seilenoi with hoary bristling hair and all the ugly generation of Satyrs, and instead of old men, instead of shaggy chests, it vanquished a tender girl! But now I touch the wound in your so desirable flesh, what ridge of the pasturing woodlands must I traverse to summon old lifebringing Cheiron to help your wound? or where can I find medicines, the secrets of the Healer's painassuaging art? Would that I had what they call the herb centaury, that I might bind the flower of no-pain upon your limbs, and bring you back safe and living from Hades whence none returns! What magic hymn have I, or song from the stars, that I may chant the ditty with Euian voice divine, and stay the flow of blood from your wounded side? Would I had here beside me the fountain of life, that I might pour on your limbs that painstilling water and assuage your adorable wound, to bring back even your soul to you again! O Glaucos,[a] guiding the revolutions of innumerable years, if it be lawful, leave the abyss of the barren sea, and show me the life-sufficing plant, show that which you tasted once with your lips, and now enjoy life incorruptible, circling with the course of infinite time!"

78 This said, he passed on, hiding in his heart his desire for the dead.

[a] See on i. 111.

Καὶ πόσιος κταμένου τιμήορος ἔνθορε νύμφη
Πρωτονόη, στενάχουσα καὶ εἰσέτι νεκρὸν Ὀρόντην·
θηλυτέρην δὲ φάλαγγα διέστιχεν· ἣν δὲ νοῆσαι
ἄλλην ἀντιάνειραν Ἐρυθραίην Ἀταλάντην.
Χειροβίη δὲ λαβοῦσα σάκος καὶ Μορρέος αἰχμὴν
ἔχραε Βασσαρίδεσσι, καὶ εἴκελος ἔπλετο Γόργῃ,
ἣ πάρος εὐπύργοιο τινασσομένης Καλυδῶνος
Τοξέος αἰθύσσουσα κασιγνήτοιο βοείην,
μάρνατο θῆλυς ἐοῦσα χολωομένου Μελεάγρου.
Ὀρσιβόη δὲ φανεῖσα σὺν ἐγρεμόθῳ παρακοίτῃ
θάρσος Ἐνυαλίης μιμήσατο Δηιανείρης,
ὁππότε Παρνησσοῖο κακοξείνῳ παρὰ πέτρῃ
θωρήχθη Δρυόπεσσι καὶ ἔπλετο θῆλυς Ἀμαζών.
πολλαὶ δ' εὐρυχόροισι περικλείοντο μελάθροις,
καὶ στόνος ἄπλετος ἦεν ὑπωροφίοιο κυδοιμοῦ·
ἄλλη δ' εἰνοδίην ὑπεδύσατο δηιοτῆτα,
παρθένος ἐγρεκύδοιμος, ὑπὲρ τεγέων δὲ καὶ ἄλλαι
λαϊνέοις βελέεσσιν ἐθωρήσσοντο γυναῖκες·
ἐνδόμυχοι δὲ φάλαγγες ἐπεσμαράγησαν Ἐνυώ.
Ὄφρα μὲν ἐγρεμόθοιο δι' ἄστεος ἔβρεμεν Ἄρης,
Λύδια Βασσαρίδων ὀρεσίδρομα φῦλα δαΐζων,
τόφρα δὲ Χαλκομέδεια πρὸ τείχεος ἵστατο μούνη
νόστιμον ἐκ πολέμοιο μεταστρέψασα πορείην,
οἰστρομανῆ Μορρῆα δεδεγμένη, εἴ ποθεν ἔλθῃ·

[a] Gorgê is usually daughter of Oineus king of Calydon, not, as here, his sister-in-law (Toxeus is brother of Althaia, Oineus's wife); no one else seems to have heard of her exploit in defence of the city, but the story of how Calydon was attacked by the Curetes, and Meleagros would not help to defend it because he was angry with his mother Althaia, is in Hom. *Il.* ix. 553 ff.

[b] Deianeira. Daughter of Oineus, sister of Meleagros and wife of Heracles. "Heracles . . . taking his son Hyllos

79 Then arose the bride Protonoë, who still mourned Orontes dead, to avenge her slain husband. She dashed through the crowd of women, and one might have thought her another manlike Atalante among the Erythraians. And Cheirobië seizing a shield and the spear of Morrheus attacked the Bassarids, and seemed like that Gorgê, who once when well-walled Calydon was attacked wielded the oxhide shield of Toxeus her brother, and fought though a woman while Meleagros sulked.[a] And Orsiboë appeared with her battlestirring husband, imitating the boldness of warlike Deïaneira, when beside the inhospitable rock of Parnassus she faced the Dryopes and fought, a woman turned Amazon.[b] Many women were shut up in the wide palace courtyards, and there was infinite lamentation in the turmoil under those roofs. Many a battlestirring maiden entered the fight in the street, other women on the roofs provided themselves with stony missiles; and the crowds within kept up the din of warfare.

98 While Ares raged throughout the battlestirring city, destroying the hill-ranging Lydian tribes of Bassarids, Chalcomedeia stood alone in front of the wall. She had turned back to retire from the battle, and waited to see if love-maddened Morrheus would

and coming to Dryopia (the Dryopians are a brigand people, bordering on the Melians, as Pherecydes tells us in his third book), met with Theiodamas (king of the Dryopians) and as the child was hungry . . . he asked for a little food. Theiodamas would give him none; so Heracles grew angry, took from him one of his oxen, killed it and feasted on its flesh. Theiodamas went into the city and started a campaign against Heracles, who was brought to such a pass that he even put armour on his wife Deïaneira, and it is said that she got a wound in the breast on that occasion." (Scholiast on Apoll. Rhod. i. 1212.)

καὶ τότε πουλυέλικτον ἐρωμανὲς ὄμμα τιταίνων,
παρθένον ὡς ἐνόησε, ποδήνεμος ἵκετο Μορρεύς,
εἰς δρόμον ἱμερόεντα θοώτερα γούνατα πάλλων.
τῆς δὲ διωκομένης ἀνεκούφισε πέπλον ἀήτης·
θέλγετο δ' εἰσέτι μᾶλλον ἀνείμονι κάλλεϊ μορφῆς,
παπταίνων προθέουσαν ἀνάμπυκα λευκάδα νύμφην.
ἡ δέ μιν ἠπερόπευε, καὶ αἰδομένῃ φάτο φωνῇ,
ὠκυτέρην Μορρῆος ὑποπτήσσουσα πορείην·
"Εἰ ἐτεὸν μεθέπεις ἐμὰ δέμνια, νυμφίε Μορρεῦ,
κάτθεο σὸν θώρηκα σιδήρεον, οἷα χορεύει
εἰς γάμον ἀβροχίτων, ὅτε Κύπριδι μίσγεται, Ἄρης,
εἵματι χιονέῳ πεπυκασμένος, ὥς περ Ἀπόλλων,
ὄφρα Πόθος καὶ Κύπρις ἐνὶ ζεύξειαν ὀχῆι
ἡμέας ἀμφοτέρους γαμίης ἐπιβήτορας εὐνῆς,
Μορρέα θοῦρος Ἔρως καὶ Χαλκομέδην Ἀφροδίτη.
οὐ δέχομαι χάλκειον ἐγὼ πόσιν ὑψόθι λέκτρων,
αἵματι φοινίσσοντα καὶ αὐχμώοντα κονίῃ·
ἀλλὰ ῥόῳ φαίδρυνε τεὸν δέμας, ὄφρα φανείης
ὡς Φαέθων προχοῇσι λελουμένος Ὠκεανοῖο·
ῥῖψον Ἐνυαλίην σέθεν ἀσπίδα, ῥῖψον ἀκωκήν,
μή ποτέ με πλήξειε τεὴ θανατηφόρος αἰχμή·
κάτθεό μοι δασπλῆτα τεῶν πήληκα κομάων,
ὅττι λόφος κλονέει με τινασσομένης τρυφαλείης·
μὴ νόθον εἶδος ἴδοιμι σιδηρείοιο προσώπου·
τίς πόθος εὐφραίνει με καλυπτομένης σέο μορφῆς;
οὐκέτι Μαιονίης ἐπιβήσομαι· οὐδ' ἐνὶ παστῷ
δέξομαι, ἢν ἐθέλῃς, μετὰ Μορρέα Βάκχον ἀκοίτην·
ἔσσομαι Ἰνδῴη καὶ ἐγώ, φίλος· ἀντὶ δὲ Λυδῆς
κυδαίνω θυέεσσιν Ἐρυθραίην Ἀφροδίτην
κρυπταδίῃ Μορρῆος ὁμευνέτις· ἐν δὲ κυδοιμοῖς
Ἰνδὸς ἀνὴρ ἐχέτω με συναιχμάζων Ἀφροδίτῃ·

appear from any quarter. He was then turning his enamoured eye all round; and when he perceived the maiden, he came windfoot, plying his nimble knees in the race for love. As he pursued her, the breeze lifted her robe. Morrheus was charmed even more by the naked beauty of her body, as he gazed at the white nymph running unveiled before him. She deluded him still as she cried with modest voice, trembling at his quickening speed—

111 "If truly you would have my bed, bridegroom Morrheus, put off your steel corselet. Even Ares dances daintily clad to his wedding, when he mingles with Cypris, decked in a snowy robe like Apollo. Be like him, that Cypris and Desire may join us both with one band when we mount the marriage bed, valiant Eros bind Morrheus and Aphrodite bind Chalcomede. I do not want in my bed a husband of bronze, red with blood and dirty with dust. Nay, cleanse your body in the river, that you may shine like Phaëthon bathed in the Ocean stream; throw away your warlike shield, throw away the spear, that your deathdealing point may not strike me. Pray put off that terrifying helmet from your hair, because the crest of the nodding plume disturbs me. Let me not see only the pretended shape of a steel countenance. What desire can warm me if your shape is hidden?

128 "I will never more set foot in Maionia. After Morrheus, if that is your pleasure, never will I receive Bacchos in my chamber to sleep by my side. I will be an Indian like you, my friend! Instead of Lydian Aphrodite, I will honour the Erythraian with my sacrifices, I will be the secret bedmate of Morrheus; let a brave Indian have me as Aphrodite's

εἰς σὲ γὰρ ἶσα βέλεμνα καὶ εἰς ἐμὲ διπλόα πέμπων
Ἵμερος ἀμφοτέροισι μίαν ξύνωσεν ἀνίην,
εἰς κραδίην Μορρῆι καὶ εἰς φρένα Χαλκομεδείῃ.
κάμνον ἐγὼ κρύπτουσα τεὸν πόθον· οὐ γὰρ ἀκοίτην
παρθένος αἰδομένη προκαλίζεται εἰς Ἀφροδίτην."
Ὣς φαμένη παρέπεισε γυνὴ δυσέρωτα μαχητὴν
ψευσαμένη· γελάσας δὲ δυσίμερος ἔννεπε Μορρεύς·
"Οὐ νέμεσις, Μορρῆα τὸν εὐπήληκα μαχητὴν
χάλκεον ἔγχος ἔχειν ἐνὶ παστάδι Χαλκομεδείης,
ὄφρα περιπτύξω σε, φερώνυμε, χαλκὸν ἀείρων·
ἔμπης φοίνιον ἔγχος ἀναίνομαι, οὐδὲ βοείης
ἅπτομαι· ὡς ἐθέλεις δέ, λελουμένος εἰς σὲ χορεύω
χερσὶν ἀναιμάκτοισι, καὶ ἔσσομαι ἄλλος[1] ἀκοίτης,
γυμνὸς Ἄρης μετὰ δῆριν ἔχων γυμνὴν Ἀφροδίτην.
κούρην Δηριαδῆος ἀναίνομαι αὐτὸς ἐλάσσω
ἐκ μεγάρων ἀέκουσαν ἐμὴν ζηλήμονα νύμφην·
οὐκέτι Βασσαρίδεσσι κορύσσομαι, εἴ με κελεύεις,
ἀλλὰ φίλοις ναέτῃσι μαχέσσομαι· Ἰνδὸν ὀλέσσω
οἴνοπα θύρσον ἔχων, οὐ χάλκεον ἔγχος ἀείρων·
ῥίψω δ' ἔντεα πάντα καὶ ἄνθεα λεπτὰ τινάξω,
ὑμετέρῳ βασιλῆι συναιχμάζων Διονύσῳ."
Ὣς εἰπὼν παλάμης μελίην ἀπεσείσατο Μορρεύς,
καὶ λόφον ἱδρώοντος ἀπεσφήκωσε καρήνου,
μυδαλέης δ' ἔρριψεν ἑῆς τελαμῶνα βοείης
εὐκαμάτῳ ῥαθάμιγγι λελουμένον ἠθάδος ὤμου·
λύσατο καὶ χάλκειον ἀπὸ στέρνοιο χιτῶνα,
αἱμαλέον θώρηκα. καὶ ἔντεα κείμενα γαίῃ
Μορρέος ἱμείροντος ἐδείκνυεν Ἄρεϊ Κύπρις

[1] So mss.: Ludwich οὖλος.

champion in battle. For Desire has aimed double shots against you and me both alike, and joined us in the same pangs, piercing the heart of Morrheus and the bosom of Chalcomedeia. I suffer, as I hide my longing for you—for a modest maiden does not invite a man to be her lover."

139 By these words the woman cajoled the love-pining soldier, all in deceit; but lovesick Morrheus laughed, and said:

141 "What wonder is it, if Morrheus the helmeted soldier should keep his spear of bronze in the bronze lassie's chamber, to embrace you holding my bronze when there is bronze in your name? Never mind, I will reject my deadly spear, I will not touch my oxhide. I will do your pleasure and bathe me, that I may dance to you with unblooded hands. I will be a different bedfellow, Ares naked holding Aphrodite naked after the battle! The daughter of Deriades I renounce: myself I will drive my jealous bride unwilling out of the house. No longer will I attack the Bassarids, if you say so, but I will fight against my own countrymen; I will take the vine-wreathed thyrsus and destroy Indians, not lifting a spear of bronze. I will throw away all my armour and brandish your little leaves, the champion of your king Dionysos!"

155 Saying this, Morrheus threw the ashplant from his hand, and undid the crest from his sweating head, and cast off the strap of his oxhide soaking and drenched with the drops of conflict, from the shoulder which knew it well. He unloosed also the coat of mail from his chest, the bloodstained corselet.

160 Then Cypris showed Ares the armour of enamoured Morrheus lying on the ground, conquered

μορφῇ ἀθωρήκτῳ νικώμενα Χαλκομεδείης·
καί τινα μῦθον ἔειπεν, ἑὸν δ' ἐρέθιζεν ἀκοίτην·
"Ἄρες, ἐσυλήθης· πολέμους ἠρνήσατο Μορρεύς,
οὐ φορέων θώρηκα καὶ οὐ ξίφος· ἀλλὰ γυναῖκα
ἱμερτὴν ποθέων ἀπεσείσατο τεύχεα χειρῶν.
καὶ σὺ τεὸν δόρυ θοῦρον ἀναίνεο, καὶ σὺ θαλάσσῃ
λούεο σῶν σακέων γυμνούμενος· ἀπτόλεμος γὰρ
Κύπρις ἀριστεύει πλέον Ἄρεος, οὐδὲ χατίζει
ἀσπίδος, οὐ μελίης ποτὲ δεύεται· ἀμφότερον γὰρ
ἔγχος ἐμὸν πέλε κάλλος, ἐμὸν ξίφος ἔπλετο μορφή,
καὶ βλεφάρων ἀκτῖνες ἐμοὶ γεγάασιν ὀιστοί·
μαζὸς ἀκοντίζει πλέον ἔγχεος· ἱμερόεις γὰρ
ἀντὶ δοριθρασέος θαλαμηπόλος ἔπλετο Μορρεύς.
μὴ Σπάρτης ἐπίβηθι, μαχήμονες ἧχι πολῖται
χάλκεον εἶδος ἔχουσι κορυσσομένης Ἀφροδίτης,
μή σε δόρυ κρατέουσα τεῷ πλήξειε σιδήρῳ.
οὐ τόσον αἰχμάζεις, ὅσον ὀφρύες· οὐ τόσον αἰχμαὶ
ἀνέρας οὐτάζουσιν, ὅσον βάλλουσιν ὀπωπαί·
δέρκεο σοὺς θεράποντας, ὑποδρηστῆρας Ἐρώτων,
καὶ θρασὺν αὐχένα κάμψον ἀνικήτῳ Κυθερείῃ.
Ἄρες, ἐνικήθης, ὅτι χάλκεον ἔγχος ἐάσας
νεβρίδα Χαλκομέδης γαμίην ὑπεδύσατο Μορρεύς."
Εἶπε μόθους γελόωσα φιλομμειδὴς Ἀφροδίτη,
Ἄρεα κερτομέουσα γαμοστόλον. ἄγχι δὲ πόντου
καλλείψας ἀκόμιστον ἐπ' αἰγιαλοῖο χιτῶνα
θαλπόμενος γλυκερῇσι μεληδόσι λούσατο Μορρεύς,
γυμνὸς ἐών· ψυχρῇ δὲ δέμας φαίδρυνε θαλάσσῃ,
θερμὸν ἔχων Παφίης ὀλίγον βέλος· ἐν δὲ ῥεέθροις
Ἰνδώην ἱκέτευεν Ἐρυθραίην Ἀφροδίτην,
εἰσαΐων, ὅτι Κύπρις ἀπόσπορός ἐστι θαλάσσης·
λουσάμενος δ' ἀνέβαινε μέλας πάλιν· εἶχε δὲ μορφήν,
ὡς φύσις ἐβλάστησε, καὶ ἀνέρος οὐ δέμας ἅλμη,

by the unarmed beauty of Chalcomedeia, and a word she said in mockery of her paramour—

164 "Ares, you are beaten! Morrheus has renounced war, and bears no corselet and no sword; no, for love of a winsome woman he has cast the arms from his hands. You do the same—renounce your own valiant spear, strip off your shields and bathe in the sea! For Cypris without battle plays the champion better than Ares. She needs no shield, she never wants the ashplant; for my beauty is a spear for me, my fine shape also is my sword, the gleams of my eyes are my arrows. My breast lets fly a better shot than a javelin; for Morrheus has turned from a bold warrior to an amiable chamberlain! Do not go near Sparta, where the warlike people have a bronze image of armed Aphrodite, lest spear in hand she strike you with your own steel! You cannot shoot so straight as eyebrows do; your spikes do not wound men as eyeshots do. Look at your servants, the lackeys of the Loves, and bow your bold neck to Cythereia the unconquerable. You are conquered, Ares! For Morrheus has left his spear of bronze and donned the wedding fawnskin of Chalcomede."

184 So smiling Aphrodite laughed, in mockery at Ares her lover and his battles.

185 Then Morrheus left his coat uncared-for on the seashore, glowing with sweet anxieties. Naked he bathed: the cool sea cleansed his body, but the Paphian's tiny dart was hot within him. In the waters he prayed to Erythraian Aphrodite of India, for he had learnt that Cypris is the daughter of the sea; but he came out still black from his bath, for his body was as nature had made it grow, and the

οὐ χροιὴν μετάμειψεν, ἐρευθαλέη περ ἐοῦσα.
καὶ κενεῇ χρόα λοῦσεν ἐπ' ἐλπίδι· χιόνεος γὰρ
ἱμερόεις μενέαινε φανήμεναι ἄζυγι κούρῃ·
καὶ λινέῳ κόσμησε δέμας χιονώδεϊ πέπλῳ,
οἷον ἔσω θώρηκος ἀεὶ φορέουσι μαχηταί.
Ἱσταμένη δ' ἄφθογγος ἐπ' ἠόνος εἶχε σιωπὴν
Χαλκομέδη δολόεσσα· μεταστρεφθεῖσα δὲ κούρη
Μορρέος ἀγλαΐνοιο σαόφρονας εἷλκεν ὀπωπάς,
ἀσκεπὲς αἰδομένη δέμας ἀνέρος· εἰσιδέειν γὰρ
ἅζετο θῆλυς ἐοῦσα λελουμένον ἄρσενα κούρη.
Ἀλλ' ὅτε χῶρον ἔρημον ἐσέδρακεν ἅρμενον εὐναῖς,
τολμηρὴν παλάμην ὀρέγων αἰδήμονι νύμφῃ
εἵματος ἀψαύστοιο σαόφρονος ἥψατο κούρης·
καί νύ κεν ἀμφίζωστον ἑλὼν εὐήνορι δεσμῷ
νυμφιδίῳ σπινθῆρι βιήσατο Θυιάδα κούρην·
ἀλλά τις ἀχράντοιο δράκων ἀνεπήλατο κόλπου,
παρθενικῆς ἀγάμοιο βοηθόος, ἀμφὶ δὲ μίτρην
ἀμφιλαφὴς κυκλοῦτο φυλάκτορι γαστέρος ὁλκῷ·
ὀξὺ δὲ συρίζοντος ἀσιγήτων ἀπὸ λαιμῶν
πέτραι ἐμυκήσαντο· φόβῳ δ' ἐλελίζετο Μορρεὺς
αὐχένιον μύκημα νόθης σάλπιγγος ἀκούων,
παπταίνων ἀγάμοιο προασπιστῆρα κορείης·
καὶ πρόμος ἀμφιέλικτος ἀνεπτοίησε μαχητήν,
οὐρὴν ἀγκυλόκυκλον ἐπ' αὐχένι φωτὸς ἑλίξας,
ἔγχος ἔχων στόμα λάβρον· ἐτοξεύοντο δὲ πολλοὶ
ἰὸν ἀκοντίζοντες ἐχιδνήεντες ὀιστοί·
οἱ μὲν ἀμιτρώτοιο διαΐσσοντες ἐθείρης,
οἱ δὲ δρακοντοκόμοιο δι' ἰξύος, οἱ δ' ἀπὸ κόλπου
Ἄρεα συρίζοντες ἐβακχεύοντο μαχηταί.
Ὄφρα μὲν ὑψιλόφοιο πρὸ ἄστεος ἵστατο Μορρεύς,

---

* As being the Red Sea (so the Indian Ocean was then called).

brine changed not the man's body or his colour, itself red though it was.[a] So he washed his skin in a vain hope; for he had wished to become snow-white, and so desirable to the virgin maid. He dressed himself in a snowy linen robe, such as soldiers always wear inside the mailcoat.

199 Chalcomede stood on the shore in silence without a word, full of her scheme. She turned aside from Morrheus unclad, withdrawing her modest looks, ashamed before the uncovered body of a man; for the girl was abashed being a woman to look on a man after the bath.

204 But when Morrheus had seen a lonely spot suitable for lying down, he stretched out a daring hand towards the modest girl and caught the chaste maiden's inviolate dress. And now he would have seized her and girt her about with a strong man's arms, and ravished the maiden votary in the flame of a bridegroom's desire; but a serpent darted out of her immaculate bosom to protect the virgin maid, and curled about her waist guarding her body all round with its belly's coils. A sharp hiss issued unceasing from his throat and made the rocks resound. Morrheus trembled for fear when he heard the bellow, coming out from the throat for all the world like a trumpet, and saw this champion of unwedded maidenhood. The coiled defender terrified the man of war; he curled his tail round the man's neck in twisted coils, with his wild mouth for a lance, and many a snaky shaft came darting poison against him, some darting through her uncoifed hair, some from her snakeprotected loins, some from her breast, wild warriors hissing death.

223 While Morrheus remained in front of the tower-

Χαλκομέδην δολόεσσαν ἀνήνυτον εἰς γάμον ἕλκων,
τόφρα δὲ Βασσαρίδος στρατιῆς εὔοπλος Ἐνυὼ
ἔγχος ἀτειρήεντος ἀλεύατο Δηριαδῆος.
καὶ γὰρ ἀπ' Οὐλύμποιο θορὼν ὠκύπτερος Ἑρμῆς,
ἀντίτυπον Βρομίοιο φέρων ἴνδαλμα προσώπου,
Βακχείην ἐκάλεσσεν ὅλην στίχα μύστιδι φωνῇ·
δαιμονίην δὲ γυναῖκες ὅτ' ἔκλυον Εὔιον ἠχώ,
εἰς ἕνα χῶρον ἵκανον· ἀπὸ τριόδων δὲ κομίζων
Μαιναλίδων ὅλον ἔθνος ἐς ἀγκύλα κύκλα κελεύθου
ἤγαγεν ὠκυπέδιλος, ἕως σχεδὸν ἤιε πύργων·
καὶ φυλάκων στοιχηδὸν ἀκοιμήτοισιν ὀπωπαῖς
νήδυμον ὕπνον ἔχευεν ἑῇ πανθελγέι ῥάβδῳ
φώριος Ἑρμείας, πρόμος ἔννυχος· ἐξαπίνης δὲ
Ἰνδοῖς μὲν ζόφος ἦεν, ἀθηήτοισι δὲ Βάκχαις
φέγγος ἔην ἀδόκητον· ἀδουπήτων δὲ γυναικῶν
λάθριος ἡγεμόνευε δι' ἄστεος ἄπτερος Ἑρμῆς·
χειρὶ δὲ θεσπεσίῃ βριαρὴν κληῖδα πυλάων
ἠλιβάτων ὤιξε, καὶ ἥλιος πέλε Βάκχαις.
Ἠματίην δ' ὅτε νύκτα φαεσφόρος ἤλασεν Ἑρμῆς,
Δηριάδης ὑπέροπλος ἔχων ἀτέλεστον ἀπειλὴν
Βασσαρίδων μάστευε λιπόπτολιν ἑσμὸν ὁδίτην.
ὡς δ' ὅτε τις κατὰ νύκτα βαθυπλούτοις ἐν ὀνείροις
τέρπεται ἀπρήκτοισιν ἐπ' ἐλπωρῇσιν, ἀείρων
ἀφνειαῖς παλάμῃσι μινυνθαδίου χύσιν ὄλβου,
ὑπναλέων κτεάνων ἀπατήλιον ἐλπίδα βόσκων·
ἀλλ' ὅτε φαινομένης ῥοδοειδέος ἠριγενείης
χάζεται εὐκτεάνοιο παλίλλυτος ὄψις ὀνείρου,
σὺν κενεαῖς παλάμῃσιν ἐγείρεται, οὐδὲν ἀείρων,
ῥίψας κλεψινόων σκιοειδέα τέρψιν ὀνείρων·
ὣς τότε Δηριάδης, ὅτε μὲν ζόφος εἶχεν ἀγυιάς,
τέρπετο Βασσαρίδων δοκέων αὐτόσσυτον ἄγρην

ing city, trying without success to drag the resourceful Chalcomede to his lust, the armed company of Bassarids was saved from the spear of untiring Deriades. For swiftwing Hermes came in haste from Olympos, wearing a semblance like the face of Bromios and summoned the whole company of Bacchants in his mystic voice. When the women heard the divine Euian sounds, they gathered into one place; Swiftshoe brought them from the threeways and led the whole tribe of Mainalids by crooked winding lanes until he was near the walls. Then furtive Hermeias, the warrior by night, with his allcharming rod shed refreshing sleep on the unresting eyes of the guards in order. Suddenly for the Indians there was darkness, for the unseen Bacchants there was light unexpected. The women made no noise as Hermes led them secretly through the city without his wings. With his divine hand he opened the forbidding lock of the precipitous gates, and for the Bacchants the sun was there.

242 When Lightbringer Hermes had dispersed this night-by-day, haughty Deriades thwarted in his threats searched for the swarms of Bassarids who had just walked out of the city. As one dreaming in the night of boundless riches is happy in his unattainable hopes, and lifts in full hands the flood of wealth which will soon be gone, feeding the deceptive hope of his dream-fortune; but when rosy dawn appears, the fortune of his dreams fades and vanishes like a vision, and he awakes with empty hands, holding nothing, and loses the shadowy happiness of his delusive dream: so then Deriades, while darkness covered the streets, was happy, thinking that he held the captive Bassarids ready to come hurrying to him

ἀμφιέπειν ἔντοσθεν ἐεργομένων πυλεώνων,
ψευδομένην ἀνόνητον ἔχων σκιοειδέα νίκην·
ἀλλ' ὅτε φέγγος ἔλαμψε, καὶ οὐκέτι δέρκετο Βάκχας,
ὡς ὄναρ ἔδραμε πάντα, καὶ ἴαχε πενθάδι φωνῇ,
ὡς Διὶ καὶ Φαέθοντι χολώετο καὶ Διονύσῳ,
Μαιναλίδας φυγάδας διζήμενος. ἀμφὶ δὲ πύργους
Βασσαρίδες κελάδησαν ἀνάμπυκες Εὐάδι φωνῇ.
Δηριάδης δ' ἐδίωκε τὸ δεύτερον. ἔγρετο δὲ Ζεὺς
Καυκάσου ἐν κορυφῇσιν ἀπορρίψας πτερὸν Ὕπνου·
καὶ δόλον ἠπεροπῆα μαθὼν κακοεργέος Ἥρης
Σειληνοὺς ἐδόκευε πεφυζότας, ἔδρακε Βάκχας
σπερχομένας ἀγεληδὸν ἀπὸ τριόδων, ἀπὸ πύργων,
καὶ Σατύρους κείροντα καὶ ἀμώοντα γυναῖκας
Δηριάδην ἐνόησεν ὀπίστερον, ὄρχαμον Ἰνδῶν,
υἱέα δ' ἐν δαπέδῳ κατακείμενον· ἀμφὶ δὲ νύμφαι
ἐγγὺς ἔσαν στεφανηδόν· ὁ δ' ἐν στροφάλιγγι κονίης
κεῖτο καρηβαρέων, ὀλιγοδρανὲς ἆσθμα τιταίνων,
ἀφρὸν ἀκοντίζων χιονώδεα, μάρτυρα λύσσης.
καὶ φθονερῆς ἤλεγξε δόλον δυσμήχανον Ἥρης,
καὶ δολίην παράκοιτιν ἐμέμψατο κέντορι μύθῳ·
καὶ νύ κεν ἀχλυόεντος ὁμέστιον Ἰαπετοῖο
Ὕπνον ὁμιχλήεντι κατεκλήισσε βερέθρῳ,
εἰ μὴ Νὺξ ἱκέτευε, θεῶν δμήτειρα καὶ ἀνδρῶν.
καὶ μόγις εὐνήσας ὀλοὸν χόλον ἴαχεν Ἥρῃ·
"Οὔ πω ἐμῆς Σεμέλης ἐκορέσσαο, δύσμαχος Ἥρη,
ἀλλ' ἔτι καὶ φθιμένῃ τάχα χώεαι; οὐδὲ καὶ αὐτὴ
σὸν κότον ἐπρήυνεν ἀτέρμονα νυμφιδίη φλόξ,
λέκτρα διασκεδάσασα Διοβλήτοιο Θυώνης;
Ἰνδοφόνῳ τέο μέχρις ἐπιβρίθεις Διονύσῳ;

within closed gates, although his victory was a useless deceptive shadow; but when the light came, and he saw no Bacchants, all was gone like a dream, and he cried in a mournful voice, indignant with Zeus and Phaëthon and Dionysos, as he searched for the fugitive Mainalids. But around the walls the Bassarids unveiled shouted with Euian voice. Then Deriades set out in pursuit for the second time.

262 Zeus awoke on the peaks of Caucasos and threw off the wing of sleep. He understood the beguiling trick of Hera the mischiefmaker when he saw the Seilenoi in flight, when he saw the Bacchant women hurrying in herds from the threeways and the walls, and behind them the Indian chieftain Deriades, cutting down Satyrs and mowing down women; he saw his own son lying upon the ground, and the nymphs all round him in a ring, but he lay in the whirling dust heavy-headed, half-fainting, breathing hard, sputtering white foam to witness his frenzy. Then Zeus disclosed Hera's mischievous contrivance, and reproached his deceitful consort with stinging words. And now indeed he would have imprisoned Sleep in the darksome pit of gloom to dwell along with murky Iapetos,[a] but for the prayers of Night the vanquisher of gods and men. So Zeus calmed his savage resentment with difficulty, and cried out to Hera:

279 "Have you not yet been cruel enough to my Semele, invincible Hera? Must you still be bitter against her though dead? So even the bridal flame itself could not assuage your unending rancour, when it scattered abroad the bed of Thyone struck by Zeus! How long will you oppress Dionysos the

[a] One of the Titans imprisoned in Tartaros.

ἅζεο σοὺς προτέρους πάλιν ἄκμονας· εἰσέτι κεῖνοι,
εἰσέτι μοι παρέασιν ἀρηγόνες, οὓς ποσὶ δήσας
ὑμετέροις ἔσφιγξα· σὺ δ' ἄστατος ὑψόθι γαίης
αἰθέρι καὶ νεφέλῃσι μετάρσιον εἶχες ἀνάγκην·
καὶ θρασὺς ἐν νεφέλῃσι περίπλοκον ὑψόθι γαίης
δέσμιον εἶδεν Ἄρης σε, καὶ οὐ χραίσμησε τεκούσῃ·
οὐ πυρόεις Ἥφαιστος ἐπήρκεσεν· οὐ δύναται γὰρ
τλήμεναι αἰθαλόεντος ἕνα σπινθῆρα κεραυνοῦ.
δήσω σὰς παλάμας χρυσέῳ πάλιν ἠθάδι δεσμῷ·
Ἄρεα δ' ἀρραγέεσσιν ἀλυκτοπέδῃσι πεδήσω
εἰς τροχὸν αὐτοκύλιστον ὁμόδρομον, οἷος ἀλήτης
Τάνταλος ἠερόφοιτος ἢ Ἰξίων μετανάστης·
καί μιν ἀναλθήτοισιν ἅλον πληγῇσιν ἱμάσσω,
εἰσόκε νικήσειεν ἐμὸς πάις υἱέας Ἰνδῶν.
ἀλλὰ τεῷ Κρονίωνι χαρίζεαι, αἴ κεν ἐλάσσῃς
λύσσαν ἐριπτοίητον ἱμασσομένου Διονύσου,
μηδὲ λίπῃς κοτέοντα τεὸν πόσιν, ἀλλὰ μολοῦσα
Ἰνδῴης ἀκίχητος ὑπὸ κλέτας εὔβοτον ὕλης
Βάκχῳ μαζὸν ὄρεξον ἐμὴν μετὰ μητέρα Ῥείην,
ὄφρα τελειοτέροισιν ἑοῖς στομάτεσσιν ἀρύσσῃ
σὴν ἱερὴν ῥαθάμιγγα προηγήτειραν Ὀλύμπου,
καὶ βατὸν αἰθέρα τεῦξον ἐπιχθονίῳ Διονύσῳ·
ὑμετέρῳ δὲ γάλακτι δέμας χρίσασα Λυαίου
σβέσσον ἀμερσινόοιο δυσειδέα λύματα νούσου.
καί σοι ἐπεντύνω γέρας ἄξιον· ὑμετέρῃ γὰρ
στηρίξω κατ' Ὄλυμπον ἐοικότα κύκλον ἐέρσῃ,
Ἡραίοιο γάλακτος ἐπώνυμον, ὄφρα γεραίρω
ἰκμάδα πασιμέλουσαν ἀλεξικάκου σέο μαζοῦ·

---

[a] Ixion, for attempting to violate Hera, was bound in Tartaros to a wheel which turns everlastingly: no such punishment is elsewhere ascribed to Tantalos.

Indianslayer? Do not forget those stones of long ago! I have them still, I have them ready for use —the ones I tied fast on to your feet: there you dangled in the sky and the clouds high above the earth, and suffered tortures! Bold Ares saw you tied up and wrapt in clouds high above the earth, but he could not help his mother. Fiery Hephaistos could not help, for he cannot stand one spark of blazing thunderbolt. I will tie up your hands again in that same old golden chain. Ares I will fasten with galling fetters unbreakable to whirl upon a selfrolling wheel, to run with him, like a Tantalos travelling the skies or a banished Ixion [a]: I will flog him all over with stripes incurable until my son shall conquer the sons of India.

298 "But how kind you would be to your Cronion, if you will only drive that distracting madness from tormented Dionysos! Do not fail your provoked husband; but go uncaught to the fertile slope of the woodland pastures of India, and offer your breast to Bacchos as once did my mother Rheia; let him draw with his lips older grown your holy drops, and by that draught lead him on the way to Olympos and make heaven lawful ground for the feet of earthborn Dionysos! [b] Anoint with your milk the body of Lyaios, and cleanse the ugly stains of mind-robbing disease. And I offer you a worthy reward; for I will place in Olympos a circle, image of that flow [c] named after Hera's milk, to honour the allfamous sap of your saviour breast. Only I pray you beware of the

[b] It was a rite of adoption; Nonnos makes it also a process of healing.

[c] The Milky Way. Usually it is milk fallen from Hera's breast, but stories differ somewhat as to the occasion.

μοῦνον ἐμοὶ πεφύλαξο Διὸς φιλότεκνον ἀπειλήν,
μηδὲ πάλιν δόλον ἄλλον ἐπεντύνῃς Διονύσῳ."
Ὣς εἰπὼν προέηκε παλίγκοτον εὐνέτιν Ἥρην
Βακχείης κακότητος ἀλεξήτειραν ἀνάγκῃ,
ἵλαον εὐάντητον ἀτυζομένῳ Διονύσῳ,
ὄφρα δέμας Βρομίοιο γαλαξαίῃσιν ἐέρσαις
χειρὶ περιχρίσειε θεοτρεφέων ἀπὸ μαζῶν.
Ἥρη δ' οὐκ ἀμέλησεν· ἀκεσσιπόνοιο δὲ θηλῆς
θεσπεσίῃ ῥαθάμιγγι δέμας χρίσασα Λυαίου
ἄγρια δαιμονίης ἀπεσείσατο λύματα λύσσης·
καὶ δίδυμον φθόνον εἶχεν ὑποκλέπτοντι προσώπῳ
ἠνορέην ὁρόωσα καὶ ἀγλαΐην Διονύσου,
καὶ φθονεραῖς παλάμῃσι μεμηνότος ἥψατο Βάκχου·
ἀμφὶ δέ οἱ στομάτεσσιν ἀνειρύσσασα χιτῶνος
ἀμβροσίης πλήθουσαν ἑὴν γυμνώσατο θηλήν,
θλιβομένην βλύζουσα χύσιν ζηλήμονι μαζῷ·
καί μιν ἀνεζώγρησε· τανυπλοκάμου δὲ Λυαίου
ὄμμασι μηκεδανοῖσι τόσην διεμέτρεεν ἥβην,
εἴ ποτε τηλίκον εἶδος ἐπιχθονίη τέκε γαστήρ,
εἰ τόσος ἦεν Ἄρης ἐγχεσπάλος, εἰ τόσος Ἑρμῆς,
εἰ Φαέθων πέλε τοῖον ἢ ἱμερόφωνος Ἀπόλλων·
καί μιν ἔχειν μενέαινεν ἐν αἰθέρι νυμφίον Ἥβης,
εἰ μή οἱ κατένευσε μετὰ χρόνον ὑψιμέδων Ζεὺς
μόρσιμον Ἡρακλῆα δυωδεκάεθλον ἀκοίτην.
Ἡ μὲν ἀλεξήσασα πόνον μανιώδεα Βάκχου
ὑψιφανὴς ἀνέβαινε τὸ δεύτερον εἰς χορὸν ἄστρων,
μὴ στρατιὴν ἀσίδηρον ἐσαθρήσῃ Διονύσου
μαρναμένην νάρθηκι καὶ ἀμπελόεντι κορύμβῳ,
καὶ προμάχους κταμένους ὀλίγῳ ῥηξήνορι θύρσῳ.
Οὐδὲ μάχης ἀμέλησε Διὸς πάις, ἀλλὰ μαχητὰς
θωρήξας παλίνορσος ἀγέστρατον ἴαχε φωνήν,
χειρὶ Γιγαντοφόνῳ ταμεσίχροα κισσὸν ἑλίσσων·

menace of Zeus, and stretch again no other net of deceit for Dionysos his beloved son."

314 So saying, he dismissed his resentful consort Hera, to heal the trouble of Bacchos against her will, to be gracious and friendly towards afflicted Dionysos, that her hands might salve the body of Bromios with the milky dew from her godnursing breasts.

319 Hera did not disobey. She anointed the body of Lyaios with the divine drops of her painhealing teat, and wiped away the stains of the wild divine frenzy. When she saw the manhood and radiance of Dionysos and touched mad Bacchos with grudging hands, she felt a double jealousy although her face hid it. She opened her dress on both sides for his lips, and bared her teats full of ambrosia, pressing the jealous breast to let the milk flow, and brought him back to life. With her great eyes she measured all the youthful strength of longhaired Lyaios, wondering if ever mortal mother brought forth such a shape, if shakespear Ares was so tall as this, if Hermes, if Phaëthon was such, or sweetvoiced Apollo; and she wished him in heaven as Hebe's bridegroom, had not Zeus our Lord on High ordained that in days to come twelvelabour Heracles was fated to be her husband.

336 She then, after healing the madness of Bacchos, returned again to the company of the stars on high, that she might not see the weaponless army of Dionysos fighting with fennel and bundles of vine, and killing warriors with a little manbreaking thyrsus.

341 Now the son of Zeus did not neglect the battle. He appeared once more and armed his soldiers; he waved the fleshcutting ivy in giantslaying hand, and summoned the host again with cries:

"Θαρσαλέοι μάρνασθε τὸ δεύτερον· ἐν πολέμοις γὰρ
Ζεὺς πάλιν ἡμείων πρόμος ἵσταται, υἱέι Βάκχῳ
ἵλαος, οὐρανόθεν δὲ προασπίζων Διονύσου
ἀθανάτων χορὸς ἦλθε, καὶ οὐκέτι χώεται Ἥρη.
τίς στεροπῇ Κρονίδαο μαχέσσεται; ἢ πότε δειλοὶ
δυσμενέες μίμνουσι κορυσσομένοιο κεραυνοῦ;
ἶσος ἐμῷ γενετῆρι φανήσομαι· ἐν πολέμοις γὰρ
Γηγενέας Τιτῆνας ἐμὸς νίκησε Κρονίων,
νικήσω καὶ ἔγωγε χαμαιγενέων γένος Ἰνδῶν.
σήμερον ἀθρήσητε κορυμβοφόρον μετὰ νίκην
Δηριάδην ἱκέτην βραδυπειθέα, καὶ χορὸν Ἰνδῶν
αὐχένα δοχμώσαντα γαληναίῳ Διονύσῳ,
καὶ ποταμὸν μεθέποντα μεθυσφαλὲς Εὔιον ὕδωρ·
ἀντιβίους δ' ὄψεσθε παρὰ κρητῆρι Λυαίου
ξανθὸν ὕδωρ πίνοντας ἀπ' οἰνοπόρου ποταμοῖο,
καὶ θρασὺν Ἰνδὸν ἄνακτα, κατάσχετον οἴνοπι κισσῷ,
ἰλλόμενον πετάλοισι καὶ ἀμπελόεντι κορύμβῳ,
εἴκελα δεσμὰ φέροντα, τά περ μετὰ κύματα λύσσης
Νυσιάδες βοόωσι θεουδέες εἰσέτι Νύμφαι,
ἀλκῆς ἡμετέρης ἐπιμάρτυρες, ὁππότε κισσοῦ
ἀγχονίῳ σφίγξασα θεημάχον ἀνέρα δεσμῷ
Ἀρραβίην ἐφόβησεν ἐμὴ θρασυεργὸς ὀπώρη,
ἅμματι βοτρυόεντι βιαζομένου Λυκοόργου.
ἀλλὰ τόσου μετὰ κύκλα κυλινδομένοιο κυδοιμοῦ
ληίδα δυσμενέων συλήσατε καὶ κτέρας ἅλμης,
μαρμαρέας λάιγγας, ἐμὴν δ' ἐπὶ μητέρα Ῥείην
ἑλκομένας πλοκάμοιο μεταστήσασθε γυναῖκας·
καὶ προμάχους τίσασθε δεδουπότας, ὧν ἐπὶ πότμῳ
τείρομαι ὀξείῃσι μεληδόσιν· ἐν κραδίῃ δὲ
ἀμφότερον κοτέω τε καὶ ἄχνυμαι, ὅττι δοκεύω
Δηριάδην ζώοντα καὶ ἀκτερέιστον Ὀφέλτην,

344 "Courage, to battle once more! Zeus again stands in our front for the fight; he is gracious to Bacchos his son, and the company of the immortals has come from heaven to defend Dionysos. Hera is no longer our enemy. Who will fight with the lightning of Cronides? When will cowardly enemies stand if the thunderbolt is ready? I will show myself equal to my Father. Cronion my father conquered Earth's brood, the Titans, in battle: I also will conquer the earthborn nation of Indians!

353 "This day after the victory of the vinebearers behold obstinate Deriades a supplicant, and the Indian host bending the neck before peaceful Dionysos, and the river rolling the staggering liquor of Euios! You shall see our adversaries beside the mixing-bowl of Dionysos quaffing ruddy water out of the winerunning-river; and the bold Indian king, fettered with ivy and vineclusters, rolling among leaves and clusters of grapes, wearing fetters like those which the divine Nysiad nymphs, now that the surges of madness are over, still tell of: those witnesses of my prowess, when my strong and potent fruitage throttled with a noose of ivy the man who fought against the gods and frightened Arabia, when Lycurgos was constrained by bonds of vine.

367 "At last after so many periods of rolling conflict, seize the booty of your enemies, and those shining stones the glory of the sea! Drag off the women by the hair and take them to Rheia my mother! Take your vengeance for our fallen warriors, whose fate afflicts me with sharp pangs. In my heart is both anger and sorrow, that I see Deriades alive and Opheltes unburied, reproaching after death the

μεμφόμενον μετὰ πότμον ἀεργέα χεῖρα Λυαίου·
οὐκέτι Κωδώνη θωρήσσεται, οὐκέτι δειλὴ
μάρναται Ἀλκιμάχεια δορυσσόος· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὸς
Αἰβίαλος δέδμητο, καὶ εἰσέτι θύρσον ἐρύκω.
αἰδέομαι μετὰ δῆριν Ἀρίστορα, μὴ καὶ ἀκούσῃ,
ὅττι θανὼν οὐχ εὗρεν ἀρηγόνα νεκρὸς Ὀφέλτης·
οὐ δύναμαι Κρήτης Κορυβαντίδος ἄστυ περῆσαι,
μὴ γενέτης Ἀγέλαος ὀλωλότα παῖδα γοήσῃ,
Ἀνθέος ὀλλυμένοιο φόνον νήποινον ἀκούων·
αἰδέομαι Μίνωι φανήμεναι· ἐν κλισίῃ γὰρ
Ἀστέριος μογέει βεβολημένος, ὃν πλέον ἄλλων
ῥύσομαι· Εὐρώπης γὰρ ἔχει γένος· ἀλλὰ σαώσας
νόστιμον ἀρτεμέοντα πάλιν γενετῆρι κομίσσω
πηὸν ἐμὸν μετὰ δῆριν, ὅπως μὴ Κάδμος ἀκούσῃ
Ἀστέριον χατέοντα λιποπτολέμου Διονύσου.
ἀλλὰ πάλιν μάρνασθε, καὶ εἰν ἑνὶ πᾶσιν ἀρήξω,
τοσσατίων ἕνα μοῦνον ἀποκτείνας ὀλετῆρα."

idle hand of Lyaios. Codone arms herself no longer, poor Alcimacheia fights no more brandishing her spear; nay, even Aibialos has fallen, and still I hold back my thyrsus. I am ashamed after the battle to think of Arestor,[a] lest he should hear that Opheltes at the instant of death found none to help him. I cannot traverse the Corybantian city of Crete,[b] lest Agelaos the father should lament for his dead son, if he hears that Antheus perished unavenged. I am ashamed to show myself to Minos, for Asterios lies in his hut suffering and wounded, whom more than any I will succour, since he has in him the blood of Europa; surely I will bring home my own kinsman safe and sound from the war, and give him back to his father, that Cadmos may never hear that Asterios looked in vain for runaway Dionysos. Come, to the battle again! In one I will defend all, when I have killed the one who destroyed so many."

[a] Father of Opheltes.
[b] Lyctos, from which Antheus came.

Printed in Great Britain by R. & R. Clark, Limited, *Edinburgh*

THE LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY

VOLUMES ALREADY PUBLISHED

LATIN AUTHORS

AMMIANUS MARCELLINUS. J. C. Rolfe. 3 Vols.
APULEIUS. THE GOLDEN ASS (METAMORPHOSES). W. Adlington (1566). Revised by S. Gaselee. (*6th Imp.*)
AULUS GELLIUS. J. C. Rolfe. 3 Vols.
AUSONIUS. H. G. Evelyn White. 2 Vols.
BEDE. J. E. King. 2 Vols.
BOETHIUS: TRACTS AND DE CONSOLATIONE PHILOSOPHIAE. Rev. H. F. Stewart and E. K. Rand. (*3rd Imp.*)
CAESAR: CIVIL WARS. A. G. Peskett. (*4th Imp.*)
CAESAR: GALLIC WAR. H. J. Edwards. (*8th Imp.*)
CATO AND VARRO: DE RE RUSTICA. H. B. Ash and W. D. Hooper. (*2nd Imp.*)
CATULLUS. F. W. Cornish; TIBULLUS. J. B. Postgate; AND PERVIGILIUM VENERIS. J. W. Mackail. (*11th Imp.*)
CELSUS: DE MEDICINA. W. G. Spencer. 3 Vols. (Vol. I. *2nd Imp. revised.*)
CICERO: BRUTUS AND ORATOR. G. L. Hendrickson and H. M. Hubbell.
CICERO: DE FINIBUS. H. Rackham. (*3rd Imp. revised.*)
CICERO: DE NATURA DEORUM AND ACADEMICA. H. Rackham.

CICERO: DE OFFICIIS. Walter Miller. (*4th Imp.*)
CICERO: DE REPUBLICA AND DE LEGIBUS. Clinton W. Keyes.
CICERO: DE SENECTUTE, DE AMICITIA, DE DIVINATIONE. W. A. Falconer. (*4th Imp.*)
CICERO: IN CATILINAM, PRO MURENA, PRO SULLA, PRO FLACCO. Louis E. Lord.
CICERO: LETTERS TO ATTICUS. E. O. Winstedt. 3 Vols. (Vol. I. *5th Imp.*, Vol. II. *3rd Imp.* and Vol. III. *2nd Imp.*)
CICERO: LETTERS TO HIS FRIENDS. W. Glynn Williams. 3 Vols.
CICERO: PHILIPPICS. W. C. A. Ker. (*2nd Imp.*)
CICERO: PRO ARCHIA, POST REDITUM, DE DOMO, DE HARUSPICUM RESPONSIS, PRO PLANCIO. N. H. Watts. (*2nd Imp.*)
CICERO: PRO CAECINA, PRO LEGE MANILIA, PRO CLUENTIO, PRO RABIRIO. H. Grose Hodge.
CICERO: PRO MILONE, IN PISONEM, PRO SCAURO, PRO FONTEIO, PRO RABIRIO POSTUMO, PRO MARCELLO, PRO LIGARIO, PRO REGE DEIOTARO. N. H. Watts.
CICERO: PRO QUINCTIO, PRO ROSCIO AMERINO, PRO ROSCIO COMOEDO, CONTRA RULLUM. J. H. Freese.
CICERO: TUSCULAN DISPUTATIONS. J. E. King.
CICERO: VERRINE ORATIONS. L. H. G. Greenwood. 2 Vols.
CLAUDIAN. M. Platnauer. 2 Vols.
FLORUS: E. S. Forster: and CORNELIUS NEPOS: J. C. Rolfe.
FRONTINUS: STRATAGEMS AND AQUEDUCTS. C. E. Bennett and M. B. McElwain.
FRONTO: CORRESPONDENCE. C. R. Haines. 2 Vols.
HORACE: ODES AND EPODES. C. E. Bennett. (*11th Imp. revised.*)
HORACE: SATIRES, EPISTLES, ARS POETICA. H. R. Fairclough. (*5th Imp. revised.*)
JEROME: SELECT LETTERS. F. A. Wright.
JUVENAL AND PERSIUS. G. G. Ramsay. (*6th Imp.*)
LIVY. B. O. Foster, Evan T. Sage and A. C. Schlesinger. 13 Vols. Vols. I.-VI., IX.-XII. (Vol. I. *3rd Imp.*, Vols. II., III. and IX. *2nd Imp. revised.*)

LUCAN. J. D. Duff.
LUCRETIUS. W. H. D. Rouse. (*4th Imp. revised.*)
MARTIAL. W. C. A. Ker. 2 Vols. (*3rd Imp. revised.*)
MINOR LATIN POETS: from PUBLILIUS SYRUS to RUTILIUS NAMATIANUS, including GRATTIUS, CALPURNIUS SICULUS, NEMESIANUS, AVIANUS, with "Aetna," "Phoenix" and other poems. J. Wight Duff and Arnold M. Duff. (*2nd Imp.*)
OVID: THE ART OF LOVE AND OTHER POEMS. J. H. Mozley. (*2nd Imp.*)
OVID: FASTI. Sir James G. Frazer.
OVID: HEROIDES AND AMORES. Grant Showerman. (*3rd Imp.*)
OVID: METAMORPHOSES. F. J. Miller. 2 Vols. (Vol. I. *7th Imp.*, Vol. II. *6th Imp.*)
OVID: TRISTIA AND EX PONTO. A. L. Wheeler. (*2nd Imp.*)
PETRONIUS. M. Heseltine; SENECA: APOCOLOCYNTOSIS. W. H. D. Rouse. (*7th Imp. revised.*)
PLAUTUS. Paul Nixon. 5 Vols. (Vol. I. *4th Imp.*, Vols. II. and III. *3rd Imp.*)
PLINY: LETTERS. Melmoth's Translation revised by W. M. L. Hutchinson. 2 Vols. (Vol. I. *5th Imp.*, Vol. II. *4th Imp.*)
PLINY: NATURAL HISTORY. H. Rackham and W. H. S. Jones. 10 Vols. Vols. I., II. and III.
PROPERTIUS. H. E. Butler. (*5th Imp.*)
QUINTILIAN. H. E. Butler. 4 Vols. (Vols. I., II. and IV. *2nd Imp.*)
REMAINS OF OLD LATIN. E. H. Warmington. 4 Vols. Vol. I. (Ennius and Caecilius.) Vol. II. (Livius, Naevius, Pacuvius, Accius.) Vol. III. (Lucilius, Laws of the XII Tables.) Vol. IV. (Inscriptions.)
ST. AUGUSTINE, CONFESSIONS OF. W. Watts (1631). 2 Vols. (Vol. I. *4th Imp.*, Vol. II. *3rd Imp.*)
ST. AUGUSTINE, SELECT LETTERS. J. H. Baxter.
SALLUST. J. Rolfe. (*2nd Imp. revised.*)
SCRIPTORES HISTORIAE AUGUSTAE. D. Magie. 3 Vols. (Vol. I. *2nd Imp. revised.*)
SENECA: APOCOLOCYNTOSIS. *Cf.* PETRONIUS.
SENECA: EPISTULAE MORALES. R. M. Gummere. 3 Vols. (Vol. I. *3rd Imp.*, Vol. II. *2nd Imp. revised.*)

SENECA: MORAL ESSAYS. J. W. Basore. 3 Vols. (Vol. II. *2nd Imp. revised.*)
SENECA: TRAGEDIES. F. J. Miller. 2 Vols. (Vol. I. *3rd Imp.*, Vol. II. *2nd Imp. revised.*)
SIDONIUS: POEMS AND LETTERS. W. B. Anderson. 2 Vols. Vol. I.
SILIUS ITALICUS. J. D. Duff. 2 Vols. (Vol. II. *2nd Imp.*)
STATIUS. J. H. Mozley. 2 Vols.
SUETONIUS. J. C. Rolfe. 2 Vols. (*5th Imp. revised.*)
TACITUS: DIALOGUS. Sir Wm. Peterson; and AGRICOLA AND GERMANIA. Maurice Hutton. (*5th Imp.*)
TACITUS: HISTORIES AND ANNALS. C. H. Moore and J. Jackson. 4 Vols. (Vol. I. *2nd Imp.*)
TERENCE. John Sargeaunt. 2 Vols. (Vol. I. *6th Imp.*, Vol. II. *5th Imp.*)
TERTULLIAN: APOLOGIA AND DE SPECTACULIS. T. R. Glover. MINUCIUS FELIX. G. H. Rendall.
VALERIUS FLACCUS. J. H. Mozley. (*2nd Imp. revised.*)
VARRO: DE LINGUA LATINA. R. G. Kent. 2 Vols.
VELLEIUS PATERCULUS AND RES GESTAE DIVI AUGUSTI. F. W. Shipley.
VIRGIL. H. R. Fairclough. 2 Vols. (Vol. I. *14th Imp.*, Vol. II. *11th Imp. revised.*)
VITRUVIUS: DE ARCHITECTURA. F. Granger. 2 Vols.

GREEK AUTHORS

ACHILLES TATIUS. S. Gaselee.
AENEAS TACTICUS: ASCLEPIODOTUS AND ONASANDER. The Illinois Greek Club.
AESCHINES. C. D. Adams.
AESCHYLUS. H. Weir Smyth. 2 Vols. (Vol. I. *4th Imp.*, Vol. II. *3rd Imp.*)
APOLLODORUS. Sir James G. Frazer. 2 Vols. (Vol. I. *2nd Imp.*)
APOLLONIUS RHODIUS. R. C. Seaton. (*4th Imp.*)
THE APOSTOLIC FATHERS. Kirsopp Lake. 2 Vols. (Vol. I. *5th Imp.*, Vol. II. *4th Imp.*)

APPIAN'S ROMAN HISTORY. Horace White. 4 Vols. (Vol. I. *3rd Imp.*, Vols. II., III. and IV. *2nd Imp.*)
ARATUS. *Cf.* CALLIMACHUS.
ARISTOPHANES. Benjamin Bickley Rogers. 3 Vols. (Vols. I. and II. *4th Imp.*, Vol. III. *3rd Imp.*) Verse trans.
ARISTOTLE: ART OF RHETORIC. J. H. Freese. (*2nd Imp.*)
ARISTOTLE: ATHENIAN CONSTITUTION, EUDEMIAN ETHICS, VIRTUES AND VICES. H. Rackham. (*2nd Imp.*)
ARISTOTLE: DE CAELO. W. K. C. Guthrie.
ARISTOTLE: METAPHYSICS. H. Tredennick. 2 Vols. (*2nd Imp.*)
ARISTOTLE: MINOR WORKS. W. S. Hett. ON COLOURS, ON THINGS HEARD, PHYSIOGNOMICS, ON PLANTS, ON MARVELLOUS THINGS HEARD, MECHANICAL PROBLEMS, ON INDIVISIBLE LINES, SITUATIONS AND NAMES OF WINDS, ON MELISSUS, XENOPHANES, AND GORGIAS.
ARISTOTLE: NICOMACHEAN ETHICS. H. Rackham. (*3rd Imp. revised.*)
ARISTOTLE: OECONOMICA AND MAGNA MORALIA. G. C. Armstrong; with Vol. II. Metaphysics. (*2nd Imp.*)
ARISTOTLE: ORGANON. H. P. Cooke and H. Tredennick. 3 Vols. Vol. I.
ARISTOTLE: ON THE SOUL, PARVA NATURALIA, ON BREATH. W. S. Hett. (*2nd Imp. revised.*)
ARISTOTLE: PARTS OF ANIMALS. A. L. Peck; MOTION AND PROGRESSION OF ANIMALS. E. S. Forster.
ARISTOTLE: PHYSICS. Rev. P. Wicksteed and F. M. Cornford. 2 Vols. (Vol. II. *2nd Imp.*)
ARISTOTLE: POETICS AND LONGINUS. W. Hamilton Fyfe; DEMETRIUS ON STYLE. W. Rhys Roberts. (*4th Imp. revised.*)
ARISTOTLE: POLITICS. H. Rackham.
ARISTOTLE: PROBLEMS. W. S. Hett. 2 Vols.
ARISTOTLE: RHETORICA AD ALEXANDRUM. H. Rackham. (With Problems, Vol. II.)
ARRIAN: HISTORY OF ALEXANDER AND INDICA. Rev. E. Iliffe Robson. 2 Vols.
ATHENAEUS: DEIPNOSOPHISTAE. C. B. Gulick. 7 Vols.
ST. BASIL: LETTERS. R. J. Deferrari. 4 Vols.

CALLIMACHUS AND LYCOPHRON. A. W. Mair; ARATUS. G. R. Mair.

CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA. Rev. G. W. Butterworth. (*2nd Imp.*)

COLLUTHUS. *Cf.* OPPIAN.

DAPHNIS AND CHLOE. Thornley's Translation revised by J. M. Edmonds; AND PARTHENIUS. S. Gaselee. (*3rd Imp.*)

DEMOSTHENES: DE CORONA AND DE FALSA LEGATIONE. C. A. Vince and J. H. Vince. (*2nd Imp. revised.*)

DEMOSTHENES: MEIDIAS, ANDROTION, ARISTOCRATES, TIMOCRATES, ARISTOGEITON. J. H. Vince.

DEMOSTHENES: OLYNTHIACS, PHILIPPICS AND MINOR ORATIONS: I.-XVII. AND XX. J. H. Vince.

DEMOSTHENES: PRIVATE ORATIONS. A. T. Murray. 4 Vols. Vols. I.-III.

DIO CASSIUS: ROMAN HISTORY. E. Cary. 9 Vols. (Vols. I. and II. *2nd Imp.*)

DIO CHRYSOSTOM. J. W. Cohoon. 5 Vols. Vols. I. and II.

DIODORUS SICULUS. C. H. Oldfather. 12 Vols. Vols. I.-III.

DIOGENES LAERTIUS. R. D. Hicks. 2 Vols. (Vol. I. *3rd Imp.*)

DIONYSIUS OF HALICARNASSUS: ROMAN ANTIQUITIES. Spelman's translation revised by E. Cary. 7 Vols. Vols. I. and II.

EPICTETUS. W. A. Oldfather. 2 Vols.

EURIPIDES. A. S. Way. 4 Vols. (Vol. II. *6th Imp.*, Vols. I. and IV. *5th Imp.*, Vol. III. *3rd Imp.*) Verse trans.

EUSEBIUS: ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY. Kirsopp Lake and J. E. L. Oulton. 2 Vols. (Vol. II. *2nd Imp.*)

GALEN: ON THE NATURAL FACULTIES. A. J. Brock. (*2nd Imp.*)

THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY. W. R. Paton. 5 Vols. (Vol. I. *4th Imp.*, Vol. II. *3rd Imp.*, Vols. III. and IV. *2nd Imp.*)

GREEK ELEGY AND IAMBUS WITH THE ANACREONTEA. J. M. Edmonds. 2 Vols.

THE GREEK BUCOLIC POETS (THEOCRITUS, BION, MOSCHUS). J. M. Edmonds. (*6th Imp. revised.*)

GREEK MATHEMATICS. Ivor Thomas. 2 Vols. Vol. I.
HERODES. *Cf.* THEOPHRASTUS: CHARACTERS.
HERODOTUS. A. D. Godley. 4 Vols. (Vols. I.-III. *3rd Imp.*, Vol. IV. *2nd Imp.*)
HESIOD AND THE HOMERIC HYMNS. H. G. Evelyn White. (*5th Imp. revised and enlarged.*)
HIPPOCRATES AND THE FRAGMENTS OF HERACLEITUS. W. H. S. Jones and E. T. Withington. 4 Vols. (Vol. I. *2nd Imp.*)
HOMER: ILIAD. A. T. Murray. 2 Vols. (*4th Imp.*)
HOMER: ODYSSEY. A. T. Murray. 2 Vols. (*5th Imp.*)
ISAEUS. E. S. Forster.
ISOCRATES. George Norlin. 3 Vols. Vols. I. and II.
ST. JOHN DAMASCENE: BARLAAM AND IOASAPH. Rev. G. R. Woodward and Harold Mattingly. (*2nd Imp. revised.*)
JOSEPHUS. H. St. J. Thackeray and Ralph Marcus. 9 Vols. Vols. I.-VI. (Vol. V. *2nd Imp.*)
JULIAN. Wilmer Cave Wright. 3 Vols. (Vols. I. and II. *2nd Imp.*)
LUCIAN. A. M. Harmon. 8 Vols. Vols. I.-V. (Vols. I. and II. *3rd Imp.*)
LYCOPHRON. *Cf.* CALLIMACHUS.
LYRA GRAECA. J. M. Edmonds. 3 Vols. (Vol. I. *3rd Imp.*, Vol. II. *2nd Ed. revised and enlarged*, Vol. III. *2nd Imp. revised.*)
LYSIAS. W. R. M. Lamb.
MARCUS AURELIUS. C. R. Haines. (*3rd Imp. revised.*)
MENANDER. F. G. Allinson. (*2nd Imp. revised.*)
MINOR ATTIC ORATORS (ANTIPHON, ANDOCIDES, DEMADES, DEINARCHUS, HYPEREIDES). K. J. Maidment. 2 Vols. Vol. I.
NONNOS: DIONYSIACA. W. H. D. Rouse. 3 Vols.
OPPIAN, COLLUTHUS, TRYPHIODORUS. A. W. Mair.
PAPYRI (SELECTIONS). A. S. Hunt and C. C. Edgar. 4 Vols. Vols. I. and II.
PARTHENIUS. *Cf.* DAPHNIS AND CHLOE.
PAUSANIAS: DESCRIPTION OF GREECE. W. H. S. Jones. 5 Vols. and Companion Vol. (Vols. I. and III. *2nd Imp.*)
PHILO. 10 Vols Vols. I.-V. F. H. Colson and Rev. G. H. Whitaker; Vols. VI.-VIII. F. H. Colson. (Vol. IV. *2nd Imp. revised.*)

PHILOSTRATUS: THE LIFE OF APOLLONIUS OF TYANA. F. C. Conybeare. 2 Vols. (Vol. I. *3rd Imp.*, Vol. II. *2nd Imp.*)

PHILOSTRATUS: IMAGINES; CALLISTRATUS: DESCRIPTIONS. A. Fairbanks.

PHILOSTRATUS AND EUNAPIUS: LIVES OF THE SOPHISTS. Wilmer Cave Wright.

PINDAR. Sir J. E. Sandys. (*6th Imp. revised.*)

PLATO: CHARMIDES, ALCIBIADES, HIPPARCHUS, THE LOVERS, THEAGES, MINOS AND EPINOMIS. W. R. M. Lamb.

PLATO: CRATYLUS, PARMENIDES, GREATER HIPPIAS, LESSER HIPPIAS. H. N. Fowler. (*3rd Imp.*)

PLATO: EUTHYPHRO, APOLOGY, CRITO, PHAEDO, PHAEDRUS. H. N. Fowler. (*8th Imp.*)

PLATO: LACHES, PROTAGORAS, MENO, EUTHYDEMUS. W. R. M. Lamb. (*2nd Imp. revised.*)

PLATO: LAWS. Rev. R. G. Bury. 2 Vols.

PLATO: LYSIS, SYMPOSIUM, GORGIAS. W. R. M. Lamb. (*3rd Imp. revised.*)

PLATO: REPUBLIC. Paul Shorey. 2 Vols. (Vol. I. *2nd Imp. revised.*)

PLATO: STATESMAN, PHILEBUS. H. N. Fowler; ION. W. R. M. Lamb. (*3rd Imp.*)

PLATO: THEAETETUS AND SOPHIST. H. N. Fowler. (*2nd Imp.*)

PLATO: TIMAEUS, CRITIAS, CLITOPHO, MENEXENUS, EPISTULAE. Rev. R. G. Bury.

PLUTARCH: MORALIA. 14 Vols. Vols. I.-V. F. C. Babbitt; Vol. VI. W. C. Helmbold; Vol. X. H. N. Fowler.

PLUTARCH: THE PARALLEL LIVES. B. Perrin. 11 Vols. (Vols. I., II., III. and VII. *2nd Imp.*)

POLYBIUS. W. R. Paton. 6 Vols.

PROCOPIUS: HISTORY OF THE WARS. H. B. Dewing. 7 Vols. (Vol. I. *2nd Imp.*)

QUINTUS SMYRNAEUS. A. S. Way. Verse trans.

SEXTUS EMPIRICUS. Rev. R. G. Bury. 3 Vols. (Vol. I. *2nd Imp.*)

SOPHOCLES. F. Storr. 2 Vols. (Vol. I. *7th Imp.*, Vol. II. *5th Imp.*) Verse trans.

STRABO: GEOGRAPHY. Horace L. Jones. 8 Vols. (Vols. I. and VIII. *2nd Imp.*)

THEOPHRASTUS: CHARACTERS. J. M Edmonds; HERODES, etc. A. D. Knox.
THEOPHRASTUS: ENQUIRY INTO PLANTS. Sir Arthur Hort, Bart. 2 Vols.
THUCYDIDES. C. F. Smith. 4 Vols. (Vol. I. *3rd Imp.*, Vols. II., III. and IV. *2nd Imp. revised.*)
TRYPHIODORUS. *Cf.* OPPIAN.
XENOPHON: CYROPAEDIA. Walter Miller. 2 Vols. (*2nd Imp.*)
XENOPHON: HELLENICA, ANABASIS, APOLOGY, AND SYMPOSIUM. C. L. Brownson and O. J. Todd. 3 Vols. (*2nd Imp.*)
XENOPHON: MEMORABILIA AND OECONOMICUS. E. C. Marchant. (*2nd Imp.*)
XENOPHON: SCRIPTA MINORA. E. C. Marchant.

VOLUMES IN PREPARATION

GREEK AUTHORS

ALCIPHRON. A. R. Benner.
ARISTOTLE: DE MUNDO, etc. W. K. C. Guthrie.
ARISTOTLE: HISTORY AND GENERATION OF ANIMALS. A. L. Peck.
ARISTOTLE: METEOROLOGICA. H. D. P. Lee.
MANETHO. W. G. Waddell.
PAPYRI: LITERARY PAPYRI. Selected and translated by D. L. Page.
PTOLEMY: TETRABIBLUS. F. E. Robbins.

LATIN AUTHORS

S. AUGUSTINE: CITY OF GOD. J. H. Baxter.
[CICERO:] AD HERENNIUM. H. Caplan.
CICERO: DE FATO AND PARADOXA STOICORUM. H. Rackham.

THE LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY

CICERO: DE ORATORE. W. E. Sutton and H. Rackham.
CICERO: PRO SESTIO, IN VATINIUM, PRO CAELIO, DE PROVINCIIS CONSULARIBUS, PRO BALBO. J. H. Freese.
COLUMELLA: DE RE RUSTICA. H. B. Ash.
PRUDENTIUS. H. J. Thomson.
QUINTUS CURTIUS: HISTORY OF ALEXANDER. J. C. Rolfe.